

For week beginning March 18, 1973.



ARIES — You will be wise to curb your impatience and tackle the tasks that face you carefully, not rashly. Control the temptation to be temperamental. This is a week of mixed results, with the good likely to predominate — especially on March 20. Minor illnesses are expected. Peace in the home. Outturn in the professions, trade and business will be better than average. For the unemployed, this will be a challenging time.



TAURUS — This is certainly the time to make your surroundings more attractive and fascinating. This week is an unusually good period for love and romance. The good transits will confer gainful enterprises and happiness — but the health of your sweetheart will cause anxiety. A favourable change in your job is likely. Professions will fare better. Businessmen dealing in metals and chemicals are likely to make good profit.



GEMINI — You are now annoyed with others, you are not getting due support from your colleagues. You are striving for too many things at one time and feel frustrated when you cannot achieve them. Be calm in your approach to things. Good influences are numerous. Another cheering factor, help can easily be had from fellow businessmen. Those in the professions, may earn more; and honours will be heaped on some of them. Favourable changes that have been long in coming will materialize this week.



CANCER — As a subject of Moon you are naturally moody and romantic. This nature attracts many and that is why you win friends easily. This is an excellent time for you to make your home. The good influences will manifest themselves in business improvement and happiness. But high blood pressure and heart complaints are denoted by the malefic influence of the

planets. For businessmen, help long expected may not materialize in the end. Those in service may anticipate promotion.



LEO — Avoid recklessness on the road — walking or driving. Nor risk an argument at home. It is a time when silence will be golden — both at home and office. Official displeasure may keep you worried till March 22. Weakness and general debility possible. Petty quarrels with spouse may not be ruled out. Increase in income indicated. Trouble with authority likely. There is possibility of travel; you are likely to gain from it.



VIRGO — This is no time to take chances. Avoid all sorts of gossip; it could be damaging to you and to others. Attempts may be made to clear backlog of work. This week may be bad for your health — but good for business. You may also expect money from speculation. Businessmen will make brisk business. Money will be forthcoming from your banker in some cases. This is not a good time for job-seekers.



LIBRA — This is a time when a smile from you can ease the burdens of others. A good time to buy property. The weekend will mark a change. It will set a very advantageous trend. New contacts may do much for you. You may expect success over rivals and get relief from worries. Those who are in service must be cautious in dealing with their superiors. The unemployed may get employment and receive encouraging letters from patrons.



SCORPIO — If you are thinking of a change in service, do it now. Full speed ahead! You may come up face to face with the situation that may affect the fundamental structure of your life. Your financial position will improve. You may have cause for worry over a friend who will be in real difficulty. If you are in business, invest only after much thought. Persons in administrative jobs

may feel they do not have facilities enough.



SAGITTARIUS — Money is your prime aim now. To realise your dream, explore all possible sources. Since you are capable of expressing yourself effectively, it may not be difficult to convert the party concerned to your view. Financial transactions will yield profit; so there will be no run on your own purse. Second half of the week more prosperous than the first. For industrialists, it is better they stuck to their scheduled course of action.



CAPRICORN — You will enjoy added drive and confidence this week. Planetary influences will keep you mentally and physically happy. Your persistence and pluck may bear fruit. But take care of your digestive system. Domestic peace likely to be partially disturbed. You will spend more — perhaps on some unexpected acquisitions. A gainful week for the professions and business. Some of the unemployed may get job through the influence of friends.



AQUARIUS — This week look to your reputation! Zealously follow all codes of ethics! If you do, social happiness is indicated. Your children will give you happiness; your health is unlikely to trouble you. A distant friend may cause you more happiness than you have had for a long time. To the unemployed, new avenues will open up, and as a result they will regain confidence in themselves. Businessmen dealing in iron or metals must be cautious in their deals.



PISCES — Before the week is over, all sorts of new ideas will occur to you, but they need much care and attention. Money will be forthcoming. Service conditions will improve. In your business circle you will command respect. Professionals may consider this week as auspicious. Go for the opportunities that present themselves. In the second half of the week, be extra careful of your health. The health of your spouse may also cause you worry.

In keeping with our innovative trend, we introduce this new colour illustrated weekly FREE with your Sunday Hindusthan Standard. This is the first time that a national newspaper is bringing out a colour magazine in India. In step with the trends of the newspapers of the world. This is also the first time that a first-rate colour magazine is published in this region for your reading.



THE ODESSA FILE

Two men died on November 22nd, 1963. President John F. Kennedy was assassinated in Dallas. An old German Jew, Salomon Tauber, committed suicide in Hamburg. The two events, one momentous, the other obscure, but each had unforeseeable consequences. In **Sunday** next week, Frederick Forsyth deals with these consequences with his new book **The Odessa File**. Forsyth's first book, **The Day of the Jackal** was a runaway bestseller and is now available in twenty editions and sixteen languages.

sunday

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INDIA'S PRIYADARSHINI INDIA'S PRIYADARSHINI INDIA'S PRIYADARSHINI INDIA'S PRIYADARSHINI

We are so used to the fact that the language of journalism is debased, hyperbolic and false that we are no longer surprised when an overpainted and underdressed girl is described as Miss Universe, or Richard Nixon is called the world's most powerful man. If this term has to be used at all, it ought to be applied to the Russian weightlifter Vassili Alexeev, who lifted 1,411 lb. at Munich. Nixon is an average man: he made a little money, has a family, owns his own business and is pale and bald—the same as millions of other White Americans who voted him to sit on top of the American Government machine. Nixon's power is as illusory as that of the operator of a steamhammer—all he can do is to threaten to crush homes as easily as if they were eggs.

Indira Priyadarshini may or may not be the world's most powerful woman, as described in London's *Daily Mirror* in 1971, but she is indisputably a most exceptional person. She is not at all the archetypal Indian. If the masses vote for her, it shows that whatever the leaders may say, the people are deeply in love with beauty and elegance, and to be loyal to a dynasty comes easily to them.

Among all the bald heads that sit on the thrones of the world or preside at Cabinet meetings, there is not another like the Prime Minister of India. Edward Heath of England is fat and jovial; he is the skipper of not only the ship of State but of the British yachting team; he ought to be a very pleasing fellow to meet at a party. Kosygin is sober and fatherly; it is comforting to have him

at funerals. Willy Brandt—who looked so strong, crewcut and boy scoutish when Mayor of Berlin—still has dimples on his cheeks and a merry glint in his eyes, despite the double chin that the years and the many toasts that a Chancellor is forced to drink have added to his profile. Pompidou uses hairdye. Bhutto drinks and talks too much. The so-called leaders of the world are a bunch of people like that found in any club of the elderly. Some wave of public opinion, some freak combination of events, deposited them—like sea shells on mountainsides—on top of the huge, self-perpetuating machines that are their Governments. Politicians are not much good at anything else; they can neither paint, nor run the four-minute mile, nor make their own millions. But their special gift is their ability to hold on to office. This they do, in some societies, by winning elections; in other societies the methods are even less clean.

Indira Gandhi is, of course, a great one at winning elections. She wouldn't have stayed in power had she not been exceptionally good at it. But Nixon has to be photographed in Kremlin and in Peking and has to fabricate crises in order to gain re-election; Indira does it without effort. Nixon has been chasing the Presidency over the years; his failures have been numberless; they taught him the value of cunning and simulation in politics. In contrast, Indira has been close to the levers of power all her life; power has never been to her anything distant and hard to attain—and supremely tempting—as it is to those sad and parched creatures who make

politics a career. She has filled office as naturally as water flows into a hollow. Nixon has been obsequious to his bosses and is peremptory to his lackeys. Indira can treat both the powerful and the meek with equal courtesy. The years that Nixon has had to spend as an underling has soured him; he has had to suffer humiliations in silence so long that he cannot even forget petty grievances. The supreme commander of the biggest air force, navy and army on this planet, the head of the largest bureaucracy, the master of the White House is capable of such small acts as banishing a woman society reporter from his table because he dislikes the editorial policy of her paper. Indira too is known to have a long memory—but as much for old acquaintances and family retainers as for her political enemies. I have been told that the flames of her ire are hard to quench, and that she can be very vindictive, but my own experience is that, unlike Nixon's querulousness, Indira's reaction to criticism is lofty and aristocratic. She had resented an inconsequential remark in a report I wrote on the Vidhan Nagar Congress; it was her attention that gave the newspaper story an ephemeral notoriety; in fact she returned to the offensive phrase so often in her speeches during the session that the refrain was taken up by campfollowers and the newspaper clique. This newspaper had sought an exclusive interview with the Prime Minister, and the name of the interviewer had been passed on. It was feared that the request, so rarely granted, might be turned down. This article is proof that such was not the case.

My interest in Indira is not in her as a politician but as a person. If you leave out the office, what is there left interesting in Nixon? What is Mamsa without his umpire's robe? No one looked twice at the former VP when as partner of a law firm he walked the streets of Manhattan or shopped in a department store. The shoppers surely would have dropped their best bargain to gape at the beauty of her body, the elegance of her dress and the nobility and assurance of her bearing had it been Indira who had walked in. But it is not merely because of her beauty that of all the present rulers of the world Indira is the most worth watching. She is not only infinitely better to look at than the grand fatherly Marshal Tito or the dying, moon-faced Mao; unlike them, she is still growing, and has ahead of her long years in which to change and to fulfil herself. Nixon had no more terms to win; perhaps, it was this that made the continuation of the Vietnam war unneces-



sary. The Mao record has been played over and over again; it sounds tinny now; the Maoist revolutionaries are as dated as the Fabians. The neutralists are rudderless, with both Nehru and Nasser not only dead but destroyed by their defeats in war, and the lonely Marshal, in his resplendent uniform and gold epaulettes, no longer very convincing as the standard-bearer of the disinherited of the world. In fact, the underdogs of the olden times are the Presidents and the Premiers who today are driven around in the backseats of limousines in the capitals of Asia, Africa and South America. Those who still wage politics, form parties, and talk of the peasants and workers are ambitious people who will in turn ride the limousines themselves. Now that the Vietnam war is over, which youth can bear to hear the word 'liberation' without a shudder? It is in the palaces of the Third World where protocol and security are the strictest.

I had a taste of it in Delhi. The fact that I did not wear shoes caused no end of disturbance to those charged with the supervision of the mummery around the Prime Minister. They had made it a condition that I would be "trimly" dressed and wear shoes for the audience. During my first "darshan", I had placed the rubber slippers I had been carrying on the ground in front of •



me, to be put on at her approach, if necessary. But the security men did not allow even this parole for my feet; I was ordered to keep their nakedness covered. The time of the naked faquir has long been over—perhaps such a time never was? perhaps he should never have allowed himself to get mixed up with an organization and with the manipulation of men?—but also over is the reign of those who made an exhibition of their Gandhianism. The wars of liberation and the victory parades are over; the khadi caps and the buttoned-up blue shirts are an imposition and an anachronism. Mrs. Gandhi is the first of the post-liberation generation of rulers. She has no ideology; she is pragmatic; she is only at the beginning of her blossoming.

She has grown unrecognizably since the time when the old men hung back in the shadows around the throne; her change caused as great a consternation as the surprise and bewilderment among the regents at the metamorphosis of girlish Elizabeth or little Victoria. She has no longer any rival in the country; the neighbours are weak and in disarray. She can afford to be easy, graceful and forgiving like an absolute but benevolent despot. She seems as completely without nerves as Catherine the Great was reputed to be. She can hear of the approach of foreign navies without a

flicker of the eyelids, leaving the actual method of their undoing to her trusted Potemkins, being wholly without the nervouness that makes panicky masters interfere in the work of professionals. And, like Ekaterina Alekseevna, she seems capable of dismissing a favourite without one backward glance.

Like most such masterful persons, Indira was a shy, extremely sensitive child. Looking at the photographs of little Indira in the archives so zealously guarded by M. S. Menon, I could glimpse at the loneliness and turmoil of her childhood. In many pictures taken over the years she looks at you through large, disturbed eyes, hugging an unchanging doll that must have been her only anchor of stability in a household without privacy, and which was in perpetual confusion due to conspiratorial gatherings and public rallies, police searches and arrests that whisked away dear ones with bewildering frequency. She is frail; her eyes may burn or look inwards but it is always the most prominent feature of her thin face framed by a shock of curly hair. The only picture in which she seems wholly relaxed, glowing with unconscious girlish happiness, is a portrait taken in Switzerland, by Boiffonaas of Geneva. The eyes are gentle pools of loveliness, and the hair curls outward in two wavy fronds. But usually she is tense, with hints of profound energies repressed. The eyes are those of a mystic. The European trip, in the company of her mother,—away from the politics and turmoil of India—must have been very warm and relaxing, as had been the brief stay at Santiniketan. "In 1934, my mother accompanied me to Santiniketan. It was my first visit and I had gone to be enrolled as a student in the college section of Visva Bharati. Although an essentially quiet and introvert person, I had lived all my life in an atmosphere of noise, emotional and physical strain and hectic rushing about. The quiet and peace of Santiniketan was an entirely new experience." But the romantic princess was not allowed to dally in the woods of Arden. Her mother died; her father repeatedly went to prison, and then she went herself. As she has said, she learnt to "live on the surface, from moment to moment." Love? Childhood pastimes? The little daughter of the house of the Nehrus was called upon to make terrible sacrifices in secrecy and silence; her doll was a *vilayeti* object, not *swadeshi*, and she was torn between her love for the soft and harmless companion of her tumultuous childhood and what she felt was her patriotic duty—to throw it on the pyre of Manchester cloth. What did



the melancholy princess do? "I threw it on the flames."

Kaoru Nakamaru of the Japanese T.V. asked her: In Japan, the experience of first love is very important.... (Only in Japan?—JD).... Could you tell us about your first love and the memory of it?

The Prime Minister: In fact when I got married because I loved my husband, I thought of it more as a partnership which would help in this work, that both of us together would be able to do more than perhaps separately.

Mrs. Nakamaru: Marriage itself can be called your first love really?

The Prime Minister: Yes, I think it was, Yes. ... But usually I think deep happiness is something which you get when you are not thinking about yourself at all, when you are doing something which is a bigger cause or a bigger something. The other things which people normally call happiness is (what) I would call joy or pleasure, which I would call a more superficial emotion. ...

Thus could have spoken Queen Victoria of her State marriage with Albert. For, even before India's independence, long before she moved into Teen Murti as the guardian angel and crown princess to Nehru II, it was clear that Jawaharlal was Gandhi's heir apparent, and her actions had been influenced by reasons of State. Unknown to her, the tumult of the independence movement was shaping her as the instrument that would keep India together when the tide of enthusiasm it generated would run out. That early insecurity and tensions had tempered the hard but brittle Nehru steel into something sharp and yet unbreakable.

Yet, looking at her, one senses still unreconciled turbulence deep below. She is not complaisant and full of repose, like Victoria, enfolded in her layers of fat, but electric and passionate, as one imagines Elizabeth Tudor and Catherine the Great were. Her photographs make her look far heavier than she is; in fact she is slim, with swift, unexpected movements. The tension between a very tempestuous heart and an icy mind can be sensed from the way she flexes her fingers—or from her dress. She prefers cold colours; the first morning of darbar, the dove-grey silk she wore spread such chill that it could have been snowing. During the interview in Room 152 of South Block, which has been the office of the Prime Minister of India since 1947, she wore a cream sari the colour of the inside of some oyster shells. But despite the colour, the effect is the opposite of the ascetic. In fact, the colours are not drab, but metallic, with an ambiguous and delicate sheen. I was told that the

border of each sari in the Prime Minister's wardrobe was unique; anyway, had she been wearing a sari picked up at an adivasi *hat*, I am sure she would yet have appeared a picture of the kind of cold and yet sensuous beauty that the Irish poet, W. B. Yeats, praised.

One senses the same tension in the unexpected passion of her speeches. There are times when she talks of socialism in the phrases and in a tone one expects from political leaders, but then there are days when she bursts into such real anger against injustice that she could have the bitterest enemy, instead being the Head of this Government. After all, her party has ruled this country for the past quarter century; what is she impatient against? What are the demons she is trying to exorcise? If one listens deeply, one hears other voices beside that of a political leader in the private and public utterances of Indira Priyadarshini. She talks of animals that are losing in their battle with man, and of silent trees that gave man shade but which he cut down. It is this that brought on him the visitation of drought. From her childhood she has been a lover of mountains and of running water. When nature lovers invited Richard Nixon to look at a forest of majestic redwood trees that had been marked for destruction by real estate developers, he is reported to have refused, with the remark: "Seen one, seen 'em all!" For the American President, the trees were of no importance, having neither the vote, nor being in any other way useful in his quest for power. No Nehru could have said that.

Least of all Indira. She keeps romping across the country, addressing meetings, spending nights in faraway circuit houses or aboard pilot vessels on the Ganga. It seems as if the routine of official business and the splendour of her capital cannot hold her for long; every now and then a secret disquiet comes upon her which sends her on journeys that she explains to herself as being undertaken on political business. The Empress of Russia undertook a journey in 1787 to the South during which she visited newly conquered territories in the Crimea. The reign of Elizabeth I too was marked by visits and royal outings and marches to distant castles. Indira is freer than any queen. Her wanderlust seems unquenchable. She is only fifty-five. She has come far from her childhood in Anand Bhavan. It will be great to watch how far she is yet to go—and where will she take the country with her.



Europe 1938



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JD: I have been listening with great attention to some of your recent speeches, it being my task to report them. In fact I am the hapless reporter, whose use of the word "mela" caused such...

The Prime Minister: I see. (General laughter).

JD: I've been noticing a rising note of anger against social injustice in your recent speeches—a note all the more marked coming from the Prime Minister of the country. They could've been the speeches of a revolutionary on the barricades of an embattled nation. And I thought

that we have in you a guerrilla in charge in Room 151, South Block. But, apart from social injustice, there is also a whole variety of subjects that you touch upon that are not the usual concern of political leaders — like man's relation to nature. Would you please tell us a little about what your recent interests have been?

The Prime Minister: This is not a recent interest. It is an interest dating from my childhood. I have always felt very close to nature. Only, it was unconscious before. It became conscious when I went to

Santiniketan, because Gurudev has dwelt on it so beautifully. Now it seems to me that it is not just a sentiment but something very relevant to man's future. It has greater urgency or importance than a sentiment. I mean, for instance, trees. You may love trees because of the look of trees, or, because in a hot country shade means a lot, but it is also very relevant to the rainfall. I have no doubt that some of the drought problems are because we have cut down so much of our forests. So that the whole question of the

This interview was taken in Delhi in the middle of January in Room 152 of South Block, office of the Prime Minister of India. Mrs Gandhi had just returned to the capital from a tour of drought-stricken Gujarat and she was to fly to the Andamans at the end of the week. A deepening of the Andhra crisis made her call off the flight to the Bay islands. There were endless Cabinet meetings, consultations, visits by emissaries: the Polish Prime Minister was in town; there were numerous other calls on her time. But Mrs Gandhi walked down the coffee-coloured corridors of South Block looking, at all hours of the day, fresh as a rose at dawn. The morning of the interview she wore a cream silk which fascinated a colleague who made the discovery that the border was 'custom printed'. Also present at the interview was Mr Sharda Prasad, Director of Information to the Prime Minister.



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advance of a nation... I mean all these problems are linked... they are not separate.

JD: You said you had this feeling since childhood. Looking at your pictures as a child in Switzerland and in India with your family, it seemed to me that you were a very sensitive, almost mystical, child and yet, as the organiser of the 'monkey brigade', you have always also been a person of action. Now is this trait continuing? The romantic, the mystic, the visionary?

The Prime Minister: It is very difficult for me to

say. But certainly I think, as I have said before, there can be no action unless you have vision. And vision without action is also... it is still valuable but is... ineffective. You see a person is a whole person. You cannot... I know that in the world a lot of people either shut off the different sides of their nature or personality, or these are shut off for them by the influence of others or due to circumstance. But I think any normal person is many personalities. Now in my case I tried to allow all of them to coexist.

JD: Do you think that there is a split between the revolutionary and the Prime Minister in you? Is there a split, or a fusion, between the woman of action and the mystic and dreamer?

The Prime Minister: There is no split. There is no split. There is the greatest harmony between them.

Bangladesh War

JD: That's lucky for India. We who were in Calcutta during the Bangladesh affair felt all the time that a crisis was impending. There was all

around us great lamentation. You were described by a British journalist as a dove with very sharp claws in an article of October 1971.

SP : In the Observer....

JD : The world later found out how sharp the claws were (laughter).... but at that time we in Bengal thought you were too much of a dove. We are now very happy with whatever kind of bird you are. But then it seemed that you were solely a dove; that you were too restrained. What made you bare your claws?

The Prime Minister : I don't have any claws at all (laughter). But you see as I said just now, it is a question of the fusion of vision and action. I think that no decision should ever be taken in a state of emotionalism, and at that time most people in India, and specially, in Bengal, were just steeped in emotion. Now the question was—do we give in to emotion? or do we want to see results? My assessment was, had we done anything earlier, we would not have had the same results and, therefore, it needed some cool thinking.

JD : What made you act at that moment?

The Prime Minister : It was the right moment for the results we wanted.

JD : Do you think the war could have been avoided?

The Prime Minister : No. (pause) ... It could have been avoided had the world taken some of the steps I put to them.

JD : Did the so-called community of nations act with feeling and justice?

The Prime Minister : Obviously not—otherwise we could have come to that.

JD : I remember your voice coming over the radio. It was a night of black-out. It was a big group, including many Bangladesh refugees and intellectuals, who were standing by and your voice came out so clear and sharp. What was surprising was the steely calmness of it all. It was so restrained; there was not a word of bitterness or abuse for anybody. A speech of great generosity. We marvelled at what went on behind that mind. Where were you when you heard of the fall of Dacca? How were you kept informed?

The Prime Minister : I was in Parliament. Parliament was on, as you know. As a matter of fact I was giving an interview to the Swedish TV.

SP : I think he is referring to the first broadcast.

JD : No, the one announcing the fall of Dacca.

The Prime Minister : I was in the middle of a TV interview. And which had been fixed two months or more earlier. I completed that interview. I mean I interrupted it, and it was on

entirely different subjects.

JD : Marvellous!

The Prime Minister : In between I talked to the Chief of Army Staff and then I came back. I did one or two questions and then I went to Parliament to announce the thing and then I came back and did one or two more questions and so on.

JD : Forgive me if I dwell on this event, but after all it was one of the very greatest moments in the history of this nation. How did you conduct the war and how were the decisions taken?

The Prime Minister : This is not the kind of question I can.... (She makes a deprecatory gesture).... The decisions were really taken by those who were actually running the war but I was obviously in very close touch. In fact in twice-a-day touch. The day of Dacca's fall, I think we got a message every few minutes almost.

JD : It is said that a people get the kind of leadership they deserve. I must say, during Bangladesh, we got better leadership than we deserved.

The Prime Minister : Now don't run down the Indian people.

Prowler in the Bay

JD : By we, I meant the intellectuals. The middle class. The Indian middle class at least was panicky at the idea of a foreign fleet prowling in the Indian Ocean. There were inspired leaks and rumours from American sources that such a fleet was coming to the aid of the Pakistan Army. Later statements by the spokesmen of the Indian Government have shown that the American fleet had been actively mining the Chittagong harbour.

The Prime Minister : They were. They were.

JD : So, they were not on a pleasure cruise of the spice island. How did the Government of India take that?

The Prime Minister : Calmly, as you saw. (She smiles. She ponders, with a whimsical air).... After all, what could the fleet do to us. As a matter of fact I think that anything like that helps to strengthen your resolve.

JD : Well, they looked so foolish!.... We have always looked upon you as a public figure. You have been before the public eye since childhood. In fact, your grandfather heard his first prison sentence with you in his lap. We have been noting that from crisis to crisis you have come out with your composure and beauty unruffled.

The Prime Minister : Well, the years march on. Nobody remains the same.

JD : The longer this nation has you at its helm, the more it seems that there

is in you a blend of beauty and of action, a kind of composite leadership that the Gandhian and Tagorite could both appreciate.

The Prime Minister: Well, I cannot say all the Gandhians appreciate this.

JD: Do they not? Do you....

The Prime Minister: The people who CALL themselves Gandhian don't.

JD: Is there much in Gandhiji that you find appropriate to the Indian situation today?

The Prime Minister: There is much in what Gandhiji himself said and did, but not in what a few people who think they are the only interpreters of Gandhiji ascribe to him. I think they are trying to imprison Gandhiji in a very narrow space, whereas he had a very wide personality and had a feeling for the needs of the nation.

JD: There are those who think that a Gandhi cap is the most essential item of Gandhism.

The Prime Minister: No, no. Obviously it is not. It is not what a man wears, but what sort of person he is that matters.

JD: Incidentally I am one of those foolish persons who make a fetish of one's dress. I did not use any slippers for the past two or three years.

The Prime Minister: What made you change? You thought you would not be allowed into this office?

JD: The prospect of meeting you. I wanted to know you much more than not wearing a shoe for one afternoon.

The Prime Minister: You have touched upon a very important point. In all of life one has to see what one considers more important at a particular time. Whatever decision one takes—one can hardly ever take the perfect decision—it is a question of what is more important, what has priority over the rest.

JD: Would it be correct to describe you as more Tagorian than Gandhian?

The Prime Minister: I myself am neither Tagorian nor Gandhian. I have been influenced by....events....people...not only some of those great people but I think even more by other people whom I have met.

JD: Could you name some of these influences?

The Prime Minister: What is the point of naming them? You know principals of schools I went to and so on. They've all kept in touch with me all these years.

JD: This was Oxford....

The Prime Minister: Oxford, India, Switzerland.

JD: Could we come back to something which is very important in Calcutta today? We went through some very hard times recently.

The Prime Minister: We are still in

hard times.

Restless Youth

JD: We are beginning to hope that things are changing. There is a new mood abroad in Calcutta; thanks, partly, to what has happened in the past couple of years. We are happy that the killing has stopped. We rejoice that the nightmare is ended. But, is it possible that the killing, the violence, was an expression of something deeper? What would you say about the youth unrest which periodically grips Calcutta?

The Prime Minister: I don't know that was just youth unrest....youth unrest....there is always youth unrest. Some of this restlessness might have joined the other factors, but I don't think the violence in Calcutta was one basically due to youth unrest. Youth is restless for a number of reasons. Partly because of the insecurity of livelihood in developing countries, especially India, partly because of our nature, which is emotional, given to wild ups and downs, such as you pointed happened during the Bangladesh thing. If there is a success, we are up in the sky, and the next moment, if there seems to be the slightest setback, we are down in the dumps. Now, this is not a balanced state of



affairs. There are some very real problems which have been thrown up by and which are inherent in contemporary society as one sees in Europe and America, and which one finds even here, although our society is quite different. One such problem is that of the isolation of the university student. Most students come from homes where there was no education. So there is a feeling of not belonging—you don't belong to where you come from, yet you don't belong to anything else either. And you are repelled by the attitude of society, which is today one of acquisition. I don't think it is quite true to say that only the society of our day is selfish; it always has been. But at least in earlier days the ideal was something else. You might have been selfish, you might have just grabbed things for yourself, but the expressed ideals were a little less gross. Today it is not so. Even the ideal is a very small one, and I think all this con-

tributes to it. Now, industry brings certain advantages to a country. But it takes away from the feeling of self-sufficiency and belonging that the artisan had when he was in the village. Now more and more people are becoming merely jobseekers, instead of creative contributors to society. So there are many things which combine to create this sense of frustration and contribute to the unrest. And, on top of it, if a student is sensitive, he reacts sharply to poverty. Something like this happened to the Naxalites among whom there were many types of people, including a group, a small group, which came from good families, conservative families, highly educated, very brilliant in studies, and they had had no contact with life in India before. And when they came face to face with poverty in India, it was something that upset them. And they had nothing to compare it with. Now poverty today in India is very sad, but I don't feel so sad because I can compare it with what I saw in the thirties, forties and even in the nineteen-fifties. And I see there is a visible change in the looks of the people. Only recently I visited the drought areas. Now there is enormous hardship there because of shortage of grains. They are having to do this very heavy labour. But nowhere



had I seen a person who looked hungry or ill or something like that, except some very old people, which earlier was a normal sight, and even when you went through a crowd the normal picture was one of hungry, ill-dressed people. But now you don't see it.

JD: You see more bikes in the villages.

The Prime Minister: Yes, but even the group that does not have that is better off. Although only slightly more so, they are still better off than they were earlier. So it is a hopeful sign and it is also a danger sign because when progress is slow, it is not enough progress.

JD: Sometimes, even fast progress leaves people hankering for something else.

The Prime Minister: Right. It does

not satisfy anybody although you thought it would bring satisfaction. You think only if I have this, I will be happy. You have it, but you are not. You want something else.

JD: So would you describe some of the Naxalites at least as sensitive people? Fit to be treated with compassion, rather than to be crushed by the police?

The Prime Minister: This is precisely the instruction which I gave to the Government and members of the service.

Stumbling Blocks

JD: You have been trying to hammer it into the heads of your listeners that the biggest stumbling block to India's progress is not the kind of extremist politics of the Naxalites, who after all are a very small and insignificant minority, but the wooden passivity of most Indians and the inertia of vested interests. It might make one think that you have a very soft corner for these . . .

Equal Dangers

The Prime Minister: I don't think I have said this. I think anybody who goes in for violence is a danger. I don't think the Indian people are apathetic any more. I think they all are very conscious of their rights, and are demanding them. In fact, sometimes the demands can be very exaggerated, such as those of organised industrial labour. Sometimes they ask for more and more, and the more they ask, the less we have to give to those who are lower down the scale. But I think, the two are equal dangers: those who go in for violence and those who attempt to preserve the old vested interests. You must remember that these interests are not very passive either. They too are very conscious of their rights and are very active.

JD: How do we seek a balance between these two forces, as also between industrialization and ecology, between change and order? You are one who could help strike such a balance, being both dreamer and leader of Government.

The Prime Minister: This is the question which is facing the whole world, but us more than perhaps any other country. We are in a position not to repeat the mistakes of some of the other, more advanced, countries. It is very difficult. I think much of it will have to do with what attitudes are inculcated. I was very fortunate in my education. Many people think that I lacked education. But I think I was extremely fortunate, because everywhere I went, whatever I am, I have been formed by all these people that I met. And as I have said, many of these are nameless people.

But I was fortunate in that they were all dedicated people, they all viewed education and men and nature as a whole, they were able to see everything as part of a totality. Also important, of course, was the atmosphere of my home. I mean, everything combined to give a deep feeling of the interrelation of things. It is for education to try and show people what they want.... Now I think the real difficulty is that people don't know what they want. It is easier to get what you want than to know what you really want, and if you think that just having something that somebody, your neighbour, has will satisfy you, you are wrong. IT DOES'NT. You get it and then of course you want to compete with somebody else.... And this is the problem with some of the richer Naxalites because they have everything at home and yet they found that it does not satisfy, because they have a need to do something, to participate in something. Now if only they participated in something creative, rather than destructive, then they could have helped bring about faster whatever they wanted. But it is easier to be destructive.

JD: Would it be fair to assume from what you just said about not repeating the mistakes of other countries, that perhaps our underdevelopment itself is a blessing and perhaps....

The Prime Minister: Well, I don't say a blessing....

JD: All right. Perhaps an opportunity to do better?

The Prime Minister: Yes.

JD: Do you think that India is at the beginning of a period of harmonious growth?

The Prime Minister: Well, I should like to think so. I can't say whether it is so or not. But I think that people—more people—are becoming conscious of these things.

JD: •Your leadership in the next decade, or couple of decades, will be crucial to this harmonious growth?

The Prime Minister (Laughs): You see no country should depend on one person. The thing is that it must be.... my effort is that the people should understand these things and participate. Any one person may be there or may not be there. And if the country is dependent on that person, it is not a happy situation at all.

Not a Dynasty

JD: This country has had a Nehru at the top for a long time, we could have almost begun to talk about dynasties, had it not been for the fact that your sons are not in politics. Did you in any way influence them?



The Prime Minister: Well, I tried my best to keep them away from it.

JD: The journalist who described you as a dove with sharp claws was obviously wrong. To some it may seem that you are a swan with an eagle's beak.

The Prime Minister: No, not swan! I don't know whether you know swans, but they are very dangerous birds.

JD: That's exactly what I mean.... (general laughter).

The Prime Minister: And they attack for no reason at all.... I don't attack at all... Not at all.... I only take defensive actions.

JD: I hope Yahya Khan and your former colleagues of the old Congress agree to that.

The Prime Minister: They may not agree, but it is obvious they took the first steps. I mean I never dreamed any such situation would arise as did in Bangladesh. And nor did I.... well I knew that some people (in the Congress) were against me—but did not think they would go to the extent of trying to throw me out, knowing that that would have been the fall of the Congress.

JD: It did not. Instead the Congress rose....

The Prime Minister: It rose. But it would have been destroyed. I mean suppose they had just thrown me out and I had just stayed quiet. I don't think that the Congress would have survived that.

JD: The country would have had a very bad time. Would you say that you have not sought office, but have been forced from one position of responsibility to another because of one external crisis or the other?

The Prime Minister: Yes.

JD: Life sort of tricked you into politics. Well, it is lucky that it did. Thank you. One more request. Please do not mind our reportorial intrusions. I will watch you for the next few days and hide behind bushes....

The Prime Minister (Laughs): You needn't hide.

JD: Thank you very much.



MY WIFE DOESN'T COOK!

The Candid Confessions of
Randhir Kapoor

I love fast music, fast dances. I love going to parties and continually doing the rounds in town."

"I really dig new, fast music. Not the slow, old hits of yesteryear. I like fast-moving movies. None of the archaic, heavy stuff for me."

"I love doing comedy roles. Anything fast and funny."

"I dislike these new wave films. Art films. I don't understand them."

... And so on. Pronouncements of a successful young star. Just two hit-film old.

He was shouting and jumping about when I stepped into the R. K. Studios. Before I could sit down, however, I could see him hunched over a chair, all tense as he directed Premnath for a scene. Immediately after saying "Cut," he sauntered over and almost as I said: "Hullo Dabbo," he chipped in with a boisterous "Hi! You're looking nice. Let's have lunch before you start picking on my brains."

Randhir Kapoor is definitely on the make. He is polite and affable, but cannot tolerate criticism or the slightest unfavourable comment about his films, his family and, of course, himself. And, like all the other Bombay heroes, he loves flattery. In fact, simply laps it up.

At the lunch table, I looked at his plate and then at his steadily-expanding midriff. He got the message.... "O.K., O.K., I've started dieting. Nowadays, its only one meal a day."

"Instead of skipping dinner, why not carefully balance meals at correct intervals?" I wondered aloud.

"I just can't do it. I simply love good food. This one-meal-a-day is the only way."

"Not very flattering to your wife's cooking," I commented.

I must have dropped a ton of bricks with that one. Randhir stopped and stared at me. "My wife does not cook. My cooks do," he announced, with great dignity.

To break the embarrassing silence that followed, I probed again. This time with a compliment. "I liked 'Kal, Aaj

aur Kal. You're a really good director." That did it. He beamed as he said: "I adore directing films. Even when I retire from the screen, I'll never stop directing my own productions."

We slowly ventured into personal topics. I charged him with, "You've quite a reputation for being an off-screen Casanova. Haven't you?"

"What? I haven't made a pass at you, have I? Anyway, is that what you call a man who has gone steady for years, married his girl friend and settled down happily?" he counter-charged.

"If you've been serious about Babita for years, then why all these vehement denials about your affair?"

"Who denied them? Not I, he coolly replied as if he'd never denied any mention of the Daboo-Babita affair in their pre-engagement days."

Talking nineteen to the dozen, he burst forth volubly. "For a good family life, an actor should avoid double shifts. I work only one shift, but boy! do I slog? I work like a dog for my kids. I want kids. Lots of them. If not, who am I slogging for?"

"In Hindi films, a guy should be able to sing, that's all. What has Jeetendra got? He's a success only because he can sing."

At this point I sprang the inevitable question, "Why didn't you go to the Institute?"

"Why should I when I am already talented?" he shot back.

"Okay. You're accused of over-acting. What about that?" I asked him.

"I beg your pardon. If there's any such accusation it should go to the directors who instruct me."

"Weren't you the director of 'Kal, Aaj aur Kal'?"

"I did not overact there. The character was boisterous and loud," he replied indignantly.

He continued talking about other things. "Most of my friends are outside the film industry. Cuckoo (Narendra-nath) is my only friend in films."

Randhir's pride in being part of the Kapoor clan, or in film parlance, his 'khandaan', sticks out a mile.

"I dress soberly because we Kapoors are educated. We're not upstarts like..." (he mentioned two young stars, "who dress flashily and gaudily.")

"What were you like in school? Brainy?" I asked him. He looked up, winked and shook his head.

Besides his friendly nature, the nicest, most endearing quality of Randhir is his restlessness, his this-life-is-too-slow-for-me kind of talk. He's likeable — anyone who's so full of life is likeable.

"Relax? Why should I relax? I like being on the move."

N. BHARATHI



ANDHIR KAPOOR



khaas baat

Says Dharmendra, the Southie is too cold. He's probably found all his other co-stars very co-operative and willing. There's only one guy who doesn't have that complaint against Hema Malini. Believe it or not, it's Shatrughan Sinha, who delights in telling all and sundry that they get along like a house on fire, she adores his fascinating company, etc., etc. Careful Sinha. Remember how your pal Sanjeev Kumar got slapped by Nutan?

By the way, Shatru has recorded his first number, a duet with Asha Bhonsle, for "Kashmakash". The guy's got a nice deep voice and can't stop talking about it! The song is picturised on Shatru and Asha Sachdev. Wonder whether Asha knows her co-star refers to her as "tabela"!

The Institute girls have all got one thing in common — they prefer their directors to their beefy-looking co-stars. With the sole exception of Jaya, of course, whose interests are tall! There's Radha Saluja and Batra Mohinder, Rehana Sultan with Ishara, and now, Rinku Jaiswal whose Mr. Romeo, director Subhash Mukherji, is more than just a frequent visitor at her place. The only other exception is Asha Sachdev, whose interests are varied!!

For several years, Bengalees have shone in the Bombay film industry. Now, the Bombay stars are getting interested in exploring the Bengali screen. Radha Saluja who knows very little Bengali, has acted in "Jabaan" which was pro-

duced by Samit Bhanja. Others trying their hand at this game are Dharmendra and Shatrughan Sinha (this guy speaks fluent Bengali). Anil Dhawan's name I haven't spotted in any Bengali film, but he too chatters with Moushumi Chatterjee in her tongue, at least off-screen.

Amitabh Bachchan has given up booze completely because he didn't like the attitude of the filmwallahs. "When I joined films, I found people finding excuses to booze. For example, one guy would say, he's just had a success, so let's celebrate, and start drinking. Or, the same guy would say, "I'm a flop yaar. I'm gonna hit the bottle". I didn't like this hypocrisy of using excuses to drink, so I gave up."

Difficult to swallow this, but the younger stars exhibit real self control (in this field at least!). Even Shatrughan Sinha (sounds untrue, doesn't it?) and Anil Dhawan, have given up the bottle completely.

Another young chap who keeps away from drinks and fags, is ironically, the person who started his film career as a hippie in "Hare Rama Hare Krishna". The guy's Gautam Sarin, whose views on life would make all the modern, uninhibited people titter. It's no smoking, no drinking (checked on it myself), and, "the very idea of pre-marital sex" is obnoxious to this young man. Even refused to kiss Zeenat Aman in his first movie! Poor Gautam. Career-wise he admitted, "I'm not able to steer in the right direction". Wonder what made an M.A. from St. Stephens (Delhi), and a successful I.A.S. candidate like Gautam, opt for such an unstable profession.

How far is this true? Zeenat Aman is slowly developing tall aims. Armed with flowers, it seems she frequents Amitabh's place whenever she gets a chance. Short or not, it's stiff, strong competition Zeenat will have to overcome, to achieve much in this direction!

Shotgun's gloating over the freedom he's suddenly got. "Rekhu is happy with Vinod Mehra. Pinky's happy with Kiran Kumar. But I'm the happiest man going", he guffawed. After the raw deal he dished out to someone as young as Pinky, I'm glad Kiran's around to lick her wounds. Hope it's true. Heard Kiran's sprung the all important question already. Shrewd guy went straight to Yogeeta's mother, I believe, who has, of course, ordered both sides to wait for at least two years!

.....

in our fashion



Its one way of running a successful fashion business. Having the same colour outlook, and a similar attitude to fashion In the dusky pink old world atmosphere of Calcutta's most recent — and probably most mod — boutique, Madame Butterfly, we queried its two business partners on how they managed to make a two-woman set up work, purely in terms of getting along with each other. And Pam Crain came up with this unwitting statement about having the same colour outlook, which turned out to be a rather profound thing to have said, after all! Not only does she and her partner, Brenda Mukerjee, think alike where fabrics and colours and designs are concerned ("Neither of us thinks in paisleys, but in western prints that are 'in'") but they don't also bring in their personal attitudes or personal differences into their work.

Pam was busy outfitting the rather delicately made clothes model in their shop in a yellow full-length smock in handloom crepe with somewhat Hungarian style cross-stitch hand-embroidery in red and black. To oblige our photographer, she yanked off the existing wig and arranged another one rather becomingly in a matter of seconds on the model's head. (Cost of the smock: Rs. 130 — you paid for the exclusive embroidery.)

Brenda had, in the meantime, at our request (and possibly more so at her own suggestion) got into very wide white terycrepe trousers and a smartly tailored grey cotton jacket in black with orange and yellow and green flowers and natty white piping all along the edges and lapels. Carrying off this outfit were black platform shoes with dominoed heels.

Pam had flopped down on the floor, and was sheafing through a pile of ideas from foreign fashion magazines, but not before she had got into a shocking pink and purple and white and mauve striped nylon crepe blouse (these were separate pieces joined together to give the striped effect) and a four piece sear-sucker wrap-over skirt in white. She was rather apologetic about the price (Rs. 65 for the skirt and Rs. 75 for the top) explaining that the outfit was expensive only because it was an experiment.



The quick change, artist bit had been enacted by this time by Brenda (remember Brenda Lilley, the mellifluous singer of the early sixties in Calcutta's now extinct El Morocco and Blue Fox, and at Trinca's?) She was now posing very professionally in violent red terycrepe pants and an airy cotton bell-sleeved top in a tulip print with contrasting yellow and green bands on the yoke and sleeves. (Price Rs. 75 and Rs. 65 respectively).

Not to be outdone in tempo, Pam was back on the scene in a brushed blue denim pantsuit (denim can be dressy if you know how) with yellow ric-rac on the armholes and pockets — wherever it could be used to prettify. Setting this off were a pair of the snazziest, clunkiest yellow platforms. (Rs. 110 for the entire outfit — platforms hers).

A peculiar looking white outside *banyan* was hanging near an ornate mirror in the curtained off fitting room. Its transformation on Brenda was amazing. And it turned out to be a white cotton jersey maxi — a creation that the boutique was particularly proud of. On a sudden impulse, Brenda pulled out a hand-crocheted green, black and white tank top (they resemble the popular string shopping bags when displayed on pegs) and a unique outfit had been created on the spot. This jersey maxi which costs Rs. 65 has a striking resemblance to a Victorian night shirt for men, but it can look very sexy on the right figure. Tank tops are Rs. 55 each and recommended for wearing over trouser tops.

Graduating to formal evening wear, Pam appeared in a long white crepe dress that had a black silk jersey top with lots of bugle bead and seed pearl embroidery. No chunky heels here, though. Brenda matched this in black cheesecloth — again a full-length creation, smock-style, trimmed with plenty of lace at the yoke and on the sleeves and hem. (Prices for both — Rs. 275 and Rs. 130 respectively).

The trend was apparent even from this brief selection — soft, clinging material and mellow lines, daring colours, and a calculated casualness throughout. And our models sported the current dark, berry stained lips.

RITA BHIMANI



Brenda in a gay cotton jacket





*Cost of the smock . Rs. 130/- & you
pay for the exclusive embroidery.*





Pale frosted shades that did not quite go with the vibrant Indian complexion, dark red rouge that gave a hard look to the face—but the Indian woman had to follow these fashions blindly, whether they suited her or not. It is now a thing of the past.

Indian cosmetics have come into their own and begun to manufacture products that not only suit our colour but also the texture of our skin. Lakme Ltd., matching the 30's look that has hit the international scene — thin eyebrows, heavily shadowed eyes, bright lipsticks — has introduced bright shades in the market that go marvellously with Indian complexions. They have been tested on Indian women by Mrs. Santosh Rattan, their beauty consultant, who has qualified in beauty culture from London and Paris.

Six shades have been introduced in the Indian market: Bronze Berry, Coffee Berry and Plum Berry, which are frosted; and Tomato Punch, Watermelon and Red Cherry, which are unfrosted.

Apart from the fact that dark shades are the latest on the international beauty scene, reviving the look of the 30's, they

have always complemented by the bronzy Indian complexion.

However, it should be remembered that it is *bright*, not *dark* shades, that are popular. These colours warm up an otherwise sallow complexion and add colour to faces with a yellowish tinge.

Young people should go more for shades like bronze, honey, coffee and young pink rather than for clear reds and purplish shades.

An interesting fact that emerged from Santosh's beauty demonstrations is that older women — those over 25 — have readily gone for bright lip shades whereas young college girls seem reluctant to switch over, maybe because boyfriends still prefer pale frosted on their girls!

When asked why lipsticks change colour, Santosh replied that when there is more acid present in the saliva, some colours, specially pinks, tend to change colour.

If lipsticks are too dry, she says, don't blame the manufacturer at once. Retailers who stock them for too long sell the dried up lipsticks. Over-dry lips could be another reason. The remedy is to massage the lips with cold cream, then wipe it off gently with tissue, before applying the lipstick.

One paradox why lipsticks do not stay long on certain lips is because *too much* is smeared on. The habit of "eating lipstick" is another reason. This is when nervous people constantly chew their upper or lower lip and "eat" the lipstick in the process.

The proper method of application, of course, is to apply lipstick, smudge it with tissue and reapply another coat. A lipstick brush is invaluable here, for this way, one applies neither too much nor too little.

Too-thick lips, dark upper or lower lips, thin lips — these faults can all be camouflaged effectively by the proper application of lipsticks, by mixing and matching and blending various shades. Once again, this can be done only with the aid of a lip brush.

When asked why Lakme did not market matching frosted nail varnish to go with their lipsticks, Santosh replied that it was very difficult to get the import licence for pearl powder and the quota they have now is just adequate for the manufacture of lipsticks. Indian pearls and frosted have not yet come up to the standard prescribed by their collaborators in France, and therefore frosted nail varnishes cannot be released in the market without first passing the stringent international regulations. However, she confided, Lakme was in the midst of a breakthrough and quality Indian frosted and pearlised nail varnishes would soon be introduced in the Indian market.

RUKSANA LAL

AZED CROSSWORD

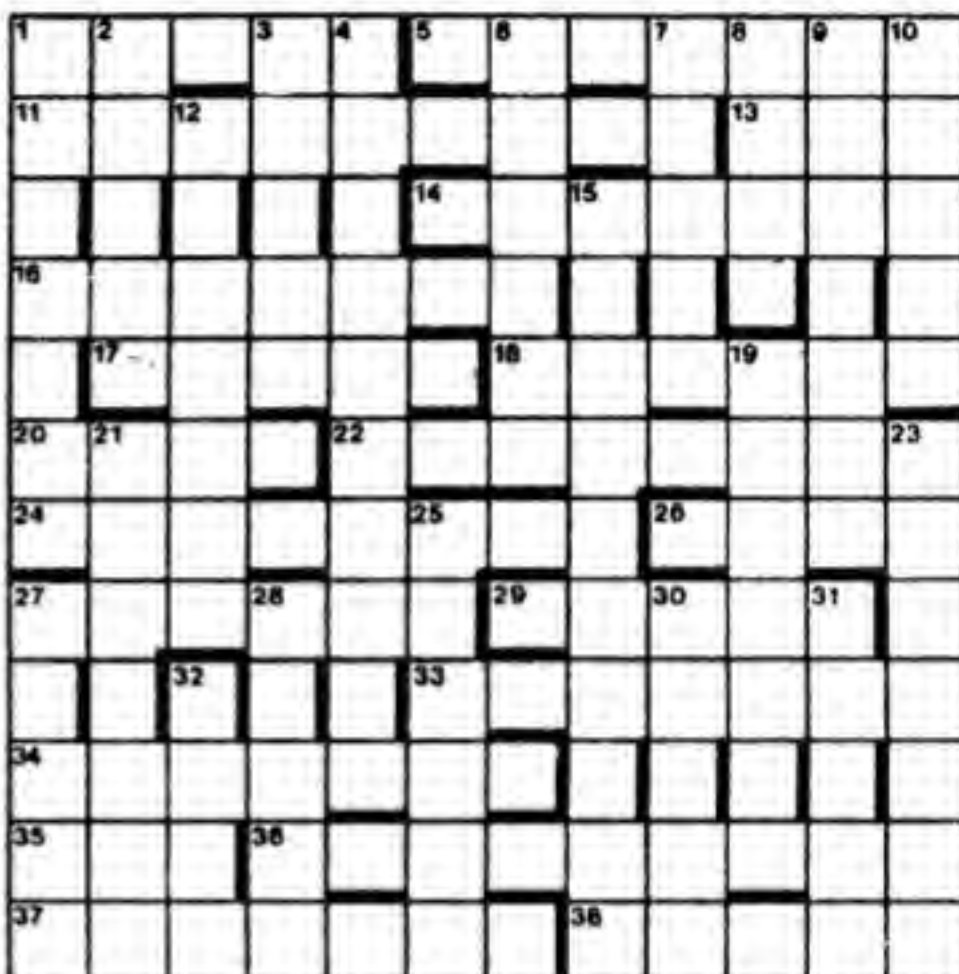
No. 1: PLAIN

ACROSS

- 1 A start? This may give you a help (5)
 *5 Debaucher (7)
 11 Not quite enough fabric, duck, round the hamstring (9)
 13 Donald's end (3)
 14 Cuban seeking unbeliever will find one — (7)
 16 Love, do yield as before—what happens next? (7)
 17 Snake swallowing its tail proceeds oozily (5)
 18 Exchanged courtesies, as old women did? (6)
 20 A pound in coin for a number of small charges on the side (4)
 22 Average green's uneven: we want to get even (8)
 24 I graze on jungly slopes and gales buffet me (8)
 26 Part of London strangely common formerly (4)
 27 A leader of Turks, one to approach with petition? (6)
 29 King certainly can't fly (5)
 33 He was still concerned with a tricky problem (7)
 34 I'm to provide assistance with frothy stuff (7)
 35 Character found in the poet Aeschylus (3)
 36 At home in Greek island? Near to that, I was (9)
 37 Reinstated little scamp, perhaps, having done wrong (7)
 38 An end, is it? Sounds like it (5)

DOWN

- 1 One member of XV who's very big, appropriately (7)
 2 3 for grasshopper? No thanks (5)
 3 2 for fish? Not I (5)
 4 The wherewithal to produce fables? Aesop had it (10)
 6 Abandon one's belief for example in Descartes (6)
 7 Scottish slipper coming up under one's bone (5)
 8 A mathematician does, and a qualified dentist (4)
 9 Broadcasters, natives of Lebanon we hear? (7)
 10 Jock's grassed, i.e. spread grass, around a couple of leagues (5)
 12 Most of leg rises after a little knock here, look (7)
 15 Faring badly I'll swallow betel—it's fragrant (10)
 19 Is tucking into mince pie; curved figures result (7)
 21 'The two soaks', an old portrait (7)
 23 Sturgeon, though small, breaks trestle (7)
 25 Frighten of old one at top of old staircase (6)
 27 Top of road surface missing? Slow down, seeing it (5)
 28 Punch blackleg's head, boss (5)
 30 Indian steel, 2 ounces, assorted (5)
 31 Healthy-sounding trawler's equipment (5)
 32 Strike a loud blow (4)

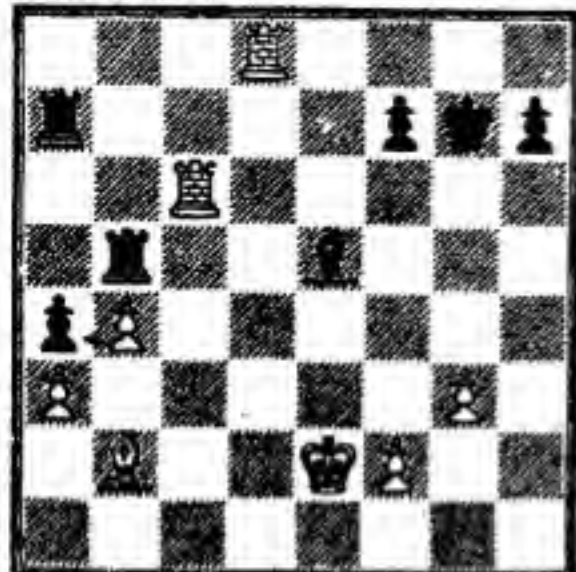


**SOLUTIONS
NEXT SUNDAY**

CHESS

by HARRY GOLOBEK

Position No. 1



White to play—how should the game go?

Great match play

A study of the games in a match between great masters is at once disappointing and exhilarating. Disappointing because to the purist it must seem that such a game contains far too many mistakes and errors to be classed as a thing of beauty and a joy forever. But exhilarating too since alongside the mistakes there are a profusion of wonderful ideas, skilful manoeuvres and profound strategies.

Of course, you can also get dull and featureless games in match play when, for example, the two contestants are both possessed of a negative, almost arid style; but one has only to look at the Fischer games in the Candidates series of matches to realise what savour can be put in the game if the player likes. The eighth game in the final of the Candidates series is a good example.

White: Petrosian. Black: Fischer.
 QGD Semi-Tarrasch Defence.

1. P-Q4, Kt-KB3; 2. P-QB4, P-K3;
 3. Kt-KB3, P-Q4; 4. Kt-B3, P-B4; 5.
 P-K3, Kt-B3; 6. P-QR3, Kt-K5; 7.
 Q-B2, Kt x Kt; 8. P x Kt, B-K2; 9. B-Kt2,
 Q-O; 10. B-Q3, P-KR3; 11. O-O,
 Kt-R4; 12. Kt-Q2. If 12. BP x P then Black

can interpose 12... P-B5, before recapturing on Q4.

12... OP x P; 13. Kt x P, Kt x Kt; 14. B x Kt, P-QKt3; 15. P-K4, B-Kt2; 16. Q-K2, R-B1; 17. B-Kt3. This looks as bad as it really is. There was nothing wrong with the normal retreat 17. B-Q3.

17... P-QKt4; 18. P-KB4, Q-Kt3; 19. K-R1, P x P; 20. P x P, P-Kt5. A fine move that threatens both B-R3 and P x P.

21. P x P, B x KtP; 22. P-Q5, B-B6; 23. B x B, R x B; 24. B-B2. He cannot keep the pawn by 24. B-R2 because of 24... B-R3. The text-move hopes, vainly, to get an attack in return for the pawn.

24... P x P; 25. P-K5, R-K6; 26. Q-Q2, P-Q5; 27. QR-Kt1, Q-R3; 28. R-B2. And not 28. Q x P, on account of 28... R-K7.

28... R-Q1; 29. K-Kt1, B-K5; 30. B x B, R x B; 31. P-R3, P-Q6; 32. R-Kt3, Q-B5; 33. R-Kt2, R(Q1)-Q5; 34. P-Kt3. The necessity of preventing 34... R x BP loosens up his King-side and leaves the King wide open to attack.

34... R-Q4; 35. K-R2, R-Kt4; 36. R-R2, R-Kt5; 37. P-Kt4, R-K7; 38. R x R, P x R; 39. Q x P, Q x P ch; 40. K-Kt2, R-Kt6; White resigns. Since if 41. Q-KB2, Q-K5 ch.



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FREDERICK FORSYTH

THE MAN OF THE DAY OF THE JACKAL



DESSA
FILE

For week beginning March 25, 1973



ARIES—Uncertainty is in the air. Trim your sails accordingly. Do not disdain the opinion of others or the advice of friends. Sleep over decisions: If you have been thinking of changing your present job or home, ponder over it, consult friends, weigh consequences. For businessmen, March 26 and 27 are the good days to visit a bank in quest of credit. But for speculative deals. You may expect social success and popularity. For the unemployed, a break from unexpected quarters is in the cards.



TAURUS—The break you had been praying for may come. You have a restless mind; do not try to freeze your future plans. March 28 marks the start of a happier period. Give attention to your personal and domestic affairs. Normal health will be maintained. For businessmen, the yield from investments will be up to their expectations. For those in the professions, the gain may be in fame. Good week for social success.



GEMINI—A pleasant surprise will help set a better trend in your affairs. When

others fail, you may succeed, and this may cause tongues to wag. Your colleagues at your place of work may lend you support. Avoid speculation this week. Minor illnesses may keep you below trim. But — rejoice — the period of financial strain will be over! Conspiracies against you will slowly collapse. If you are in any of the professions, this is the time to plan for the future. Businessmen! Watch out for March 25! That's the day for some cheering news.



CANCER—The sun will break through the clouds in your emotional life. You may get the job you had been waiting for all this time. But do keep your temper in check. Money matters may make you worried, but this is a week of satisfactory speculative gains and adequate yield from investments. Rewarding week for businessmen.



LEO—A lively week. Your plans and ideas are steadily ripening. There is going to be a lucky break in an affair which caused you frustration recently. There won't be any impediments in your way. Secret enmity will end. But on March 26 and 27 you will be swamped with work. Your financial position will considerably be better from the 26th. If you are in business, it will be a week of worry. Gain likely for those in the independent professions.



VIRGO—A demanding time at home and a busy time outside. If you are romantically inclined, this week promises you to be a thrilling one. Some good news will cheer you up. Your hopes of worldly success will receive a lift. The impediments will disappear from your path. Business will flourish. Persons in service may expect recognition and, in certain cases, promotion. New contracts for artistes/musicians.



LIBRA—It is your quick wit and ability to entertain others that make you so fascinating; it is a good time for you. Through friends and associations, a gain of some kind is indicated. Be on your guard against moodiness in love. You may expect gifts on the 27th. Business will yield satisfactory profit. Financial position will remain sound. You will secure new contracts and business. Look twice before you leap into speculative deals. It seems you are booked for travel — though only for a short trip.



SCORPIO—You have the charm and the natural talent for making people feel that you are important. This week you will be able to savour your

importance in society. Shy though you are, an excellent intellect distinguishes you. Business will be very brisk. You may receive encouraging letters this week. But those in the professions will have to wait and wait for a response to their communications and they will be plagued by unnecessary worries due to the activities of enemies. Success in competitive examination is indicated.



SAGITTARIUS—Don't let things slide. Tactlessness could be your worst fault, generosity your brightest virtue. It is a time to take the bull by the horn; if you had been pondering a change, take the plunge now. Good time for holidays and romantic plans. It is a week when you can expect plenty of sunshine. From business, you will have satisfactory profit. But the yield from investments is likely to be meagre. You may be pursued by the terror of secret enmity. Improvement in status, social success and an increase in pay may cheer you up.



CAPRICORN—You are due for big steps up in your personal life. Developments on the romantic scene will bring happiness. In social life, just take care that certain people do not take advantage of you. In the office, a peaceful atmosphere will prevail. Business will be as usual. You

Sunday week

may expect an additional work-load. Your motor car and properties will be sources of pleasure instead of worry. It is advisable to avoid arguments with subordinates. Those in the professions are required to stick to routine affairs only.



AQUARIUS—This week you will be provided with the chance to put an important plan into action and prove your worth. It is a time to grasp at opportunities and make the best of them. Your friends are likely to be critical. From the 26th be careful in financial and speculative dealings. Business will flourish in office, your superiors will entrust you with important work. Inimical activities will disappear. If you are in the paper industry, be extra cautious in tackling personnel problems.



PISCES—Since you are charming, artistic and are fastidious in your taste, you often shrink from disagreement or taking a firm stand over any issue. But this is a week when you have to assert yourself and be firm in decision. You may clear off debts, and expect an offer of help from your friends. Pleasant ceremonies and festivities at home. Speculative gains. Artistes and musicians will make money without striving for it. Brisk business in metals.

How does it feel to be the world's sex symbol? In a remarkably candid interview next Sunday, Raquel Welch says: "I think for a woman to be a sex object is a lovely thing."

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HINDUSTHAN STANDARD
COLOUR MAGAZINE
25 MARCH 1973

by Frederick A. Engels, in

Ratna Singh

Corned Spread

KHASS BAAT

On Bath

By Senator Dutton 9

CROSSWORD CHESS BRIDGE ASTROLOG

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THE

ODESSA is a word composed of six initial letters, which in German stand for Organisation Der Ehemaligen SS-Angehörigen. In English this means Organisation of Former Members of the SS. The SS was the army within an army, the state within a state, devised by Adolf Hitler, commanded by Heinrich Himmler, and charged with special tasks under the Nazis who ruled Germany from 1933 to 1945.

In carrying out these tasks the SS organised the murder of some 14 million human beings.

When an
old man dies
because
of a smile

After The Day of the Jackal, another sensational novel by Frederick Forsyth

DEATH FILE PART ONE

THE TRAFFIC LIGHTS on Stresemann Strasse were standing at red when Peter Miller heard the clamour of the ambulance behind him.

It came past him on the left, the wail of the siren rising and falling, slowed slightly before heading into the road junction against the red light, then swung across Miller's nose and down into Daimler Strasse.

Miller reacted on reflexes alone. He let in the clutch and the Jaguar surged after the ambulance. It was probably nothing, but one never knew. Ambulances meant trouble and trouble could mean a story for a freelance reporter.

Whoever was driving the flat-nosed, high-roofed Mercedes ambulance knew his Hamburg and knew how to drive twisting into the maze of mean streets of Altona. Even with his greater acceleration and hard suspension, Miller could feel the back wheels of the XK150S—which he maintained himself, spending hours in overalls beneath the chassis or half-buried in the engine—skidding across the cobbles, slick with rain.

A police car already stood in front of a crumbling tenement, its blue roof-light twirling. The light swung across the face of a man in civilian clothes, coming down the stairs. Miller recognised him. They had been at school together at Hamburg Central High. Karl Brandt, now, in 1963, a junior detective inspector in the police.

Miller nodded towards the dimly-lit hallway of the rooming house.

"Suicide," said Brandt, "Gas, an old man. Nothing in it for you."

PETER MILLER woke the next morning just before nine and shifted luxuriously under the enormous feather cushion that covered the double bed. Even half awake he could feel the warmth of Sigi sleeping across the bed. He snuggled closer.

Sigi, still fast asleep after only four hours in bed, grunted. "Go away," she muttered without waking up.

The cabaret at which she danced did

not close until nearly four in the morning, often later on Friday nights when the provincials and tourists were thick down the Reeperbahn, prepared to buy champagne at 10 times its restaurant price for a girl with big tits and a low frock, and Sigi, had the biggest and the lowest.

Miller sighed and slipped out of bed. He was halfway to the bath-room when the phone rang.

"Peter? Karl."

"Karl?"

The voice was impatient "Karl Brandt."

"Oh yes, sure Sorry, I just got up."

"It's about this dead Jew."

Miller was baffled. "What dead Jew?"

"The one who gassed himself last night in Altona."

"I didn't know he was Jewish. What about him?"

"I want to talk to you," said the police inspector.

BRANDT stirred his coffee. "That old man," he said at length, "He was a German Jew. He was in a concentration camp."

"What about it?"

Brandt took a brown-paper-wrapped parcel out of his attache case and pushed it across the table to Miller.

"The old man left a diary. It seems he wrote notes at the time and stored them in his foot-wrappings. After the war he transcribed them all. They make up the diary."

Miller looked at the parcel with scant interest.

"Where did you find it?"

"It was lying next to the body. I picked it up and took it home. I read it last night."

"It was bad?"

"Horrible. I had no idea that it was bad, the things they did to them."

"Why bring it to me?"

"I thought it might make a story for you. And, by the way, it's not all past history."

THE DIARY was in the form of a loose-



leaf folder. On the front cover had been written in black ink.

THE DIARY OF SALOMON TAUBER

Peter Miller began to read. . . .

"I am a Jew and about to die. . . . I bear no hatred towards the German people. But one can never forget. Some men whose crimes pass comprehension, they are still among us. The Butcher of Riga. He tapped a black riding quilt green uniform, black and silver flashes of the SS, dedicated sadist. Sometimes they would cry for mercy. Roschmann liked to hear that, Captain Edward Roschmann. Slammed his jackboot into her belly. My wife in the gas-van. That day my soul died. When the Russians advanced, the SS decided to evacuate by sea. We, the last remainder of hundreds of thousands of Jews, were their alibi to escape. German Army wounded, off-loaded under Roschmann's orders. That ship is ours. An army captain running down the quay Roschmann scared. Shot the Wehrmacht captain in the throat. A medal: Knight's Cross with Oak Leaf Cluster. It flew off as the bullet struck the captain's neck. The last time I saw Roschmann, he was in an SS car making his escape to the West from Danzig, wearing a corporal's uniform. The English put me in hospital.

I have lived in this little room in Altona since 1947. . . . I wish now I had died in Riga with Esther. . . ."

Peter Miller put the diary down and lay back in his chair. "Penny for them," said Sigi after a while.

"I'm going to track a man down," he said.

"BUT YOU don't even know if he is alive."

Peter Miller and Karl Brandt were sitting in a car outside the detective inspector's house.

"So that's the first thing I have to find out. Can you help me?"

Brandt shook his head.

"Why not?"

"Look. I gave you that diary as a favour. Because it shocked me. Because I thought it might make a story for you."

"There's no story in it," said Miller. "What am I supposed to say? Surprise, surprise. I've found a loose-leaf folder in which an old man who just gassed himself describes what he went through during the war? You think any editor's going to buy that? There have been hundreds of memoirs written since the War. The world's getting tired of them."

"So what are you going on about?" asked Brandt.

"Simply this. Get a major police hunt started for Roschmann on the basis of the

diary, and I've got a story."

Brandt tapped his ash slowly into the dashboard tray. "There won't be a major police hunt," he said. "Look Peter, you may know journalism, but I know the Hamburg police. It's not on."

Miller stared through the windscreen.

"All right. If that's the way it is," he said at length. "But I've got to start somewhere. Did Tauber leave anything else behind when he died?"

"A brief note. He said he left his effects to a friend of his, Herr Marx."

"Just Herr Marx? No address?"

"Nothing," said Brandt.

THE PILE of junk in the backyard still smelt of gas. There was a battered typewriter, two scuffed pairs of shoes, an assortment of clothes, a pile of books, a fringed white scarf. He went through everything. There was no address book, nothing addressed to Marx.

"Is that the lot?" he asked the landlord, a middle-aged man wearing stained trousers supported by string.

"That's the lot," said the man.

"Did old Tauber have any friends?"

"Not that I knew of, Barmy, if you ask me. But he paid his rent regularly."

For three days Miller quartered the area of streets where Tauber had lived. Most people remembered seeing the old man, shuffling along, head down.

It was an urchin, one of a group playing football against a warehouse wall, who said: "Mad Solly? I seen him once with a man. Very old. Lot of white hair. Talking they was. Sitting and talking. On a bench down by the river."

There were a dozen benches along the bank, empty. In summer there would be plenty of people sitting along the Elbe Chaussee watching the great liners come in and out, but not at the end of November.

"Paid his rent regular."

Where did Tauber get his money? He didn't work.

At the Altona post office the fat lady behind the grille said: "Everyone who's entitled to a pension collects it on the last day of the month."

Miller was back on Friday morning, watching the old men and women begin to filter through the doors of the post office when it opened. Just before eleven an old man with a shock of white hair like candy floss came out, counting his money and looked round.

"Herr Marx?"

The old man showed no surprise, as though he was often recognised by complete strangers.

"Yes," he said gravely.

"Are you waiting for Herr Tauber?"

"Yes, I am."

"I'm afraid Herr Tauber is dead."

The old man showed neither grief nor surprise, as if such news was brought frequently. Miller told him about the previous Friday.

"He was a very unhappy man," said Marx.

"He left a diary."

"Yes, he told me once about that."

"Did you ever read it?" asked Miller.

"No, he never let anybody read it. But he told me about it."

"Look, Herr Marx, I need your help. In his diary your friend mentioned a man, an SS. officer, called Roschmann. Captain Eduard Roschmann. Did he ever mention him to you?"

"Oh yes. He told me about Roschmann. That was really what kept him alive. Hoping one day to give evidence against Roschmann."

"I'm a reporter. I want to try and find Roschmann. Bring him to trial. Do you understand?"

"Yes."

"But there's no point if Roschmann is already dead."

"Captain Roschmann is alive," Marx said simply. "And free."

"How do you know?"

"Because Tauber saw him."

"Yes, I read that. It was in early April 1945."

Marx shook his head slowly.

"No, it was last month."

"Last month?"

"Yes. He was walking late at night as he often used to do when he could not sleep. He was walking back home past the State Opera House just as a crowd of people started to come out. He stopped as they came to the pavement. He said they were wealthy people, the men in dinner-jackets, the women in furs and jewels. And then he saw Roschmann."

"In the crowd of opera-goers?"

"Yes. He climbed into a taxi with two others and they drove off."

"Now listen, Herr Marx, this is very important. Was he absolutely sure it was Roschmann?"

"He said he smiled."

"He what?"

"He smiled. Roschmann smiled."

"That is significant?"

Marx nodded several times.

"He said once you had seen Roschmann smile that way you never forgot it. He could not describe the smile but just said he would recognise it among a million others, anywhere in the world."

"I see. Do you believe him?"

"Yes. Yes. I believe he saw Roschmann."

Miller sighed.

"You must realise that nobody else would believe his story?"

Marx looked up at the reporter. "Oh yes," he said softly. "He knew that. That was why he killed himself."

THAT EVENING Peter Miller paid his usual weekend visit to his mother, and as usual she fussed over him.

"It's bad enough you always having to go about covering the doings of those nasty criminals and people," she was saying, "without going and getting mixed up with those Nazis. I don't know what your dear father would have thought. I really don't..."

"Look mother, try to understand. Until I read that diary I never even asked precisely what it was we were all supposed to have done. Now at least I'm beginning to understand. That's why I want to find this man, this monster."

He was facing the mantelpiece, dominated by the clock and the photograph of his dead father, wearing his captain's uniform, staring out of the frame with the kind, rather sad, smile that Miller remembered. It was taken before he returned to the front after his last leave.

"I mean," said his mother behind him, "you might at least think of your father's memory. You think he'd want his son digging into the past, trying to drag up another war-crimes trial? Do you think that's what he'd want?"

Miller spun round and kissed her lightly on the forehead.

"Yes, Mutti," he said. "I think that's exactly what he'd want."

He let himself out, climbed into his Jaguar, and headed back into Hamburg.



NEXT : Warhead Factory 333

The rape-scene girl



Radha is desperately trying to live down the image of notoriety that seemed to engulf her personality after the release of "Do Raha," together with the brand name "Rape-scene girl." But it's not only her image on screen that has her worried. The building in which she stays is notorious, she says. There are several smugglers in the building, according to her, whose brazen activities have not escaped the notice of the other inmates of the Napean Sea Road house.

She plans to change both. Her image and her home. She has stopped accepting what she calls the "Do Raha-type" roles and is on the hunt for a house with a spacious living room where she can fit a huge radiogram and a TV set.

But it is a great relief that Radha, like the rest of her un-filmi family, has absolutely no trace of the I-am-the-queen airs of other fillumwallahs. She is approachable, extremely warm and an enthusiastic conversationalist. She is the kind who thinks nothing of serving the Cokes herself, instead of ordering a sham retinue of servants, to impress visitors. She is also the down-to-earth girl next door, clad in a comfortable caftan, sans make-up. "Only once did I make up my face before catching a flight. I was so badly mobbed that the police had to be called in. At other times I'm hardly ever recognised. I think it's best to travel without make-up or an elaborate hair-do."

What made an Army officer's daughter like Radha enter films? "Well—I always nursed an ambition to become an actress. But I had made plans to become a lawyer. My parents, on the other

hand, wanted me to take up medicine. However, after school, I shocked them by announcing my intention of joining the Poona Film Institute". Her mother added: "She was good in her studies, so we were naturally disappointed. But we were broadminded enough not to stand in her way".

About the Film Institute. "The course is just fantastic. I sometimes feel it's more than what is taught in ordinary degree courses". Special mention was made of a subject called "Movement." "A piece of music was played. You had to get up and with exaggerated gestures (no words) show what the music made you feel — sad, happy, thoughtful — just any feeling the music aroused in you".

"Even if you are talented you need the training. For instance, it shocked me to find a certain Bengali actress say, Aap kya keh rahe hai? emphasising "keh" and not "kya". Trained artistes will never make that sort of mistake."

I pointed out that not all the Institute graduates were giving meticulous performances.

"It depends on how interested you are in learning acting thoroughly. The Institute can do wonders for the genuinely keen students. For the others..." she simply shrugged.

Why did Rita Saluja become Radha and then Radha Saluja? "The first time my photograph was published in a newspaper, there were three different Ritas in the same issue. Also, people have a way of pronouncing my name in a very Westernised manner and not as Reetha. So Kewal Kashyap, directing me in "Chori Chori", suggested a change and we found another name beginning with "R" and ending with "A". Much later, the producer of "Haar Jeet" felt that Radha Saluja would go better with the names of the other two main stars — Anil Dhawan and Rehana Sultan — than plain Radha. And Radha Saluja was born".

With a reputation for being one of the few really dedicated artistes, she said: "With experience I hope to be able to switch on and switch off my moods before the camera. Right now, I get so involved in my work that it's horrible. Once I had a particularly difficult scene to do directly after lunch. I had to collapse because the boy I love tells me that I was being taken for a ride by him for my money. I steeled myself so well for this shot that I almost really collapsed. Though it was perfect, we had 6 retakes, due to camera adjustments. Can you imagine my state, collapsing 6 times?"

Few realise that Radha is as good a singer as she is an actress. Her breaks in that direction are now slowly coming. Radha's ambition is to act in as many



The rape-scene girl

different languages as possible. Besides Hindi and Punjabi (she hails from the Punjab), she has faced two challenging assignments — a Tamil film opposite M.G.R. : and a Bengali one with her co-star of half a dozen Hindi films — Samit Bhanja.

"Samit and I are acting together in so many films that it was easy working with him. He made 'Jabaan' where I played the female lead. It was so exciting to act in a Bengali film when I didn't even know the lingo. I was hesitant in the beginning but Samit insisted and he was so helpful that the film came out very well."

"I don't think acting in an unknown tongue makes you concentrate on the language to the point of ignoring your acting. In fact, because I didn't know Bengali, I did my role well. I memorised every line. Got it translated. Then I got the pronunciation straight. I made special efforts to emphasise the right words".

Enthusiastically she continued, "I was always eager to learn and do my part well. On the sets I once overheard two girls criticising my pronunciation. At once I went up to them and said: 'Can you help me with this line please? How do I pronounce it?' They were keen to help and my work was neatly done".

Radha has about 18 films on hand. She rejected outright the roles from producers who wanted to exploit her like the 'Do Raha' guy. "I didn't know what I was letting myself in for. That rape scene, I cried and shouted and yet they wouldn't stop the camera. The beach scene was originally like this. On Anil's birthday, I go to his place to wish him. He's still in bed, so I make the tea. My saree 'pallu' suddenly catches fire. Anil rushes to my rescue, removes the 'pallu', and then what happened on the beach happens here". She paused and then said, "I didn't want to do the fire scene. I'm scared to do any risky shots like rolling down stairs or catching fire. The producer said, 'We've got six sarees like this' but I said, 'You haven't got six Radhas!' So we did the beach scene."

Renu, Radha's sister, chipped in, "I think 'Do Raha' was better than the average Hindi film".

But, of course, that is a matter of opinion.

N. BHARATHI

by TERENCE REESE

BRIDGE

HERE ARE TWO deceptive plays of the sort that are almost sure to succeed against strong opposition.

Dealer, North. Love all.

♠ K 10 9 8			
♥ A 8			
♦ J 3 2			
♣ A Q 9 5			
♠ 4	♥ N	♦ 6 5 3 2	
♥ J 10 9 7 5 2	W	♥ Q 4	
♦ 10 7 6 4	E	♦ Q 9 5	
♣ J 3	S	♣ 8 7 6 2	
	♠ A Q J 7		
	♥ K 8 3		
	♦ A K 8		
	♣ K 10 4		

West led the Jack of hearts against Seven Spades. After two rounds of trumps the declarer cashed ♥ K and ruffed a heart. East, like a man seeking to preserve ♦ Q and ♣ J x x x, undertruffed! After playing off ♦ A K South crossed to dummy and led a club, finessing the 10. West won with the Jack and the defence took a diamond as well.

On this next hand it was the declarer who made the clever play:

Dealer, South. Love all.

♠ 9 7 4	♥ N	♦ 8 8 2	
♥ 7	W	♥ 9 8	
♦ K Q J 7 3	E	♦ 10 9 8 5 4	
♣ A 7 5 4	S	♣ Q 10 9	
	♠ A Q 10 3		
	♥ A Q 10 8 5 2		
	♦ 2		
	♣ 6 2		

Playing in Six Hearts, South won the diamond lead and drew two rounds of trumps. The contract seems to depend on the view he takes of the clubs. What can he do to improve his chances?

The normal stratagem — by no means a bad one — is to play a club early on, before West has any sort of count. This puts pressure on West, if he holds the Ace, as declarer may have a singleton club and a loser elsewhere.

South followed a different plan. He played off four rounds of spades, discarding a diamond from dummy. West instinctively assumed that South had a diamond to ruff and counted him for six hearts, four spades, and at least two diamonds. This apparently left him with a singleton club, so when a club was led West went up with the Ace, saving declarer a guess. As it was a pairs event, West could not be greatly blamed for taking what looked like his only possible trick.



THE WAGNERIAN Germania made her debut on German stamps in 1899, based on a portrait of Anna Fühling, a popular actress and singer who had personified the German Empire in pageants.

During the First World War forgeries of the 10 and 15 pfennig Germania stamps were prepared by British Intelligence for use on propaganda posted in Germany. Apart from these and other minor varieties, there are about 50 stamps in a complete series, none of them rare.

by G. W. HILL STAMP ALBUM

AZED CROSSWORD

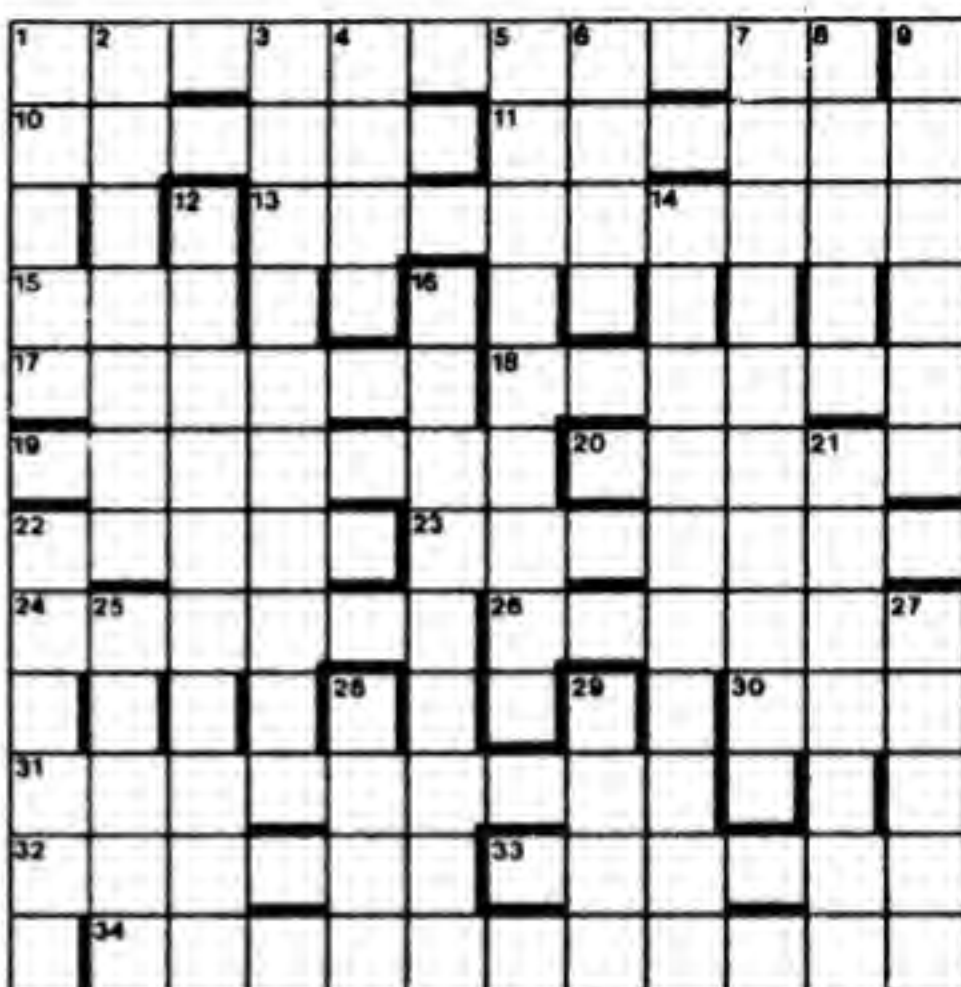
No. 2: PLAIN

ACROSS

- 1 Can one win at this given bad cards? No hope (11)
- 10 Group of reeler? One more and you'll be reeling (6)
- 11 Trick that is taking in the backwardly stupid (6)
- 13 Sing quietly about the long-tailed titmouse, name of an old, old man (9)
- 15 Press lodge in railway siding (3)
- 17 Observer's function: catching one in recurrent failure (6)
- 18 You need to get inside one to find them (6)
- 19 Found in a slow river—also in an old lake (7)
- 20 Can be played from either end (5)
- 22 Late bloomer, almost all behind (5)
- 23 Where Bastien relaxes? (7)
- 24 Puts to the test argument in favour of end of permissiveness (6)
- 26 Common Market. Tories' leader's about made it a reality (6)
- 30 Exposure: such a shot gets you nowhere (3)
- 31 He rescues you from a jam—of his own making? (9)
- 32 Woods and winding vales shelter one (6)
- 33 Speechlessness, an affliction I'm sorry to say endlessly recurring (6)
- 34 100 lb. around parts of stomach tending towards the middle (11)

DOWN

- 1 Fatten, we hear, with old prey (5)
- 2 Old fashions grow stale with society—what's socially acceptable is in (7)
- 3 Talk lovingly about f-film that's got us blushing (10)
- 4 Jock's brain? That's coarse material (4)
- 5 Little bloom much sought after by the French, with 7's colour (9)
- 6 Lotus, perhaps? Not what you'd expect from that (4)
- 7 An athlete live on one? Not for long (10)
- 8 Love Macbeth's grim reputation (5)
- 9 Ten's uncomfortable in a flat; half that's what you need (6)
- 12 Painful growth: toe-cap and heel need redesigning (10)
- 14 Oily plants to pull up if engulfed by a tree untidily (10)
- 16 Holiday-maker, horribly pale to begin with, gets more confident (9)
- 21 First-class gaming pieces one's tossed up in cups (7)
- 22 One old journalist has slight disorder—indigestion (6)
- 25 Before lying in tropical grass endlessly... take care it's not this (5)
- 27 Examination in three parts (5)
- 28 Learn about a runner (4)
- 29 Sea-weed that is taken from a water sprite (4)



A	L	E	P	H	O	R	G	I	A	S	T
P	O	P	L	I	T	E	A	L	D	E	E
R	C	A	A	T	I	N	F	I	D	E	L
O	U	T	C	O	M	E	R	U	S	D	L
P	S	E	E	P	S	G	A	M	M	E	D
O	R	L	E	A	V	E	N	G	E	R	S
S	E	L	A	D	A	N	G	O	N	S	T
A	T	A	B	E	G	K	I	W	I	S	E
M	R	F	U	S	R	E	P	O	S	E	R
B	A	R	M	A	I	D	A	O	C	I	L
E	T	A	B	Y	Z	A	N	T	I	N	E
R	E	P	O	N	E	D	I	Z	Z	E	T

AZED No. 1

Solution and notes

ACROSS

- 11, Poplin; 13, D, die;
- 16, Ut-do, 18, Gammer,
- 27, A-T-a-beg & lit.,
- 36, In/n by Zante;
- 37, s.v. rep.

DOWN

- 1, o.s.=outside, who's=who has; 4, Anag. & lit.,
- 8, A.D.D.S., 27,
- (C)ember, 30, Two oz. (anag.).

CHESS

by HARRY GOLOBEK

Position No. 2



White to play—how should the game go?

The years fly by

When I was in Moscow, during one of

Botvinnik's world championship matches, I went and sat in the audience next to grandmaster David Bronstein. We were discussing the position displayed on the demonstration board when a young man, seated next to Bronstein on the other side, came out with a suggested line of play so extravagant and fanciful that I could not refrain from raising my eyebrows.

I took note of the young player who was to cause a surprise later on that year by winning the Moscow Championship. He was called Vasiukov and it was not long before he became an international master and then, eventually, a grandmaster. Nowadays he is still noted for his imagination but his style has become endowed with a sort of rich solidity, without any loss of imagination. Take for example the following game from an international tournament at Wina last year.

White: Vasiukov. Black: Kolarov.

Ruy Lopez, Morphy Defence.

1. P-K4, P-K4; 2. K1-KB3, K1-QB3; 3. B-K15, P-QR3; 4. B-R4, K1-B3; 5. O-O, B-K2; 6. R-K1, P-QK4; 7. B-K13, O-O; 8. P-B3, P-Q3; 9. P-KR3, P-R3; 10. P-Q4, R-K1; 11. B-K3. A more usual continuation here is 11. QK1-Q2, B-B1.

11. ... B-B1; 12. QK1-Q2, B-Q2; 13. Q-K11. The Yugoslav grandmaster Parma has recommended here 13. B-B2.

Q-K11; 14. P x P, P x P; 15. K1-R4 with the better game for White.

12. ... K1-QR4. Quite a reasonable alternative is 13. ... Q-K11.

14. B-B2, K1-K12. Better was 14. P-B4.

15. P-QK4, P-QR4; 16. P-R3, K1-R4. Here, or on the next move, Black should have played P-QB3.

17. B-Q3, Q-B3; 18. Q-Q1. Threatening 19. K1 x P.

18. ... K1-B5; 19. B x K1, Q x B; Or 19. ... P x B; 20. Q-K2, P-QB3; 21. P-K5.

22. P-Q5, KR-K11; 21. Q-K2, K1-Q1; 22. K1-K13, P-R5; 23. K1-R5, P-R4; 23. ... P-QB3; is too late now; e.g., 24. P x P, K1 x P; 25. B x P.

24. QR-B1, P-K13; 25. P-QB4, P-QB3; 26. P x BP, K1 x P; 27. K1 x K1, B x K1; 28.

P x P, B-K1; 29. R-B7, B-R3; 30. R-Q1, Q-B3; 31. B-B4, R-K13; 32. Q-Q3, Q-Q1; 33. R-B6, B-B1. Or 33. ... B x R; 34. P x B, and if then 34. ... R x P; 35. B x P ch.

34. K1 x P, B x R; 35. K1 x BP, Q-B3; 36. P x B, K-K12. Or 36. ... R x BP; 37. B-Q5, R-B6; 37. K1-K5 ch.

37. Q-Q5, R-K1; 38. P-B7, Q-K2; 39. Q-Q4 ch, resigns.



other one doesn't come so regularly.... He's on the small side, very well-dressed, extremely friendly, always wears light colours....

'Rather plump?'

'I suppose you could say that....'

'Has he ever gone off with one of the hostesses?'

'He usually leaves alone, but there was one girl who caught his eye once. Her name was Leila and she's been gone a long time.... This happened last summer... They were sitting over at that table, having a chat.... Leila kept on shaking her head and he kept on insisting.... After he left, I called her over....'

'What sort of guy is he?' she asked me.'

'A real gent....'

'He asked me to go to a country hotel with him for a few days.... the simple life.... fresh air.... all that jazz!'

'How much was he offering you?'

'Ten thousand to start with.... Then, when I refused, he put the price up to fifteen, then twenty thousand.... He just couldn't believe it when I still refused....'

'The country, my eye!.... With all the perverts you meet these days!....'

'What became of Leila?'

'I think she got married to an engineer from Toulouse.... She never came back here.'

Maigret needed fresh air himself, for it was terribly stuffy in the nightclubs and the perfume used by the women made him feel giddy. The two men walked down the deserted street.

'That old scoundrel, Mocco, gave us one precious piece of information, which is that Monsieur Charles sometimes took his conquests off to the country....'

'I think I know what you're getting at.'

'Those women come from every sort of background.... I once met one who had a Ph.D. in sociology.... some of them have lovers.... and some of their lovers can be rather unsavoury characters....'

It was two in the morning, but Maigret felt wide-awake.

Ten minutes later, the two men got out of the car in the Rue Clement Marot, in front of the *Cric-Crac* nightclub, where pop music spilled out into the street. The exterior of the club was painted in rainbow colours, just like the interior, where couples were dancing on the tightly packed dance-floor.

Once again the two men headed for the bar. But this time the proprietor, a fair young man called Ziffer, went over to greet them instantly.

16 'What can I do for you, gentlemen?'

Maigret waved his badge under his nose.

'I beg your pardon, Superintendent....'

I didn't recognize you.... It's so dark in here....'

The room, which was quite small, had only one lamp, a slowly revolving globe entirely covered with tiny reflecting mirrors.

'You won't find anything irregular here, I assure you.'

'Do you know a Monsieur Charles?'

Ziffer frowned, like a man trying hard to remember something.

The barman, a very fat man with bushy eyebrows, called out:

'He always used to come and sit at the bar....'

'When did you see him last?'

'Not for weeks....'

'Did you see him on the 18th of February?'

'What day was that?'

'A Tuesday....'

'I can't remember off-hand.... All I know is that he was sitting up at the bar with Zoe the last time he came here....'

'Did she go off with him?'

'That isn't allowed, Superintendent,' the proprietor interrupted.

'I know.... I know.... Did she go off with him?'

'No. But he jotted down something in a little note-book; it must have been an address Zoe gave him....'

'Is the girl here?'

'She's dancing just now.... The platinum blonde over there.... the one with the gorgeous breasts....'

'I'll go and fetch her for you', Ziffer offered eagerly.

And Maigret, mopping his forehead, once again asked the barman:

'I don't suppose you serve beer?....'

THREE

Zoe had big, innocent blue eyes, just like a little girl. She fluttered her eyelashes and stared curiously at this unknown man, while the proprietor whispered in her ear:

'It's Maigret, the famous Police Superintendent. You can be frank with him.'

She had obviously never heard of the superintendent, and she waited patiently for him to start asking her questions, like a schoolgirl in class.

'Do you know Monsieur Charles?'

'I know him by sight, of course. He comes here once in a while.'

'What do you mean by once in a while?'

'Nearly every week.'

'Does he go off with one of the hostesses every time?'

'Oh no! In fact, he practically never does. He takes a good look at us all and occasionally treats one of us to a bottle of champagne.'

'Does he dance?'

'Yes. He's a rotten dancer.'

'How long has it been since you saw him?'

She looked up at the ceiling, exactly like a schoolgirl answering her teacher.

'Let me see....quite a long time.... Last time, we drank a bottle of champagne together....'

'You don't happen to remember what date that was?'

'Yes I do... It was the 18th of February....'

'How can you remember that?'

'Because it was my birthday... He even bought some flowers for me from Josephine, the old flower-seller who comes in every night....'

'Did he ask you to spend the night with him?'

'Yes, he did... I told him the truth, that I had a boyfriend waiting for me at home and that made him sad... I was sorry because he's very nice....'

'Did anything else happen?'

'I told him that if he wanted a nice girl I had a friend who wasn't a hostess but who had men to visit her sometimes... only high-class ones, mind you... I said I'd go and ring her up to find out if she was free... I spoke to Dorine. She agreed to see him....'

'Did you give Monsieur Charles her address?'

'Yes, it's in the Avenue de Ternes....'

'What time was it?'

'About one in the morning....'

'Did he set off right away?'

'Yes....'

'Have you seen Dorine since?'

'I rang her up that same night at about three in the morning, just to see if everything had gone well... She told me Monsieur Charles had not arrived yet and that she was still waiting for him... When I next saw her, she told me he never turned up....'

'And since then what happened?'

'What do you mean?'

'Have you seen Monsieur Charles again?'

'No. Actually I'm surprised he's stayed away so long....'

'Thank you, Zoe....'

'Is that all?'

'Yes, for the time being....'

He watched her return to her table; the proprietor came over and asked:

'Are you satisfied?'

'Fairly....'

So far, Zoe was the last person to have seen the solicitor. He had left her at one o'clock in the morning to go to the Avenue de Ternes and had never arrived there.

'Where now, chief?' Lapointe asked him, once again at the wheel of the little car.

'Back home....I've had enough for today and you must be tired too....'

'Funny kind of chap, wasn't he?'

Yes, funny kind of chap. Either he had a soft spot for nightclub hostesses, or else it was just that he didn't want to complicate his life by having a regular mistress....'

When Maigret got home, he began to undress; Madame Maigret, who was in bed, asked him in a friendly voice:

'Did you enjoy yourself?'

'I think I've made a little discovery... we'll soon see if it's worth anything....'

'Not too tired?'

'I'm all right. Wake me up tomorrow at the usual time....'

He took a long time to fall asleep. He was feeling a bit edgy and his head still buzzed with the din of the nightclubs.

This did not stop him, however, from being in his office at nine o'clock on the following morning, the first person he saw in the inspectors' duty room was Janvier.

'Come in here....'

The sun was a little warmer than on the previous day; he had a slight headache, so he went to open the window.

'What sort of night did you have?'

'Quiet. Except for one odd incident....'

'Tell me about it....'

'I parked the car a hundred yards from the house... I was sitting at the wheel, watching number 207 bis... A few minutes after eleven, the door opened and I saw the woman coming out....'

'Madame Sabin-Levesque?'

'Yes. She was walking stiffly, as though she was finding it hard not to stagger... I let her go on a bit, then I started up the car... She didn't go far... Less than two hundred yards... She went into a phone-box....'

Maigret frowned.

'She put a coin in but she probably couldn't get through because she hung up again almost at once... She did the same thing a second time... The third time, she got through... She spoke for a long time and she twice had to put more money in....'

'Strange she didn't call from her own flat... I suppose she thought her line was being tapped....'

'I imagine so.... When she came out of the phone-box, her coat fell open for a second and I could see she was only wearing a nightdress underneath.... She went straight back to 207 bis, rang the bell, and the door opened immediately.... Nothing else happened all night... I passed on your instructions to Lourtie and Bonfils will take over from him at about mid-day....'

'Get her phone tapped as soon as possible....'

Janvier was about to leave the room. 17

'Ask them to tap the office phones too.... After that you can go to bed....'





Lina Borkar, commercial model, is 21, 5 feet 5 inches ultra slim and very pretty. She joined a modelling agency in Bombay in 1970. Three assignments later, the agency closed down. By that time, Lina had made a fair amount of contacts and sailed on to her present standing without much trouble.

Lina wears clothes beautifully, her taste marked by an almost puritan simplicity. We took her to a boutique in Bombay, the Relik, and turned her loose.

"I love the child/woman look of this one," Lina said, picking out a short, loose cheese cotton top, pleated vertically over the bust and trimmed with lace.

"It's very feminine." Lina wore it over velvet pants, and voted it ideal for casual wear.

Lina then selected an evening gown for formal occasion, deep green studded with Khari print in gold. "This is simple yet formal", she approved, adding "I hate anything elaborate."

The palazzo craze recently hit the West — "trousers" with exaggerated flares. The Indian counterpart, the Sharara, is a much older innovation which is still going strong.

"I don't usually wear Shararas," confessed Lina, "but this one is pretty!"

Against a soft mustard background, prints in red, green and gold vied for dominance. On Lina, whose mood changed with each outfit, the ensemble took on overtones of almost leopard-like grace.

Lina looked gay and carefree as she swept out wearing her next choice, a Cinderella dress in raw silk, in shades of deep pink, red and orange with black and white. Horizontal panels of mixed print made up the gathered skirt; bows were placed strategically at the wrist, waist and neckline. "I like the feel of the skirt", enthused Lina, "this is very gypsy!"

Lina's final selection was a rose printed black velvet gown. "It makes you feel like a woman all over," she beamed, enjoying the feel of the fabric.

Throughout, Lina had her hair simply parted at the centre, falling loose and free. For her eyes, no shadow or highlight: Lina outlined them with liner, using a "crease line" at the fold of each upper lid, and "twiggy lashes" under her lower lashes. Just a touch of lipper which she normally prefers to do without — and that's it. Absolutely no accessories. "I feel clothes alone are enough to make a woman."

One sees her point.



khaas baat

Joke of the year, Rekha goes about sporting a much married look with a constant "tikka" in her parting but keeps saying: "How can I marry him when I hardly know him?" Yet, her house-moving brought Vinod Mehra's mama rushing to her place to perform the "pooja"! Besides, I just heard from some of Rekha's Madras friends down South, she's been telling all and sundry that she's married, or is getting married to "Vin. Min. He's so sweet". Why the secrecy, especially when more than one eye-witness has been sickened with the couple's behaviour, and that too in a moving car in Bombay?

I thought it was Dharmendra who specialised in disappearing for hours together with some star or the other, at film parties. This time, Shatrughan Sinha tried his hand at the game by disappearing and then reappearing after twenty minutes, with Komal. (Didn't she cut his birthday cake too?) And when I collared Shotgun, this is how he explained his relationship with Komal. He says he knew her in his Patna days, long before either of them had achieved anything. Recently, he spotted her and being such good long-lost pals, stuck to her elbow for the rest of the evening. Yogeeta Bali who was nearby, burst into tears while Rekha who was eating, thumped her plate on the table and stomped away. Komal told him, very sensibly, to go back to them, but our man disapproved of his Pinky and Rekha's behaviour. So he stuck on to her elbow for the rest of the evening and that triggered off the rumours.

I like you Senu, but please tell me another!

Anil's answer to the Yogeeta-Anil rumours. "What? You really think men like me will have an affair with these film 'ladkiyan'?" But, Anil, from which industry are you getting your bread and

butter, for you to get so uppity? Time Anil stuck to answers like: "Why doesn't the female reporting it say I'm having an affair with her? I'm as friendly with her as I'm with Pinky!"

Rehana Sultan says it's funny. The producers who visited the Institute during her days gave her full marks and predicted a bright future for her. And they were the very same people who didn't lift a finger to give her any breaks when she passed out. One big, pot-bellied producer, called her into his office and asked her to show him how she walks. Said Rehana: "You can see my walk when I walk out of this room!" and really walked out, leaving the guy astounded.

Heard this one recently. It's pure hearsay so you don't have to believe it. Better still, you can take it with a pinch of salt. Raaj Kumar went to London and hooked a dame there. After all the fun he had for four days (or should I say four nights?), the guy unceremoniously threw her out in the middle of the night. The dame wanted to teach him a lesson. She caught his feet, burst into tears, and begged for his permission to stay on at least till dawn. Our man who was drunk agreed and made her sleep on the floor. The girl waited till the actor was drunkenly asleep, then got up, and ran away with his wig! The poor guy was locked in his hotel room for four days (his vanity wouldn't let him step out till a special wig was flown in from Paris!

Dev Anand continues to look after Zeenat Aman after the big break he gave her. A producer told me he had an appointment with Dev Anand because he wanted to sign Zeenat for his next venture. Same producer, two days later, was hunting around for another star, because Dev Sahab had rejected the offer!



The women of South India, especially those from Kerala and Tamil Nadu, are famous for their thick, long tresses. Ask any South Indian, she will tell you the secret of her long hair is the oil bath she takes twice a week without fail.

The Mysoreans prefer using castor oil, while the people of Tamil Nadu use gingely oil. The Keralites of course stick to the old standby — pure coconut oil.

There are several substitutes to the oils mentioned above. For those who are prone to colds, especially in areas where the humidity is high, it is a good idea to boil half a teacup of cow's milk with six roughly-broken peppercorns. Boiled till the milk is thick and creamy, this can be used instead of oil.

During the cold winter months, three or four tablespoons of gingely oil heated with two or three roughly-broken peppercorns and a few grains of parboiled rice, may be rubbed into the hair with the oil still warm.

A favourite but time-consuming recipe of the Kerala housewife is home-made coconut oil. This is very good especially for small children and for those

with head sores. However, this oil should be made in small quantities, as it tends to get rancid and should not be kept for more than a week.

Method: Grate two coconuts. Grind to a fine paste without water on a stone that is absolutely free of masalas or any other impurities. Now extract the milk from the paste. Pour into a stainless steel vessel and boil till the oil floats on top, and a brown residue settles down. Pour only the oil carefully into a bottle and stopper it. Use as required.

Today, the easiest thing is to wash away the oil with shampoo. But if you have the time, don't leave the shikakai routine. Shikakai acts as a detergent and is cooling for the system. Use shikakai powder, which is freely available in the market, or shikakai soap. But the best thing is to make it at home.

Boil two handfuls of shikakai pods with a tablespoon of methi seeds in two cups of water till the pods are absolutely soft. Mash with hands and use instead of shampoo.

Leftover starch water from the rice is also a good shampoo-substitute. But rinse hair well after the oil is removed. Some people also use shoeflower leaves after crushing them in water. Another idea is to dry and powder the leaves and use as required.

Whichever method you use, remember, you can't have your oil bath in a hurry. Even if you have it only once a week, do it at a leisurely pace. An oil bath relaxes a tense person.

Comb your hair and remove tangles and knots. Part your hair as often as possible and apply whichever oil you've decided upon. (Ayurvedic oil is also good). Make sure you've covered every inch of your scalp with oil. It is a mistaken idea to assume that one has to use a lot of oil. The idea is to spread the oil evenly and then massage the scalp till it tingles. This is to increase blood circulation. Don't neglect your hair ends.

If possible, wait for about 20 minutes to have your bath. Meanwhile, massage your body also with oil — it lubricates the skin.

Have your bath in warm water. Rinse hair well and make sure no oil remains in your hair. To check, see if your hair "squeaks" when held between finger and thumb.

Dry hair and remove tangles and knots by running your fingers through the hair strands — this is a tried and tested method to prevent the breaking of strands. Dry hair with incense smoke. This will kill lice, prevent you from catching a cold and make your hair smell good.

Ruksana Lal

The house that Jamsetji built

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ALIGHT SINGLE-ENGINEED PLANE takes its place impudently in a line of jet airliners at Calcutta's Dum Airport, and takes off in the morning haze. It climbs to 5,000 feet, then steers an easterly course. In a few minutes it is over the industrial Chota Nagpur region, the "Ruhr of India." An hour later it sets down on a short black tarmac in the shadow of a towering hill. The sun glints off a lake in the valley. Across the lake rise the lines of a steel mill, its Bessemer converters belching fire into the sky. Visitors to Jamshedpur who take an early-morning courier flight of the Tata Iron & Steel Company (TISCO) must apt to find the steel town a little odd. It is wholly devoted to industry: unless one seeks out the factories, one does not discern the characteristics of an industrial town. Jamshedpur wears a rich coat of green, in ecological defiance of its smokestacks. One is never far from the mineral-rich plateau that surrounds it, from the tribal people in the region, who first smelted iron ore 3,000 years ago, or from Dim Lake, which both quenches the steel mill's enormous thirst for water and provides a cool retreat for tired Tata executives and workers.

After a hundred years

Jamshedpur, India's only privately-administered town, has a population of 400,000. But its beginnings were much more modest and, in a country where the lives of towns are measured in centuries, very recent. Jamshedpur was founded 75 years ago, when the entrepreneurial vision of one man, Jamsetji Tata—founder of the largest group of private companies in India—led surveyors to a small village, Sakchi, to lay the base for modern industry in India. The town that grew around the iron and steel mill was aptly named after its pioneer. And although the first Tata investments were made elsewhere and the group has long outgrown the Bihar town, Jamshedpur still is synonymous with the House of Tata.

In 1973 it will be exactly 100 years since Jamsetji established his first textile mill—the Central India Spinning,



Jamsetji Tata, 1839-1904.

Weaving and Manufacturing Company—on a capital of one and a half million rupees. Since then the total share capital of the 80-odd Tata companies—which range in products from steel alloy to frozen shrimps, from calculators to hair oil—has risen to US\$163.4 million (March 1971 figures), total capital employed to \$740.4 million (of which \$257.9 million represented borrowings). The Tata group sales in 1970-71 were \$742.3 million; profits before taxes were \$50.8 million.

No longer a group

These figures excite two contrasting types of emotion in India. There are those who see in the figures the potential for greater national industrial growth. And there are others, most prominently the policy-makers of the central government in New Delhi, who feel that the magnitude of a private group like the Tatas is incompatible with the larger goals of India's socialist welfare economy.

In socialist India, size is equated with monopoly, and monopoly invites restrictions. Understandably, therefore, the Tatas are very sensitive about being called a monopoly or a conglomerate. Until 1970, when the

government abolished the managing agency system (under which most of the Tata companies were directly and legally linked), it made sense to talk of the Tatas as a corporate group in the strict sense of the term. The companies were managed by Tata Sons Private Ltd., the heir to the family business, and Tata Industries Private Ltd., its wholly-owned subsidiary. Since then, the individual companies have, in obedience to the law, become quite independent, the only strings that bind them—very strongly, as it happens—being those of shared traditions and common practice.

JHANGIR R.D. TATA, 67, the man who has since 1938 been head of the House of Tata (as chairman of Tata Sons and most of the largest Tata companies), points out that two of the biggest Tata companies, for example, both make fork lifts and compete in the market. But he also emphasizes their links. The companies share a pool of managerial and specialist talent such as economists, lawyers, consultants, advisers at Bombay House, and have a common representative in New Delhi.

Steeped in tradition

"We do many things like this," says J.R.D. Tata. "People say that it is bad, and that it makes us a conglomerate. Frankly, all these words mean very little to me. All I understand is what works—what works honestly in the interest of the country and an enterprise as a whole. The companies use the name Tata. They share a tradition. The symbol 'T' has become a symbol of quality. Each company that makes a Tata product feels that the product has to be the best in India."

"But I would certainly not want any company to think that they are receiving any directions. I hope that by remaining closely associated and consulting one another, they will follow similar policies in labor matters and trade practices, for example, that they would all feel that they gain rather than lose by having—what shall I say—some sense of being part of a group."

Few other companies, even in a country of continuity, are so steeped in tradition. In Jamshedpur and in Bombay House, headquarters of most of the important Tata companies, the continuing presence of Jamsetji Tata is almost palpable. Though he died before most of his ideas could be translated into bricks and chimney stacks, his precepts until this day inform the gargantuan industrial organization he founded.

Jamsetji Tata, born into a priestly Parsi family in 1839, began his career in commerce and then textiles. But as his biographer, Frank Harris, records he recognized three basic ingredients of economic progress: steel, electric power and technical education.

Faith in education

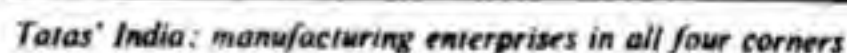
and 1919 three hydroelectric power companies came into being in the region. It is largely due to Jamsetji that Bombay, served by hydro- rather than thermal-power, remains relatively free from pollution.

Jamsetji Tata's faith in higher technical education manifested itself in a long struggle with the colonial government to establish what he referred to as a University of Research. From 1892 onward, he had started financing the education abroad of promising young men—a system of scholarships which continues to this day. He also drew up a plan to set up a university modeled on Johns Hopkins in Baltimore. Two days after Lord Curzon arrived in India as Viceroy, he was greeted with Jamsetji Tata's proposals. Higher education in the liberal arts had taken root in the cities of India by this time, but Curzon's first response was cautious. Jamsetji's efforts and those of his successors finally prevailed, and the Indian Institute of Science was founded in Bangalore. In 1911 the first students were enrolled in chemistry and electrical technology.

He was also way ahead of industrialists elsewhere in his attitudes to labor. Long before the Factories Act in

his mills were properly ventilated and safe to work in. He introduced paid leave, multiple-shift working and provident funds. Inaugurating an extension to his first textile mill in 1885, he said, "We do not claim to be more unselfish, more generous or more philanthropic than other people. But we think we started on sound and straight-forward business principles, considering the interests of the shareholders our own, and the health and welfare of employees the sure foundation of our prosperity."

HAVING INHERITED a liberal capitalist tradition with a sense of social responsibility and a bias toward workers' welfare—which should normally have brought them applause from even a socialist government—the Tatas are almost grieved by New Delhi's reluctance to trust them. Like other big industrial houses in India, they can scarcely take a step forward, backward or sideways without the prior (and almost always tortuously delayed) approval of New Delhi. A lot of harm is done to industry because of this sweeping application of the laws, feels J.R.D. Tata. He says, "Of course, the



laws, the restrictions should apply to everybody, but they should be interpreted. You don't have separate laws for good drivers and bad drivers—but you only punish the bad drivers."

The Tatas have reacted to New Delhi's mistrust of big business by standing well away from the controversies. Industrially, they have been cautious, often preferring to consolidate the interests of their shareholders to taking new risks. They have shied away from investments, as in aluminum, which came up against New Delhi's price controls and have been wary, as in TISCO, of its intrusion into industry. The Tatas are not wholly reconciled to the immense power of the government over private enterprise, but they seem almost awed by it. They have disdained to seek political patronage, and their consequent lack of a voice in New Delhi has often meant undeserved denials and delays in the approval of Tata projects.

Uneven performance

Between 1959, when TISCO completed its expansion from one to two million tons, and 1967, when Tata Chemicals Ltd. presented New Delhi with its proposal to invest US\$250 million to produce more than two million tons of fertilizer annually, the Tatas mostly sat back and consolidated their existing investments. Although this meant substantial investments in some cases, they did not, like some other big Indian companies, identify new products and new lines. Dr. Freddie Mehta, the group's chief economist, says "I have always felt that we could have broken out into aluminium, into organic chemicals, dye-stuffs, shipping, into a lot of other

industries. But what would have happened to our shareholders if we had gone into industries in which profit margins were being squeezed by rising costs and fixed prices? Look what's happened to TISCO. Mind you, there were companies who made investments in those industries where prices were controlled—because of the thriving blackmarket where they could make a killing. We had to look for products in which price control was administered liberally."

As a consequence of these factors, the Tata group as a whole has had a very uneven performance. Where companies have been allowed to grow, where government policies have not inhibited initiative, the Tatas have performed well, even brilliantly. Where government policies have circumscribed their operation, performance has been poor. The division between the high fliers and the laggards among Tata companies is also partly a historical one. Jamsetji Tata's dream of industrializing India centered on textiles, electric power and steel—industries which still hold more than half the total Tata investment. The old pioneer could not have anticipated that in independent India the mill sector of the textiles industry would fall by the wayside, and that the central government would reserve to itself the production of electric power and steel. Ironically, therefore, their initial effort, which put India on the industrial map, now holds the Tatas back. Far from generating fresh capital for expansion, the Tata investments in textiles, power and steel have stagnated, scarcely paying enough to satisfy shareholders.

THE THREE Tata electric companies in the Bombay region, which by law may

earn a net profit of only two percent more than the bank rate (currently at five percent) not only tie up some US\$80 million, but face the prospect of losing their franchise in 1980, when it comes up for renewal. The Tata response to this threat has been to diversify. The electric companies went into consultancy in 1968, and have acquired a commanding share in a company producing electronics goods, which they are now building up to undertake research and development.

Shortage of money

The consultancy service has already made its mark in India (where, among other things, it has computerized the Bombay telephone system's billing procedures), but it wants to move into more sophisticated areas such as production planning and materials management. In an ambitious step forward, it also plans to set up an export trade in computer software. P.M. Aggarwal, managing director of the electric companies, says that the advanced countries can send a lot of business to them because of India's comparative advantage in skilled manpower. Tata specialists can write computer programs at roughly half the cost in Britain, even including the cost of air-freighting data and programs to and from the customer. "I am inclined to think that from Europe we should have a business of roughly US\$500,000 in about a year from now," Aggarwal says, "and more should be available from the US, Japan, Australia and Southeast Asia."

The textiles companies of the Tata group are in a bad way because the Indian mills generally lack money to grow or modernize, and their markets



Darbari Seth

M. Davar



Freddie Mehta

P. M. Aggarwal

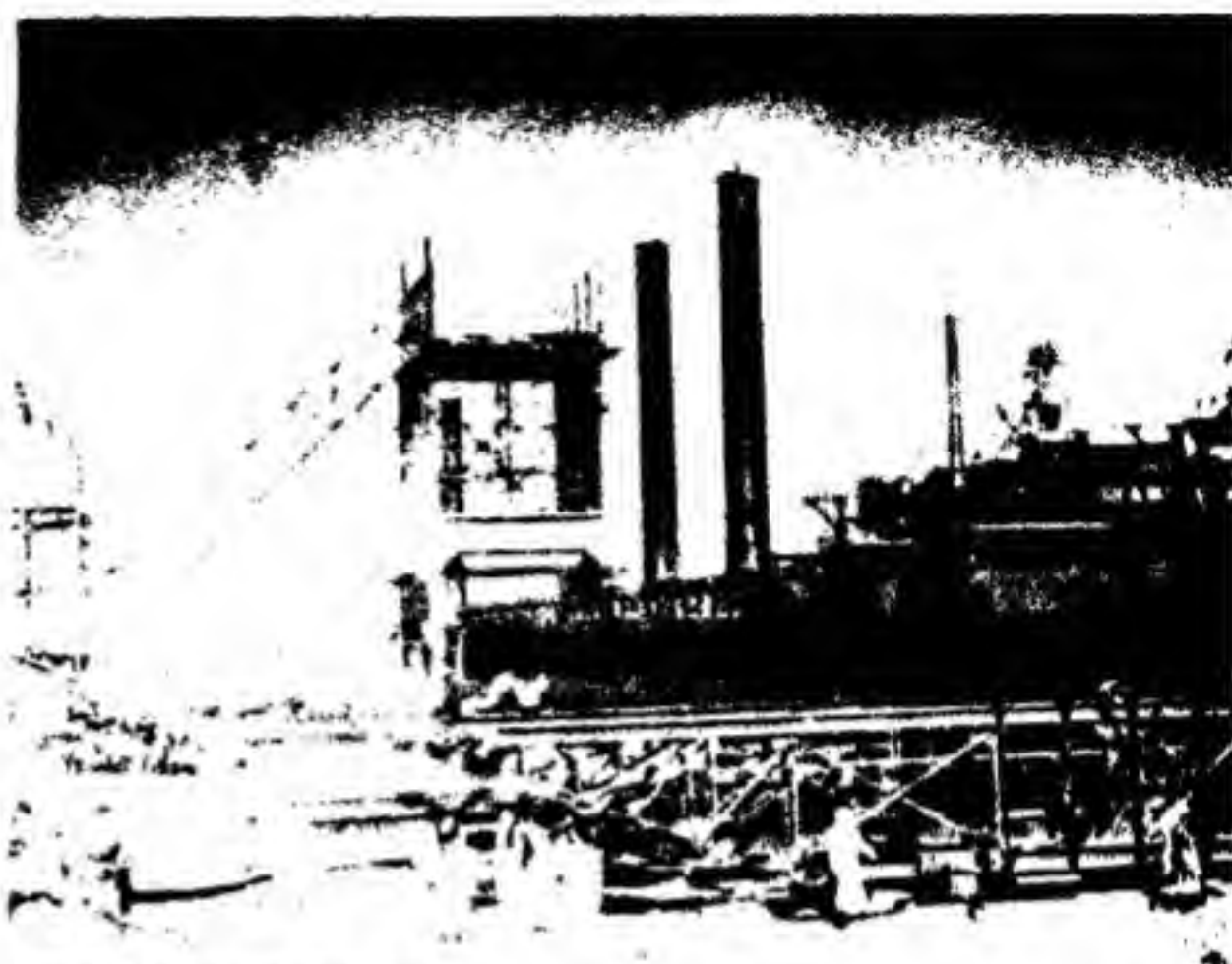


are shrinking. Then, too, the Tatas missed the opportunity of shifting to synthetics when expansion and diversification were possible. New Delhi favors the small-scale hand-loom or power-loom sector, through taxes and other financial subsidies, and the mills, whose share of the markets has fallen from 80 percent to 50 percent, are obliged to maximize value added on current production. Understandably, very few are able to do this and some 85 mills out of about 600 have shut down. The first Tata enterprise, Central India, has not paid a dividend in many years. As in the case of the electric companies, the Tatas have responded to the textiles crisis by diversifying. They are seeking to increase their earnings by extending the production line to garments.

One Tata mill has gone way out of its field to set up a steel-strip producing plant. Diversification is likely also in chemicals, in which the Tatas have two decades of experience, and the time may well come when textiles will form merely a subsidiary occupation of the Tata textiles companies. In the meantime, says Minoo Davar, managing director of Tata Mills, "the companies will have to increase their turnover somehow, either by raising the value of their product, or by trying to get a higher turnover by buying from the hand- and power-loom sector and making garments." He also sees a great future in synthetics, but the Tatas spent valuable time pushing an acrylic project—only to find that the central government wants such a plant in the public sector.

THE PROBLEMS facing TISCO, the iron and steel company, are rather more complex and affect the whole group's performance more severely, since some 40 percent of all Tata assets are tied up in it. TISCO, whose sales last year of more than US\$215 million makes it the largest private company in India, is caught between rising costs and fixed prices imposed by the government on most of its products. As a result, the company has failed to generate badly needed funds to modernize the plant, half of which dates back to 1923. Despite this, TISCO has managed to operate at 90 percent capacity in the last few years (and maintain ordinary dividends at more than ten percent by dipping into reserves). But unless it can find about US\$200 million—and soon—to modernize, it will be in more trouble.

Rusi Mody, joint managing director of TISCO at Jamshedpur, admits that



The first steel mill under construction

lack of planning has been partly responsible for the general run-down state of the plant. The lesson seems to have been learned, however, for Mody says, "We will not flog our plant till the end, again even if it costs more to replace. What we want to do is to make the plant grow younger every day, not older."

Price of modernizing

The problem, of course, is that inflation has pushed the replacement cost of the plant to many times its original value, and company laws permit TISCO to depreciate only at the original cost. About one-tenth of the money required for a five-year modernization program was recently raised from shareholders, but the kind of money required to complete the program is, in India, available only from New Delhi, which monopolizes finance through its institutions and the nationalized banks—and government has awarded itself the legal right to convert loans it makes to private companies into equity. With about 40 percent of TISCO already owned by public institutions (whose shares will soon be vested in the public steel holding-company), there is a very real possibility that the price the Tatas must pay for modernizing their steel plant is government majority control. The Tatas recoil instinctively from taking such a plunge, and the recent takeover of the other private steel company, India Iron and Steel Company, has not done anything to allay their fears of the socialist bureaucracy. Still, it seems inescapable that TISCO will pass into the upcoming joint

sector (in which private and public enterprises are to collaborate).

IT IS A TESTIMONY to the performance of the other companies of the group that with half the total investment not pulling its weight, the total capital employed rose from US\$427.8 million in 1960-61 to US\$740.4 million in 1970-71. Sales rose even faster—from US\$270.5 million in 1960-61 to \$487 million in 1965-66 and \$742 million in 1970-71. Four examples—Tata (TOMCO), Tata Chemicals Co. Ltd., Tata Engineering & Locomotive Co. Ltd. (TELCO) and Volt Ltd.—show what dramatic progress the Tatas made in the latter half of the 1960s, a time when the fortunes of Indian industry as a whole were at the lowest point.

TOMCO, the oil mills company which was set up in 1917 but did not rise its feet till 1935, has been one of the best performers in the group. With six mills scattered around India, its total sales of soaps, detergents, toiletries, cooking oils, processed foods and cake, etc., rose from US\$13 million in 1960-61 to \$23 million in 1965-66 and then multiplied threefold, to \$68 million in 1970-71, and to \$81 million in 1971-72. Most of the expansion has taken place in the traditional lines, but once again New Delhi has ruled that new capacity for the manufacture of soap will be set up only by small-scale entrepreneurs. In the by-now standard Tata response, TOMCO is also embarking on a diversification program.

M.A. Wadud Khan, managing director of TOMCO till a few months ago

and the man generally credited with the company's dramatic growth, views these restrictions as a challenge to Tata ingenuity. In a feat of diversification, TOMCO has gone into the export-processing of shrimps. It has also diversified, in a more orthodox way, through subsidiary companies into cosmetics and industrial perfumes.

Largest manufacturer

"We haven't tapped the full potential," said Wadud Khan, but the export of processed shrimps to the United States reached US\$1.5 million in the second year of operation, up 70 percent over the first. TOMCO plans to help local fishermen motorize their boats and farm the seas up to ten miles away from shore. Ignoring the established markets, TOMCO is building freezing facilities at different locations along the eastern and western coasts of India, so that shrimps can be processed within 24 hours of being caught.

In its latest very venture, TOMCO has entered into a joint venture with United Plantations of Malaysia, to set up a firm called Unitata, which would produce in Malaysia the sort of products TOMCO makes at home. TOMCO's share of 40 percent (another ten percent is held by Tata's London company) in the venture includes the export of a substantial amount of Indian machinery.

Voltas was never managed by Tata Industries even in the days of the managing agency. But it is the third-largest company in the group. Started in 1954, its north Bombay plant is now India's largest single manufacturer of refrigerating and cooling equipment.

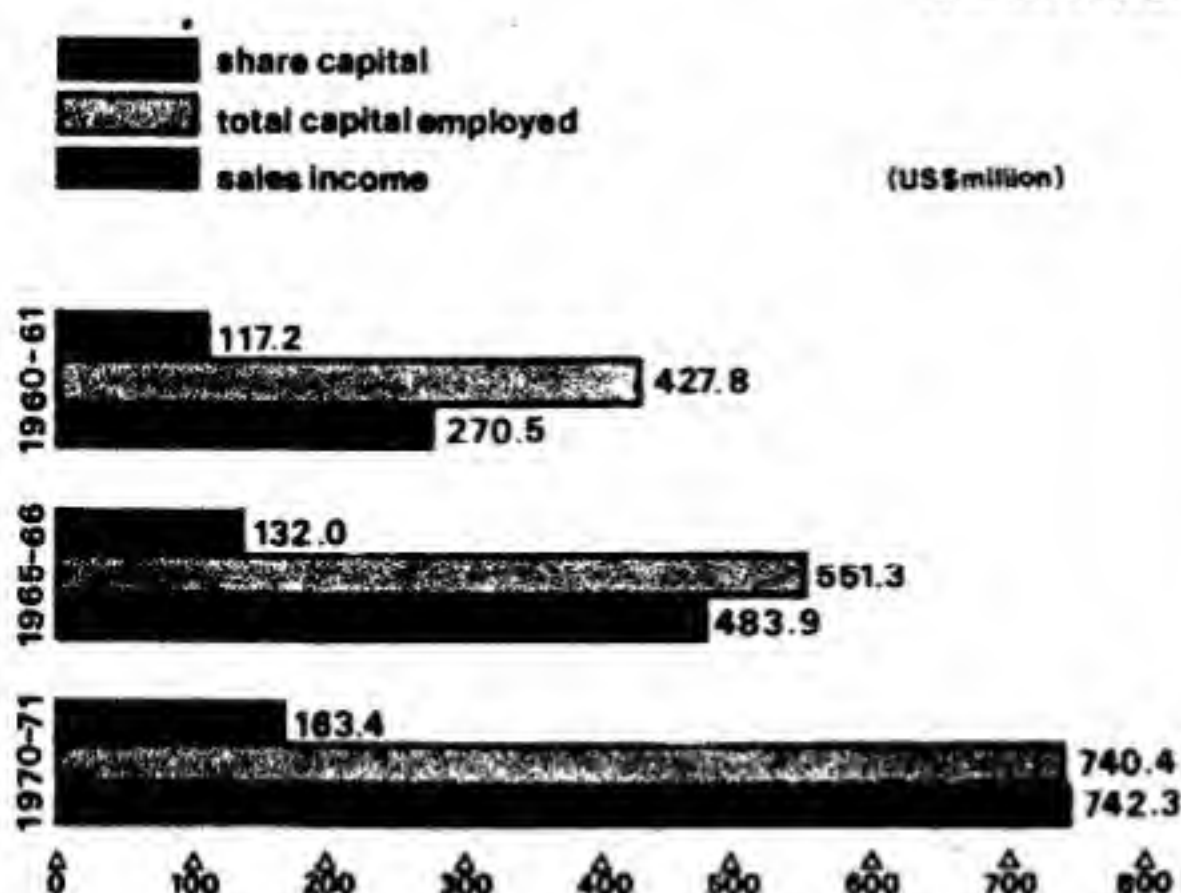
electrical equipment, earthmoving and construction equipment, materials-handling equipment and machine tools. Sales have risen from US\$35 million in 1960-61 to \$66 million in 1965-66, \$137 million in 1970-71 and are expected to cross \$185 million in the fiscal year just ended.

In the same area of specialization—engineering products—is Tata's second largest company, TELCO (inaugurated in Jamshedpur in 1945), which, like Voltas, operates in an area which New Delhi sees the wisdom of expansion, increased exports, and quality. Originally set up to manufacture locomotives for the Indian railway system, TELCO now has two mammoth factories—one in Jamshedpur and the other near Poona (in a move away from Bihar State's troubled politics to the much quieter state of Maharashtra)—producing vehicles, machine tools, special-purpose machines, excavators and other heavy-duty equipment.

New export markets

In India TELCO is best known for the popular lorries, initially made under license from Mercedes-Benz of Germany, which account for nearly three-quarters of all lorries in India. The collaboration agreement has lapsed, and TELCO is free to export and develop the product without reference to Germany. Two months ago the government gave TELCO the go-ahead to set up an alloy-iron foundry, and to increase its production of lorries from 24,000 a year to 36,000. Delhi has imposed three conditions for its approval: that its expansion be completed by March 1978; that the company raises its

continued on page 23



How the Tatas have grown

'You can

Where do you see the potential for growth in the Tata group?

I think that there is a tremendous potential, provided the government is willing to use us or to allow us to grow. But, frankly, within the constraints that the ruling party has allowed its Leftists to build around us (whether the top leadership itself—herself, should say—shares their views or not) I realize that the practical possibilities of rapid growth as a whole are not very large.

About the joint sector—you were the first, in fact, to cooperate with the government in Air-India.

Yes, I pioneered the damned thing in 1948.

Would you now be willing to invest in the joint sector?

Certainly. I have applied quite a lot of thought to this, and I think the danger is that the concept of the joint sector is going to be treated as a new *mantra*, a new gimmick, a panacea for all our problems. There are great potentialities in the joint sector; at the same time it is not a universal solution. There must in each case be a specific purpose. The pros and cons must be carefully identified, the objectives to be reached, the weaknesses to be filled, the strengths to be maximized, the managerial advantages and disadvantages—all these have to be considered.

Where the pro factors exceed appreciably the anti factors, I would say certainly. But again, with whom? What is meant by "joint sector"? I don't think anybody—not even the government—yet understands what the term means—except that anything that is done jointly with government participation is in the joint sector. I have simplified the concept as one in which the government will have not less than 26 percent ownership in a company or project (because they need that to make it impossible for anybody to pass a special resolution) where the private partner has 25 percent and the rest of the shares are public.

Beyond that, who is to be the government partner? The central government? An agency of the government? One of the states? There are so many possibilities that, at this stage, all one can say, or all I would say for myself, is that certainly I will consider any viable form of joint-sector enterprise that, by being placed in the joint sector, will become more efficient or more profitable.

But I say also that in every case of

combine economic totalitarianism with political democracy'

the joint sector, a price will have to be paid. Government participation is going to lead to a lot of bureaucratizing and formalizing of the processes of management. Management's freedom of action, its initiative, its decision-making capacity, its willingness to take risks—if all these are nullified through an excessive formalization of procedures and its inevitable delays, then whether the advantages of the joint sector are worth it or not is something you have to consider. There is no simple answer to it, and the danger is that they will try and give it a simple answer.



J. R. D. Tata

I'd like to move away for a while from discussing the Tatas in particular to private industry in general. I read something you said in 1969 which seemed to have a bearing on what you have been saying. You said, "Had Indian industry more men. . . inspired by the trusteeship concept of Mahatma Gandhi and Jamsheji Tata, its public image would be very different from what it is today." What exactly did you mean by this? Is trusteeship the way you would want private industry to develop?

I do. But again, not in the somewhat exaggerated form that some people interpret trusteeship to be. I think undoubtedly that private industry, and certainly big private industry, ought to consider itself trustee not merely of the interests of shareholders but of all those who form part of industry—

owner, community, consumer, labor, government, and so on. In this sense we are all trustees; we should all consider ourselves trustees. The days are far gone of the owner of big industry and big business looking only after his own interest, his private profit; those days are so far gone that to my mind all professional management today is a form of trusteeship, whether it be government or private enterprise.

You've also said that private industry has a very bad name in India because of the small section of it that has tainted the whole.

Unfortunately it is not a very small section. . . .

How would you like to see this reformed?

What I would like to see and what is practical are two very different things. Frankly, I haven't got a very high opinion of the human race, and when the human race is put under certain strains and stresses and constraints the worst side of it comes out. I think the fact that there has been in the last few years so much tax evasion, black-marketeering, foreign-exchange fiddling, the accumulation of large illicit fortunes, has to a large extent been the creation of government.

When a government creates a tax structure that makes honesty in a taxpayer result in his inheritors' ruin, and on the other hand rewards dishonesty with safety, a wealth of comfort, what would you expect?

Today India is the only country in the world where the taxes on individuals are such that if you pay your taxes you are bound to be ruined, because you pay more than your income. In fact, they say so. If this is the concept, then people who have the ability to send money abroad illegally will do so. I believe that if laws are bad, people will choose to ignore them, and I know quite a few people who openly admit that they evade taxes because they feel this is robbery.

Do you think economic growth and social justice are compatible?

I think they are totally compatible. But whether we, in our country, are pursuing these objectives in a way that would result in their achievement is another matter. Certainly, I agree with the somewhat modern point of view that economic growth in the past has been given excessive importance compared to what is now referred to as social justice. But it is only a matter of applying the resources that

economic growth brings. If you apply these resources directly toward uplifting the standards of the lowest strata, you will get social justice along with economic growth.

Undoubtedly, we have political democracy in this country. Whether we are going to retain economic democracy is another matter, and I am one of those who fear that economic democracy is gradually being eroded. And, if the trends that have been clear for the last few years continue, the time will come when we will have political but not economic democracy. And then, the question is—if you went to the extreme, I don't say it will happen, but purely as an argument—can you have economic totalitarianism combined with political democracy? I don't think you can.

In fact, I quite openly argue with my friends in government—even my Leftist friends. I say that you people are going to founder on the rock of trying to build an economic totalitarianism, a totalitarian economy, under a political democracy; and I think the two won't work together. Sooner or later, you will fail in one or the other, you will fall between two stools. If you believe in a totalitarian economy, then you should have the courage to say, "we will go the whole hog." At least you can then achieve the first.

To my mind, we have to wait at least one year after the election to see what Mrs. Gandhi means. She now has leadership, the power, the economic control, to direct this country in the way that she thinks right. And therefore I must assume that the way we will go in the next 12 months will be the way she thinks is the right one. My only worry is that, considering that all her advisers, her economic advisers, and her colleagues in the economic field are all very much of the Left, are Marxists, Mrs. Gandhi will need a very independent and lucid mind to decide for herself—whether or not to follow the advice she is given, which after all comes from one direction. And Indira Gandhi, having a purely political background (in which she is simply outstanding), I'm afraid that she is more likely to follow the advice that she gets, generally from the tune that is being played around her constantly, than to take a completely independent line. More regulations, more taxes. I think she is instinctively beginning to revolt against them. But things may have already gone too far.

exports from US\$8.5 million in 1971-72 (they were \$15 million in 1970, but uncertainty in India's trade with Egypt, stiff competition in other markets, and the war with Pakistan in December forced them down) to nearly \$30 million in six years' time; and that the advantages of the enlarged scale of production be passed on to the consumer. TELCO's management is not entirely happy about these conditions, but accepts them as the price of the much-coveted license to grow. J.R.D. Tata says that by the end of this period of expansion, TELCO will be almost twice as big as the steel company.

THE STORY of Tata Chemicals, started in 1939 but in the red till the mid-1950s, is one that arouses Tatas' emotions. Although it is smaller than the big boys in the group—1966-67 sales US\$14 million, 1970-71 sales \$18 million—it came up with a project which would have made it the world's largest producer of fertilizer. Tata Chemicals, which primarily produces 700 tons of soda ash daily, is expanding to 1,000, and plans to increase this output further to 1,400. It is run by Darbari Seth, a chemical engineer of national repute, who has spent all his working life in the company.

The Tata fertilizer plant was conceived when India was suffering from prolonged drought in Bihar. Tata Chemicals came up with a US\$250-million project to produce, in stages, more than two million tons of fertilizer a year. After two-and-a-half years of bargaining in New Delhi, the politicians decided that to allow what they saw as a concentration of wealth and power would be impractical. The project was

ultimately rejected essentially for political reasons.

Darbari Seth now says that had the project been approved in good time, it would have produced US\$65 million worth of fertilizers this year. "It was an attempt to relate our resources to the needs of the country," he says, "and the whole concept was based on increasing self-reliance. Unfortunately it became necessary to depart from the conventional, and this is where, I suspect, we came to grief."

Since then, Tata Chemicals has been scouring the world looking for markets for its technology. Soda-ash technology is extremely well-guarded, but Tata Chemicals recently offered the best terms, in competition with the Japanese and the French, for a US\$35-million Solvay Soda complex in Argentina. This was the first time India had competed successfully in sophisticated technology, and that the Argentinians later decided to negotiate with the individual companies before offering the job to one of them does not detract from it.

Maharajah hotels

IT IS NOT POSSIBLE, in this space, to talk about all the facets of the House of Tata—of the hotel company Jamsetji Tata founded a year or two before he died, which gave Bombay its famed Taj hotel and how Tata now intends to turn the palaces of former maharajahs into hotels; of the Indian Tube Company, which has in a few years established itself as a leading exporter of steel tubes with a total production of more than US\$60 million; or of Air-India, founded by J.R.D.

Tata, who himself piloted planes out of Bombay in the 1930s.

It is also not possible to talk of the future of the Tata group with much certainty. The present companies will doubtless continue to expand, but the ones in key industries will remain under the watchful eye of New Delhi—where at least one minister has held out the threat of nationalization before the end of the 1970s.

Such a drastic turn of events is, however, unlikely, and the Tatas, like the rest of big business in India, will continue to mark time anxiously, waiting for the politicians to decide just how socialistic they want to be. India's industrial policy is in the melting pot, and with it the future growth of the Tatas.

Much will also depend on the man who has worn Jamsetji Tata's mantle for close on 40 years, and has gained New Delhi's respect as, possibly, no other industrialist in India. J.R.D. Tata—whose career began as an 18-year-old assistant in Tata & Sons in 1922—is not a man to mince words, as our conversation with him shows. Over the years, conscious of the shortcomings of family-oriented business, and the probability that his successor will not be from the Tata family, J.R.D. Tata has been building up a system of professional management for the group.

Recently, New Delhi demonstrated a measure of trust in the Tatas by asking them to submit a memorandum on the future of India's industrial development. The Tatas seized the opportunity to show up the reasons for the poor performance of Indian industry—shortages of raw materials, red tape, labor problems, lack of finance, and the government's attitude toward the private sector—and argue for a speeding up of government procedures and, above all, a selective policy of restrictions, which would not penalize companies with proven integrity and a record of efficiency and responsibility.

Specifically, the Tatas asked New Delhi to take into account a company's labor policies, its use of profits, the competence of its management, the help it had given small entrepreneurs, its export performance, its freedom from political intrigue, its spending on research and development, and its national reputation. It is hardly surprising that on all these counts the Tatas come out among the leaders, if not right on top.

SUMAN DUBEY

Courtesy : *Insight*, Hong Kong



Jubilee Park in Jamshedpur marked steel mills' 50th anniversary



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STUDIO CITY



sundayweek

For week beginning April 1,
1973



ARIES — A passing crisis, probably in the family, keeps you on your toes. In your office, you may feel overworked and underpaid. An improvement impending over the weekend. Avoid arguments with the boss. New contact in social life will make you cheerful, but do try to keep emotions in check.



TAURUS — This is not the time for planning a holiday. Affairs at home demand your constant presence. Your efforts are being appreciated and you may expect a change for the better at the office. Money should come your way this week. The unemployed! Look into the letterbox; there may be a pleasant surprise there for you! Speculators! Do not invest on new deals this week.



GEMINI — You should be making headway at your work now, and a promotion ought to be coming your way fairly soon. Special attention to you by your friends may make you rather bewildered, but keep your poise. Family and social happiness, and a congenial atmosphere in the office, will keep you cheerful.



CANCER — Consider a change towards the end of the week. You will have to cope with newcomers in course of your work. However, difficult the work, take heart, you will feel contented at the end. Do not go on a spending spree. Take a hopeful view of new proposals that turn up.



LEO — This is a good time for entertaining and socializing. A wedding in the air! Your own? That of a member of your family? You will discover that someone is in love with you, and this may lead you to plan a holiday. Do not worry; you have no real rival.



VIRGO — You cannot afford to rest on your oars now; you have a great deal to achieve yet. Before going ahead with new ideas, examine them carefully. If you are in service, keep yourself abreast with the latest development in your field. If in business, be thorough, but do not hesitate to use your imagination. Money will not be a cause of worry.



LIBRA — You will need to budget carefully. Your job should go smoothly and you should get some praise. But the praise may not come with an increase in pay. An increase of income in the professions. Businessmen may make brisk business, but they will have to worry over loans from bankers.



SCORPIO — You have come to the end of a period of uncertainty, and this time you may find your dreams realised. At work you will be doing well. You may have to spend more money for family comforts. Keep a portion of your income aside for new acquisitions and for social commitments.



SAGITTARIUS — You should have money to spare now. Though it is not a romantic week still you may expect good company in your job you have made a good deal of impact, and, as a result, you will have to work hard to maintain your position. For educational purposes, this week is very good. Legal practitioners may make a good impression in their circle.



CAPRICORN — Very busy week for you. Family upheavals could mean that you have to travel. Since you are not short of money and may expect more this week, you will be in a position to tackle the situation. The health of your spouse may bother you. An old friend may turn into a critic.



AQUARIUS — Try to take things easy. A change in your daily life may help maintain normal health. Your services will at last be properly rewarded now. You may have a disagreement with one of your business partners. Yields from investments are likely to be meagre. Those in the professions may gain a fair name.



PISCES — It is not the time to relax. Your job promises to be more exciting. A thrilling invitation comes your way. Those who are in service should stick to routine and be prepared to work more. Businessmen! the 4th is a day to try to get the loans you need. Let the professionals remember the saying—'Lend all thy ear but few thy voice!'

ANANDA BAZAR PATRIKA
HINDUSTHAN PUBLIC LITERATURE



TYGER! TYGER!

We have probably under 2000 tigers now left in India. They live by themselves and not in concentration, and need cover. Unless protected, there is a very real danger of their dying out in India. The choice of tiger as our National Animal is not merely just; it is also necessary, writes M. KRISHNAN next Sunday.

sunday

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COLOUR MAGAZINE
1 APRIL 1973

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THE BEAUTY BEAT
B.O

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WORLD'S SEX SYMBOL

RAQUEL WELCH lay back on three pillows for support, looking pale, drawn but incredibly striking. She looks even better without make-up. It was 12-30 p.m. in her villa in the South of France, where I interviewed her, and she had only just woken up.

The night before she was on location for her latest film "The Last of Sheila" till 5-30 in the morning. She wore a winceyette top that hugged that figure in the softest of caresses. She was wan from the emotional pressures being exerted on her.

When she got divorced, contrary to public opinion she was broke. Now, one year later, she is on the verge of being a millionairess. Her last film, which she co-produced, "Kansas City Bomber," is breaking all box-office records in the U.S.

But women are emotional creatures, and with actresses emotions are spelt with a capital E. I asked her if she still went to a psychiatrist.

"Yes, but not as regularly as I did after the break-up of my marriage. I was so miserable then.

"At certain times when I am not in love or doing things of particular interest, I take stock of what life is all about.

"I had just filed for divorce and I felt like all of a sudden I didn't know what my life was all about and didn't know what was happening at all.

"I felt a victim of circumstances, just running around in the maze of life trying to do what other people said I had to do and trying to live up to what other people expected of me.

"I had not satisfied my own self at all. I thought it was very peculiar that I had acquired everything that as a child I had wanted, which was wealth and fame and accomplishment in my career.

"I had beautiful children, and a life-style that seemed terrific, yet I was totally and miserably unhappy. I found it very frightening that one could acquire all these things and still be so miserable.

"It was a lot to do with my marriage. It's so hard for me to be alone. I began to realise that I couldn't function by myself, that I had been so guided and misguided for so long.

"In my mind I thought I didn't really deserve anything myself, that I was only meant to live up to obligations that other people made for me.

"I was the biggest pushover in the business. I let people talk me into anything. It never occurred to me that I could get rid of the unhappiness, that I was a human being and I could want things for myself.

"That I could be fed-up, tired, bored or want something different from what I was told I could want, or try to do things





I wanted to do.

"I was just a piece of meat. I wasn't in control of my own life I guess, because I just wasn't in control of myself.

"Most people think I'm very ambitious and hardworking, but I fulfil the ambitions of other people to make money out of me and I hadn't even begun, until about a year ago, to fulfil any of my own ambitions.

"That was the whole point of the exercise to begin with, when I was a little girl, to get away from the mundane and ugly things of life, to get into an area of living that appeared to be full of fun and enjoyment.

"It took six years for me to reach that point.

"After my divorce, I was terribly frightened of the world. I was frightened to go to the market, I was frightened to walk down the street, a party, or go out on a date.

"I could survive in professional situations, but not in my own life."

She had become more halting in her speech. I knew something was happening inside her, but didn't know how to break the silence. So I asked her how she survived the situation.

"My children, they were the only things that kept me going. They were the only things in life that, that..." with that she broke down, her face buried in the sheets. In a practically inaudible voice she said: "They were the only things that kept me from getting towed under."

She went on, tearfully: "They're the only things that remind me not to give way.

"A lot of people in my position have done terrible things to themselves, they've become addicts, alcoholics, and they've even killed themselves, all kind of things.

"My kids were the only thing between me and self-destruction; I knew that I would hurt them and I couldn't face that."

Sex symbols pay a terrific toll in life; they live under hostile criticism yet die legendary, smelling of roses.

"I don't want to talk about it. It only becomes sympathetic after you're in the grave, then everybody comes round and says: 'Boy, did she have it rough, did you know what she had to go through?'"

"This, that, and the other. When you're alive, nobody believes it. They don't want to.

"People want to believe you live in a silver-lined palace and you have diamond hairbrushes, ruby lipsticks, and thousands of men and servants at your feet. A Utopia!

"Suicide is a thing I've had to give a lot of thought to; but I have to regard

it as the most obscene thing in the world, otherwise it could become a plausible thing for me to carry around in my head.

"I have thought about it. There were a couple of times in the past three or four years I just felt my whole life was a mistake and it was impossible to be happy.

"There was nothing about my job that pleased me, I didn't even have fun spending the money.

"All I was doing was being a robot, with everybody telling me you've got to do this, you've got to do that and if I ever opened my mouth people would tell me to 'shut up,' 'who are you to talk?' 'you've got no talent,' 'you're just a pretty face.'

"But it was the children who kept me together, they are the biggest thing in my life.

"They keep me optimistic and interested in surviving; being famous and wealthy means nothing compared with that.

"Sometimes in certain work-situations I used to have to take insults all day. In the end it was through my own lack of self-esteem that I went to a psychiatrist to see if there was some way I could start enjoying myself, if there was a way to enjoy life a little more.

"You can only do that, I learned, by liking yourself a little bit, or by having some pride to demand a degree of happiness and contentment.

"People don't take your money away, but they do take your happiness.

"How do they do that? Everybody seems so surprised, they say: 'You're so professional'."

"They're so surprised that you have any talent, so surprised you did that scene so well, so surprised you look so well, so surprised you're so nice, so surprised you're such a hard worker, and in a way they're backhanded compliments, all the time patronising me.

"They have all these preconceptions that produce an animosity in me, and I have to deal with that.

"If I make a move to defend myself they think I'm a prima donna, they say: 'Well, we all know about actresses, don't we, the glamour actresses of the world.'

"What a pain they can be. It's like walking on eggs all the time. You just can't do anything really right.

"They used to say: 'Whoever said you can act? You're not Sarah Bernhardt, are you?'

"I really used to believe that. I never resented it, but I just understand it better, that's all. I accept it for what it is now.

"It hangs over into my social life as

well; I have only a few friends who are not competitive and do not spend their lives comparing themselves with other people, like Ali McGraw or Cary Grant.

"Ali is the only girl who is a pal of mine, that I feel comfortable with. I don't have to pretend with her, we just accept each other. I think most people find my public image intimidates them, it's so ridiculous."

That is just a part of the kaleidoscope of her mind; she has always been a commodity as far as people are concerned. They've forgotten she was a woman. Her sexuality did intimidate men, and they preferred to talk business instead of love.

She has received threats of another kind, too.

"I did have a murder threat last year by a group from Sharon-Tate-Helter-Skelter thing, telling me I was next on the list.

"It was a very obscene letter, it was the first one I had received. They said they had done XYZ to Sharon Tate and that they would do the same to me.

"They said I was another one of those stuck-up, snotty girls who thought they were too good for anybody. Please," she shuddered, "don't let's talk about that any more."

Later that night on the island of St. Honorat, where the night scenes for "The Last of Sheila" were taking place, she was in a bubbly mood, once again brimming with the confidence that only a beautiful woman can exude.

I asked her when she first became aware of her sexuality.

"I guess when all the female equipment arrived, when I was 13 or 14," she said, laughing.

How did you react or possibly how did people react to you?

"Well, I thought, aren't I lucky all this equipment has arrived, I thought I'd try it out, as little girls do, you know.

"I wanted to be a woman, just parading around, and see all the reactions of people, but they would hoot and holler at the beach and it became quite embarrassing after a while.

"I ended up too shy to move around, it was just a little too strong. There were a lot of girls wearing bikinis when I was at high school and I thought it was very, very daring.

"I never wore one myself until I was 19 years old.

"Boys treated me very well but they used to call me 'Jail-bait, because I was too young to take out.

"I used to have crushes on boys at school and they never used to take any notice until the equipment arrived and"





John Richardson in One Million Years B.C.



then they started to take notice. Even today it's not the thing they always go for first but I guess it's the main thing that attracts them.

"But I never understand it, there are so many sexually attractive girls in the world.

"I think for a woman to be a sex-object is a lovely thing; it doesn't need to preclude anything else, but if that's the only attraction it's not a bad one.

"At one time I felt it was the only thing I had, though it was almost a bad thing to have a good physical appearance. People made out it wasn't O.K., they reminded me of it all the time as if I should be penalised for it.

"In Hollywood people were putting me down for it all the time. If I had had any sense at the time I would have told them they were all knuckleheads."

Will she ever be really happy?

"I'm a lonely woman in a way, but right now I'm in love and I have the comfort of knowing the man I love loves me.

"Loneliness is something you have to fight all the time in this business anyway, and it takes a lot of energy and courage.

"You know the nicest thing anybody can say to me is: 'I love you.'"

I asked her how men flirted with her.

"To tell you the truth, a lot of men are afraid to look at me. They just look straight ahead and make a last desperate grab out of the blue," she laughed.

"Mind you, some peg you and really look into your eyes. They are usually the more successful men in life, not necessarily men with the most money or power but who have the belief within themselves as men. They're not intimidated.

"A famous woman is always a threat to a man's masculinity. If they give themselves the idea they are going to be rejected they paint a terrible picture of you.

"Sometimes they expect me to break the ice. You know in person I'm actually quite petite but men think I'm a 6 ft. giant and they usually give a huge sigh of relief when they see me.

"Before they meet me I think they think I'm going to pick them up and beat them in half or grab them by the hair and drag them off to my den."

How do you flirt with men?

"By looks, if they don't know from a long time touch I just have to tell them."

How do you say?

"I've cared for them for a long time and I hoped that they care the same way about me."



with James Stacey in *Flareup*

What if they are still reticent?

She raised one eyebrow laconically and said: "They can't be."

What type of men do you like?

"I gravitate towards strength but I find that nobody is really strong. I like good-looking men, and they must have style and a good sense of humour.

"I like to feel a man is a man. I can't bear weak men and by that I mean effete and fey men. But don't get me wrong, I don't want to play Fay Wray to some guy who thinks he's King Kong.

"I say to them, 'Hey, wait a minute, things are moving a little fast, aren't they? Then they become very petulant and mope off. They become your bitter enemy for life!'"

Do you have much trouble when men take you out?

"If a man has a degree of success in his own life he has less difficulty with it. If he's not and doesn't believe in himself it's usually a disaster.

"People call up from all over the world, famous people, saying I'm going to be here or there and let's get together and have lunch or dinner and I don't even know them personally except by their fame.

"Mind you, I've had a few problems



with men who are married who I think are perfectly on the square and I'm in a professional situation with them and the next thing that happens is I find out their marriage is not quite what I thought it was because there seems to be a pressure being put on me to run away in the night with them.

"It's always very surprising to me, a lot of people seem so happily married. I remind them of the fact that they are married but they give me all sorts of funny answers. 'Oh well what does that mean Blah! Blah! Blah! or 'Don't worry about that, it doesn't mean anything!'

"Other men want me to run off to the South of France or the Bahamas and their attitude is 'Well, doesn't everybody?'

"I don't find it particularly flattering, no. I can go to all these places myself anyway so I'm a little harder nut to crack unless I have a reaction to them.

"There are times I do though. It's just an attraction and I wouldn't mind running off with them in a way.

"It's funny sometimes when I'm out with a man. I can see in their mind 'Well here I am with Raquel Welch, what the hell am I going to do about it. I've got to walk into this room, am I supposed to punch these guys in the nose or just pretend she's a normal chick. Will she be bothered here and if

so what am I going to do about it. Shall I be courteous with the people who come up or what.'

"A little panic creeps in sometimes. Of course there are the people who enjoy a great big hub-bub. They love showing you off to their friends. 'Look what I've got with me, a movie star, isn't that terrific.'

"I can usually see that coming but sometimes people's personality changes and I find out too late. They just want to parade me around, they literally run you from one party to another and you're shaking hands all night long."

Do you consider yourself a passionate woman?

"I really don't know. There are times when I am yes, but that's not any of your business anyway. If I told you the truth you'd have to censor the article," she burst into peals of laughter.

"I love romance and being in love. I have a puritan morality but I'm not puritan in my feelings. I have a double standard in a way because I have a wild imagination. And that's all I'm saying, ten four, over and out."

Would you give up everything for one man?

"Yes, if one man had everything."

TERRY O'NEILL

Another
instalment from
Frederick
Forsyth's
novel

THE ODESSA FILE



AT NINE O'CLOCK three soft knocks sounded at the door of a room in the Zurburan Hotel in Madrid. Senor Ricardo Suertes, citizen of the Argentine, born Richard Gluecks, sometime full general of the SS, opened the door.

"Sieg Heil," said the new arrival as he closed the door behind him and flashed up his right arm, palm downwards in the old salute.

The chief of the Odessa network in West Germany felt very keenly the honour of being summoned to Madrid for a personal conference with such a senior officer. Thirty-six hours earlier, President Kennedy had been shot. He

suspected it had something to do with that. He was not wrong.

The SS. general flicked an inch of ash from his cigar. "Kennedy is now dead, for us a remarkable stroke of good fortune. The secret arms deal between the rabble of traitors in Bonn and the pigs in Tel Aviv was supported by Kennedy. Our friends and supporters must now whip up public opinion against this arms deal and in favour of Germany's traditional friends, the Arabs."

"Yes, yes, that can be done."

General Gluecks smiled broadly. "I think the time is ripe to tell you the real story behind the rockets at Factory 333 at Helwan, north of Cairo."

The subordinate listened with awe and some puzzlement. "Forgive me, Herr General," he said "but will 400 medium warheads really finish off the Jews in Israel? A massive amount of damage, yes, but total destruction?"

'PLAGUE'

Gluecks gazed at the younger man with a triumphant smile.

"But what warheads!" he exclaimed. "Some will contain concentrated cultures of bubonic plague and the others will explode high above the ground, showering the entire territory of Israel with strontium 90. Within hours they will all be dying of the plague or of gamma-ray sickness. That is what we have in store for them."

"General, it's brilliant."

"The man who controls the entire research operation for those rockets is now working in West Germany. His code-name is Vulkan. The factory he runs manufactures transistor radios. It is a front. Now you see the importance of this man and what he is doing."

General Gluecks took a photograph from his breast pocket and handed it to the man from Germany.

"Good God, I thought he was in South America."

"On the contrary. He is Vulkan. At the present time his work has reached a most crucial stage. If by any chance, therefore, you should get a whisper of anyone asking inconvenient questions about this man, that person should be . . . discouraged."

The SS general rose.

"That will be all," said Gluecks. "You have your instructions."

HANS HOFFMAN, boyishly handsome editor of the magazine Komet, with carefully styled greying hair, said: "Leave it alone, Miller, drop it. No one will thank you."

The chief of section in the department of the Hamburg Attorney General's office responsible for investigation into war crimes, said: "All I can say is that all matters concerning the area of responsibility of my department are under constant inquiry. And now I really think, Herr Miller, there is nothing more I can do to help you."

The investigating attorney of Zentrale Stelle at Ludwigsburg, 15 miles north of the state capital of Stuttgart, said: "Although I am prepared to accept your inquiries as completely sincere, I am bound hand and foot by the rules. Which are in effect that no information may be given about any wanted SS criminal to anyone other than a person supported by the official backing of one of a specific number of authorities."

"All right," said Miller. "Where are the archives in Germany that refer to the men of the SS?"

"The originals of the entire card index of the SS were captured in 1945 by an American unit. The index has remained in Berlin, still under American ownership and direction."

IT'S a long drive from Stuttgart to Berlin and it took Miller most of the following day. Fortunately it was dry and crisp and the tuned Jaguar ate the miles northwards to the border with East Germany.

There was an hour delay at the Marienborn checkpoints while he filled out the inevitable currency declaration forms, transit visas to travel through 110 miles of East Germany to West Berlin; and while the blue-uniformed Customs men and the green-coated People's Police, fur-hatted against the cold, poked around, in and under the Jaguar.

There was a further delay at the entry into West Berlin, where again the car was searched. Eventually he was

through and the Jaguar roared past the Avus circuit towards the glittering ribbon of the Kurfurstendamm, brilliant with Christmas decorations.

IT WAS all there, Nazi Party number, SS number, transfer papers, officer's commission . . . right up to April 1945. There were also two photographs, taken for the SS records, one full-face, one profile. They showed a man of 6 ft. 1 in., hair shorn close to the head with a parting on the left, staring at the camera, a pointed nose and a lipless slit of a mouth. Miller began to read.

He gathered the file and approached the clerk at the end of the room at Number One, Wasser Kafer Stieg, in the suburb of Zehlendorf, Berlin 37. "Could I have these photo-copied, please?"

Another man also tendered a file.

"It will take about 10 minutes," the clerk told them.

DIALLING

Ten minutes later there was a rustle behind the clerk and two envelopes slid through the aperture. Both Miller and the middle-aged man went forward to collect. Side by side they walked to the door. Outside, Miller ran down the steps and climbed into the Jaguar.

Two hours later he was on his way out of West Berlin. As his car headed towards the first checkpoint at Drei Linden, the middle-aged man was sitting in a neat and tidy flat off Savigny Platz, dialling a number in West Germany.

"I was in the Document Centre today. There was another man there, reading through the file on Eduard Roschmann."

There was a burst of questions from the other end.

"No, I couldn't get his name. . . . Yes, yes, I did. It was a Hamburg number plate. . . . I'll leave it with you."

The man who took the call thanked his informant, put the telephone down, and gazed out of the window at the snow-covered rooftops.

"Verdammt," he whispered. "Why now of all times?"

To all the citizens of his city he was a clever and brilliantly successful lawyer in private practice.

To the score of his senior executive officers scattered across West Germany he was the chief executive of the Odessa. His telephone number was ex-directory and his code-name was Werwolf.

He thought back to the image of SS-General Gluecks facing him in a Madrid hotel room thirty-five days earlier; and to the general's warning about the vital importance of maintaining at all costs the anonymity and security of the radio



factory owner now preparing, under the code-name Vulkan, the guidance systems for the Egyptian rockets. Alone in Germany, he also knew that in an earlier part of his life Vulkan had been better known under his real name of Eduard Roschmann.

He glanced down the jotting pad on which he had scribbled the number of Miller's car and pressed a buzzer on his desk.

"Heinz Memmers?"

"Yes, sir."

"There's a small job I want you to do for me. Some snooper has been inquiring into one of the *Kameraden*. I need to find out who he is."

MEMMERS had the information when the Werwolf rang back. "His girlfriend got a call from him," said Memmers. "He's in Bad Godesberg, staying at the Dreesen Hotel."

As Miller reached the reception desk the girl smiled brightly and pointed to the open seating area in the bay window overlooking the Rhine.

"There's a gentleman to see you, Herr Miller."

A middle-aged man in a black winter coat, carrying a black Homberg and a rolled umbrella, sat waiting.

"You wanted to see me?"

The man sprang to his feet.

"My name is Schmidt, Dr. Schmidt." He smiled deprecatingly. "I am told you are a journalist. Yes? A very good one. Some friends of mine heard you are presently engaged on an inquiry into events that happened, well, let us say... a long time ago."

"So?"

"Captain Roschmann is dead."

"Indeed?"

"He returned to his native Austria and was killed fighting against the Americans in early 1945."

'FOOLISH'

Miller said: "He was captured alive by the British on December 20, 1947, at Graz in Austria and escaped."

The doctor's eyes reflected the glittering snow along the balustrade outside the window.

"Miller, you are being very foolish. Permit me to give you a word of advice. Drop this inquiry."

Miller eyed him. "Roschmann was also seen alive in mid-October this year in Hamburg. The second sighting was not confirmed. Now it is. You have just confirmed it."

Miller got to Vienna in the mid-afternoon of January 4. He drove his Jaguar

to the city centre and asked his way to Rudolf Square.

He found No. 7 easily enough and glanced at the list of tenants. Against the third floor was a card: *Documentation Centre*.

"Please come in," said Simon Wiesenthal.

The Nazi-hunter of Vienna was bigger than Miller had expected, a burly man more than 6 ft. tall, wearing a thick tweed jacket, stooping as if permanently looking for a piece of mislaid paper.

The office was small to the point of being cramped. One wall was lined from end to end and ceiling to floor with shelves, each crammed with books. The wall facing was decorated with illuminated manuscripts and testimonials from a score of organisations of former victims of the SS.

"I think you'd better start at the beginning," said Wiesenthal.

"Have you got the diary?" he asked at length.

Miller laid it on the desk.

Wiesenthal eyed it appreciatively.

"Fascinating" he said. He looked up and smiled. "All right, I accept the story."

Miller raised his eyebrows. "Was there any doubt?"

Simon Wiesenthal eyed him keenly.

"There is always a little doubt, Herr Miller," he said. "Yours is a very strange story. I still cannot follow your motive for wanting to track Roschmann down."

Miller shrugged.

"I'm a reporter. It's a good story."

"But not one of you will ever sell, I fear. Are you sure there's nothing personal in this?"

Miller ducked the question. "Why should there be? All this was before my time."

He thought of one man, dead on a stretcher under the rain in a Hamburg street.

"The reason Tauber apparently had for killing himself," he asked "do you believe it?"

"I believe he was right in thinking no one would believe him, that he saw Roschmann on the steps of the Hamburg Opera. If that's what he believed then he was right."

WARNED HIM OFF

"But he didn't even go to the police."

"No. Technically he should have done. I don't think it would have done any good. Not in Hamburg at any rate."

Miller recounted the incident of Dr. Schmidt, who had accosted him at the Dreesen Hotel and warned him off the Roschmann inquiry.

Wiesenthal pursed his lips.

"You're up against the Odessa all right, he said. "It's most unusual for them to take such a step as to warn a reporter in that way, particularly at such an early stage. I wonder what Roschmann is up to that could be so important."

Then for two hours the Nazi-hunter told Miller about the Odessa, from its start as an organisation for getting wanted SS criminals to a place of safety, to its development into an all-embracing freemasonry among those who had once worn the black-and-silver collars, their aiders and abettors.

MILLER drove into Munich and found 27 Reichenbach Strasse from a map bought at a kiosk in the outskirts. He surveyed the Jewish Community Centre. It was a flat-fronted five-storey building that was to be destroyed on the night of February 15, 1970 when petrol bombs were poured into it from the roof, and seven died, suffocated by smoke, and swastikas were daubed on the synagogue at the back of the building.

But now the building contained a kosher restaurant, the only one in Munich, on the ground floor, the leisure rooms of the old people's home on the floor above. The third floor contained the administration department, and the upper two housed guest rooms and sleeping quarters.

Miller presented himself at the inquiry desk on the third floor. There was a rack of newspapers, rows of books. A short dark man was scanning the front page of a Hebrew newspaper.

A dark-eyed woman in her mid-forties said: "Oh dear, Riga. I don't think we have anyone on the lists who came back here from Riga. You might try the International Tracing Service."

"Where is that?" he asked.

"It's at Arolsen-in-Waldeck. That's just outside Hanover. It's run by the Red Cross, really."

"The man I'm really trying to find is the former commandant."

There was silence in the room. The woman seemed subdued. Miller debated whether to give up and go home. The chase was getting pointless.

He was back in the street, reaching for his car keys, when he felt a step behind him.

"Excuse me," said a voice. He turned. The man was the one who had been reading the Hebrew newspaper.

"You are inquiring about Riga? About the commandant? About Captain Roschmann? I was at Riga. I knew Roschmann."

The man was short and wiry, somewhere in his mid-forties, with button-

brown eyes and the rumpled air of a damp sparrow.

"My name is Mordechai," he said. But people call me Motti. Shall we have a coffee and talk?"

Miller, melted somewhat by his companion's chirpy manner, explained his hunt so far from the back streets of Altona in Hamburg to the Community Centre in Munich. The man listened quietly, nodding occasionally.

"Quite a pilgrimage. Why should you, a German, want to track down Roschmann?"

"Does it matter? I've been asked that so many times I'm getting tired of it. What's so strange about a German being angry at what was done years ago?"

Motti shrugged. "Nothing," he said. "It's unusual for a man to go to such lengths, that's all."

He considered the young German in front of him for sometime. "What hotel are you staying at?" he asked at length.

CALLED FOR A ROOM

Miller told him he had not checked in yet, but there was an hotel he knew where he had stayed before. At Motti's request he went to the coffee-shop telephone and called the hotel for a room.

When he got back to the table Motti had gone. There was a note under the coffee-cup: "Whether you get a room there or not, be in the residents' lounge at eight tonight."

IN HIS OFFICE the Werwolf read once again the report from his colleague in Bonn, the man who had introduced himself to Miller as Dr. Schmidt:

"A stubborn young man, truculent and headstrong, with an undercurrent of genuine personal hatred for *Kamerad* Eduard Roschmann. Unlikely to listen to reason, even in the face of personal threat...."

The Werwolf dialled a number in Dusseldorf.

After several rings, a voice said simply, "Yes."

"A call for Herr Mackesen," said the Werwolf.

"Who wants him?"

Instead of answering the question, the Werwolf said: "Who was greater than Frederick the Great?"

The voice replied: "Barbarossa." There was a pause, then: "This is Mackesen," said the voice.

"Werwolf," replied the chief of the Odessa. "There is work to be done."

"When?"

"Be here at ten," said the Werwolf.

In Dusseldorf, Mackesen rose and went into the bathroom of his flat to shower and shave. He was a big, power

ful man, a former sergeant of the Das Reich division of the SS, who had learned his killing when hanging French hostages in Tulle and Limoges, back in 1944.

After the war he had driven a truck for the Odessa, running human cargoes south through Germany and Austria into the South Tyrol province of Italy. Employed later as a bodyguard for senior men of the Odessa, he had been saddled with the nickname Mack the Knife, although oddly he never used a knife, preferring the strength of his butcher's hands to strangle or break the necks of his "assignments." Rising in the esteem of his superiors, he had become the executioner of the Odessa, the man who could be relied on to cope quietly and discreetly with those who came too close to the top men of the organisation, or those from within who elected to squeal on their comrades. By January 1964 he had fulfilled 12 assignments.

THE CALL came on the dot of eight. Miller sat watching television in the residents' lounge. He recognised the voice on the end of the phone.

"Some friends may be able to help you."

"I'll meet anybody who can help me," said Miller.

"Good," said Motti. "Leave your hotel and turn left down Schiller Strasse. Two blocks down is a cake-and-coffee shop called Lindemann. Meet me there. Now."

Miller took his coat and walked out through the doors. He turned left and headed down the pavement. Half a block from the hotel something hard was jabbed into his ribs from behind, and a car slid up to the kerb.

"Get into the back seat, Herr Miller," said a voice in his ear.

He felt a sort of black sock pulled over his head. He remembered the cold blue eyes of the man in the Dreesen Hotel and recalled what the man in Vienna had told him: "Be careful, the Odessa can be dangerous." Then he remembered Motti, and wondered how one of them could have been reading a Hebrew newspaper in the Jewish Com-

munity Centre.

The car drove for 25 minutes, then stopped. He heard some gates being opened. He was eased out of the back seat and helped across a courtyard. A door slammed, and he was led down some steps into what seemed to be a cellar. But the air was warm and the chair into which he was lowered was upholstered. He heard a voice say, "Take off the bandage." He blinked as his eyes got used to the light.

Motti was standing smiling quietly, almost apologetically, beside a long table. Two other men, both well built and in early middle age, were perched on the arms of chairs. A fourth man sat at ease in a chair. He was evidently in command. Miller judged him to be about 60, lean and bony, with a hollow-cheeked, hook-nosed face, eyes brown and deep-sunk, bright and piercing, the eyes of a fanatic. It was he who spoke.

PREPARED TO HELP

"Welcome, Herr Miller. My friend here"—he gestured to Motti—"informs me that for reasons of your own you are hunting a certain Eduard Roschmann. To do that you would need help, a lot of help. However, it might suit our interests to have you inside the Odessa. Therefore, we might be prepared to help you."

Miller stared at him.

"Are you telling me you are not from the Odessa?"

The man raised his eyebrows.

"Good heavens, you *have* got hold of the wrong end of the stick." He leaned forward and drew back his left sleeve. On the forearm was tattooed a number in blue ink.

"Auschwitz," said the man. He pointed to the two men. "Buchenwald and Dachau." He pointed at Motti. "Riga and Treblinka."

He pulled down his sleeve. "Herr Miller," he said. "I and my group are men who decided to stay on inside Germany after 1945 with one object and one only in mind. Revenge, revenge pure and simple. We don't arrest them. Herr Miller, we kill them like the swine they are. My name is Leon."



NEXT : Werewolf on the trail



khaas baat khaas baat

At Ooty, we caught a strong feedback of a juicy thing that happened in Bombay. Dev Anand did what he had never done in years — dashed up at the Premiere of "Dhund" escorting current girl Zeenat Aman. When premieres have become old-fashioned and starless too! Who could be more surprised than Producer B. R. Chopra, when he welcomed mod-clad pair. They looked like a page from a Chelsea book. Or perhaps, Dev wanted to show Chopra that he's buried the hatchet — a past tiff over Dev's defying the industry for Mumtaz.

Dev-Zeenat have been painting the whole world red. Literally. Quiet little breaks from work to all the swinging places. Like London. Or like Hong Kong from where they are just back after three days of work and then on to Tokyo for rest. Zee's looking mighty breathless what with all those fabulous awards she is picking up from all round the country. And all for a single performance. Bravo Zee and we forgive you for those fantastic trips to those exotic lands!

Talking of awards, the popular awards of a certain long-standing have shown a lot of *Be-Imanee*. Best song is *Dum Maro Dum*, Asha Bhonsle, and best song and music by Shanker in *Be-Imaan*. The song that upholds dishonesty, is this year's award winner.

Wholesale buying of poll-coupons have made a certain film man the real Judge. This person strutted up at Rakhee's house and proudly offered her the award for the Year's Best Actress, for a film in which she was a flop, and not really her best performance either.

This was in return for her agreeing to come and sing for a charity show he was having. She ditched him at the last minute, in anticipation of his withdraw-

ing the award-offer. He did so, mercifully and it went to the deserving Hema Malini.

Rakhee is really happy now. And not only because of the award affair. She is going to take the sacred words. *At last* the seven-year old will-they-won't-they guessing-game is soon to end for a happy future with beloved Gulzar. Shehnais will be April end. Yes, he's letting her complete her ten films after the *Sahay* event. And no, she's not taking any more movies after that. And maybe, she'll get together with Nargis, Waheeda, and other old-maids and have stageplays like they have in Calcutta, by retired actresses.

Talking of retirement, the most classic one is of Rakesh Khanna who said that he thought he would retire but thinks that he should have thought the better of saying what he actually did not want to say at that time. And poor good old man really showing Anju he loves her and meant no harm about not announcing their marriage in the past, when he was coming up. He's put her up at a groovy new bungalow at the Star Colony in Juhu, and she's got herself secured anyway, with or without the right to carrying his name!

What's a man to Mumu? One man is as good as the next, but the earlier was certainly a no-good, she now snorts. After ditching Jeetendra who was wooing her like a passionate college-boy, with his first taste of it, she turned her curves away from him after her trip to London and the continent. The way she sneers at all her film braus, she must be having someone stacked up in London Town. We did catch a long conversation she was having on an overseas trunk call, in stylish, stilted...er, English. Of sorts.

Dharmendra loves Raakhee's food — and other things about her too. For instance, the fresh lily-white look she gets after she creams off her makeup, or the blushing glow she acquires when she came on sets wearing a red bridal joda, or the feel of her hand in his in a dark walk back to the lodgings at a hill-station location. Pity nothing juicier can come of this. It always happened when lots of people were around and Raakhee has too much of motherly regard for the boys on lonely location!

But Pramod Chakravarty has a soft glow when he is directing Hema Malini and from a too close distance. Unfortunately, Hema gets claustrophobia from too-close distance. She keeps egging back or sideways, the better to grasp the directional instructions, don't you agree?

“

**Rekha? She
didn't like
my meeting
Shatru. Anil?
You mean
there was
some gossip
about us?
Shatrughna?**

”

She says she's 17. Looks much much older; talks like she's 11. She's Yogeeta Bali — beautiful face, fantastic complexion, chubby figure. “I kept a fast for 50 days. I've lost 20 lbs!” she beamed.

Her mother came and cautioned me. “Chotti ladki hai. Don't write anything scandalous about her like other journalists do.” But Pinky, after playing the perfect host, agreed to answer any question frankly. In return, she extracted a promise from me to refrain from disclosing any of her secrets.

She got up (actually she did look young that morning with two pigtailed and a clean, bright face completely devoid of any make-up), and within minutes had transformed herself for the photographer, with her hair let down and her face made up, looking every inch like the mature woman we see on the screen.

Later, she sat down and gave me the “O.K., Shoot” signal. I fired four names at her and let her say anything she wanted about them.

Rekha — We're really good friends. We did have a tiff, but after Shatru and I fell out, Rekha and I have become pally once again. There's so much in common, we have the same interests. Our taste differs only when it comes to men! She's frank and less inhibited than

I. Our fight was because of Sinha. I went to meet him on the sets of ‘Raampur ka Lakshman’. She didn't like my meeting him and I didn't like her attitude. Now of course, we're thick friends. The trouble with Rekha is she tends to dominate over me — for example, if I want to see a particular movie she'll force me to see something else.

Anil Dhawan — Why Anil? You mean there was some gossip about us? It's absolutely false. I've worked quite often with him and it's real fun. You know I call him “Daddy” and he calls me “Beti”! Don't believe these rumours. There's only word I can use to describe him — he's Sweet! (Quite a sweet difference from Anil's uppity outburst: “What! You think men like me will have an affair with these film girls?” (when I referred to the Pinky-Anil rumours!))

Shatrughan Sinha — We first met in a producer's house. The next time he gave me a lift when my car failed to turn up. We slowly became very friendly. I liked him because of his ability to make me laugh. It was at Anil's party that I felt a surge of jealousy seep through me, because he paid more attention to Komal than to me.

Their reported romance reached my ears. Since that day, we are no longer the hot friends we used to be. When people gossiped or wrote about us, “mujhe acchi lagti thi”. In fact, I used to add “masala” to gossip columns by openly showing my admiration for him or talking non-stop about Sinha!

Kiran Kumar — We are great pals. In the initial stages when people wrote that I was going around with a tall, fair, handsome guy, readers didn't know who he was. Kiran's now becoming famous. So he's well-known and easily recognised. When there's something said about us, he gets angry. We once went to a local church to pray and someone spotted us. Kiran was hopping mad when he read it in print! I have a weakness for horror movies. Christopher Lee is my favourite actor. I see a lot of films with Kiran — never alone though, because my mother has drilled it into my head that a man will never respect a girl who goes out alone with him. With Sinha I don't remember going to any movies. (At this stage I refreshed her memory with the information Sinha had supplied me and pointed out that she'd seen “Summer of '42” and “Charlie” with him). You're right. But where do I know enough English to remember the titles? We didn't sit through the whole movie. (Sinha told me he'd ushered her out both times before the interval because she'd guffawed loudly — at the wrong places!) I don't think I even understood what I saw! (Now with someone as nice as Kiran



I openly showed my admiration for him

around, I guess that'll not be an insurmountable problem!)

I want to get married after two years. But Mumtaz recently advised me to refrain from such a wait because she says in this film world, two years keep getting extended till you suddenly realise you've missed the bus!

You want to know about my other co-stars? Navin Nischal. I don't like him. Just because he was in demand during our "Parwana" and "Ganga Tera Pani Amrit" days, he refused to act with me! I'm not working with him anymore. Vinod Khanna and others. I used to talk a lot and be very free with everyone on the sets. But now Vinny — that's Vinod Mehra — who's a very good friend of mine, and other well-wishers have asked me to be careful. So I'm just polite in the company of my other co-stars.

These days I'm careful with my shots. Just because I did that bathing scene in "Parde ke Peechey" by mistake — I was very young and didn't realise what I was doing — doesn't mean I should continue doing such scenes. If someone tries to persuade me to do any scene I don't like, I just call my mother. She knows how to handle such people. In the beginning if the director scolded me and forced me to give a crude shot, I'd simply burst into tears and then do what he wanted. Of course, rape scenes are still there. How I hate them!

I'm not fond of cooking. I'm not well-read. I was a very poor student in school. My rank in seventh standard was 48 out of 50 pupils! Then I quit studies. Only now when I meet educated people do I feel like keeping a private tutor to teach me at least English. I'm bored stiff if there's no shooting. So I adore going out on holidays. If I ever have a fight or argument with anyone I just go to the nearest graveyard all alone and sing film songs!

People generally call Pinky the dumb beauty. But when she's so open in her ignorance, without feigning intelligence and no trace of any shamming (unlike other dumb stars who either tend to be full of false pride or pretend to be smart), I can only point out her pure, unadulterated innocence, exhibited so well in her frank, free, kiddish prattle.

N. BHARATHI

BRIDGE by TERENCE REESE

THE Netherlands Bridge League holds a 'grandmasters' tournament' each year, sponsored by Martino Rosal. This was a fascinating hand because of the sway of emotions:

Dealer, West N-S vulnerable.

♠ A 4 3 2	♥ Q 10 9 8 5	♦ K J 8 7
♥ J 8 5 2	♠ Q 10 7 3	♥ —
♦ K 9 3	♣ 7 3 2	♦ Q 8 2
♣ 10 8	W E	♠ A K Q 9 5 4
	8	
	♠ —	
	♥ A K 9 8 4	
	♦ J 10 7 8 5 4	
	♣ J 8	

In the match shown on bridgerama the bidding went as follows:

SOUTH	WEST	NORTH	EAST
1♥	No	No	1♣
5♦	1♣	2♣	4♣
No	double	5♥	No
No	double	No	No

North's Two Clubs indicated heart support together with some defensive values.

West led the Ace of spades, not a good choice. It looked as though South had made a calamitous decision in bidding over Four Spades (though this doesn't go too badly).

After ruffing the spade South played a diamond to the Ace and led ♠ 9, which East covered. A diamond was ruffed, the 10 of spades was covered and ruffed, another diamond ruff stood up, and a club was discarded on the established Queen of spades. The position was now:

♠ 6	♥ Q 10	♦ —
♥ —	♠ —	♣ —
♣ 7 3 2	W E	♠ —
♠ J 8 5 2	S	♥ —
♦ —		♦ A K Q 9 5 4
♣ 10 8		
	♠ A K	
	♥ J 10 7	
	♣ J	

After long thought declarer played a club from the table. East played low, his only hope being that West would be able to win and play a trump. So the Jack of clubs won the trick and South won four more tricks by cross-ruffing. Most unexpectedly, he had made an overtrick!

LONDON STAMP auctions, which now have an annual turnover of several million pounds, began modestly just a century ago when 275 lots realised £253 at Sotheby's on 18 March 1872. The stamps belonged to an American dealer who bought-in many lots for which bids were not reaching his expectations.

One bidder, Judge F. A. Phitbrick, paid £4 for a Knoxville, Tennessee, stamp of 1861 which now appears to have been a bogus variety but a century of expansion in philately has made most of the other purchases seem unequivocal bargains.



The latest in the series showing views of Belgian towns, this 25-franc value features St Hubert, in the Ardennes.

AZED CROSSWORD

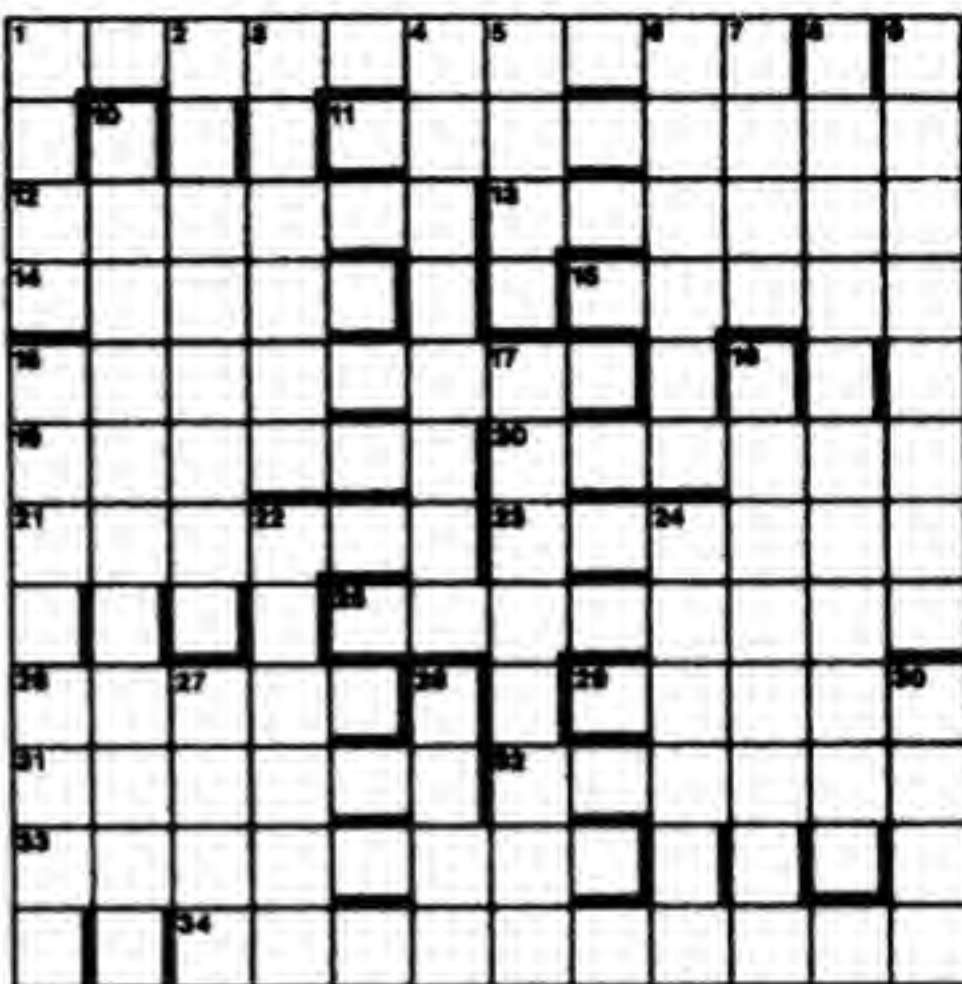
No. 3: PLAIN

ACROSS

- 1 To travel on the autobahn, a man needs a thing recording heating perhaps (10)
- 11 Second match is necessary if you want to predominate; tie's unsatisfactory (8)
- 12 Roamed around in protective covering (6)
- 13 A wee bowl and mug's preposterous for this drink (6)
- 14 Dregs, the ultimate in underworld scum (5)
- 15 Hidden injunction to periah? (5)
- 16 Knees are bending apart about 1¼ yds (8)
- 19 A second papist encyclical initially goes off with a bang (6)
- 20 A boar by the sound of it, useful in a yerpha (6)
- 21 Diana's wanton nymphs (6)
- 23 Gee-gee carrying the queen. They play the pipes (6)
- 25 Cook eats pâté all in one piece (8)
- 26 Oil suitable for Noah, ark-bound? (5)
- 29 Yellow goblin birds (5)
- 31 Following a poor shot, it wasn't worth much (6)
- 32 Country journalist in reverse of what concerns him (6)
- 33 It's very hard to tell untruths about having had children almost (8)
- 34 Vaguely err, i.e. consuming lotus distractedly become this? (10)

DOWN

- 1 Old soldiers in beavers, we hear (4)
- 2 Rainy day's unpleasant, tho' I'd somehow get outside (8)
- 3 Err wildly about lolly? He'll give you cover (6)
- 4 Double-ended points lacking point (8)
- 5 A booby's a stupid person with no head (4)
- 6 Pigs can be made to sing (6)
- 7 A bit off colour? Sound as a bell (4)
- 8 Stories about a marriageable young person go down well at these (11)
- 9 Reclaim, as before, about a bob; you've a right to be paid (8)
- 10 Dad's got radio-mast rigged close to the ear (11)
- 16 Chopin's Xmas show fairy flying up (8)
- 17 No Christians hate wrongly—it's about the acme of sin (8)
- 18 Unshaked (not unshaken): Macbeth, seeing it, wasn't (8)
- 22 Root-liquor for a sailor, the supreme glorification (6)
- 24 Liffey's waters do, and drunken Paddy sees O'Connell — (6)
- 27 Indian aloft in a tree (4)



AZED No. 2 Solution and notes

ACROSS

- 1, Anag. & lit.; 2, Eight-some, one over the eight; 15, 3 meanings; 24, Pro-of-s; 26, ff. (abbrev.)—made it; 28, golf.

DOWN

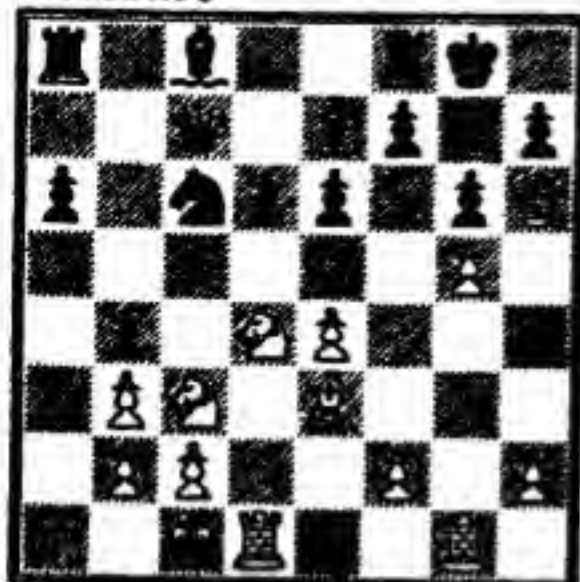
- 1, Soli (3); 2, U is in age s.; 5, Baroness Orczy; 6, Brand name of car; 8, Pad (see Suppl); 22, Pepys; 25, Ric(e) q.v.; 26, s.v. runner.

- 28 Cheese is short, short (4)
- 30 Some of the weapons needed in part of sword-fight (4)

CHESS

by HARRY GOLOBEK

Position No 3



White to play—how should the game go?

Continuation of Position No. 1
One of the most elegant positions I have given in these columns. It occurred in the game Panno-Balbochen, played in Argentina last year:—SR4; r4p kp; 2R6; 1r2b

3; p P6; P5P1; 1B2KP2; 8.
White won by 1. R-Kt8! R-Q4; 2. R-Q6! BxB; if 2... RxR; 3. BxB ch. R-B3; 4. R-Kt8.
3. R x R, B x P; 4. R-QR5, resigns.

'Bliss was it in that dawn to be alive'
It must have been marvellous to have been a young chess-player in the days when Alekhine first played his defence or when Grünfeld made his remarkable contribution to the theory of defences to the Queen's Pawn openings. Nowadays we are lucky if someone makes a timid inversion of moves in the Ruy Lopez.

However, in the following game played at Lublin 1971 both players seem to treat the Alekhine Defence with a freshness of approach almost as much as if the opening had only recently been invented.


White: Kirov. Black: Pytel.
Alekhine's Defence.

1. P-K4, Kt-KB3; 2. Kt-QB3, P-Q3; 3. P-Q4, P-KKt3; 4. B-K2, B-Kt2; 5. P-KR4, Kt-B3; 6. B-K3, P-K4; 7. P-Q5, Kt-Q6. Or he may play 7... Kt-K2; 8. P-R5, P x P; 9. B x P, P-B3; with even chances.
8. B x Kt, P x B; 9. Q x P, O-O; 10. Q-Q2, R-K1; 11. P-B3, P-B3; An innovation; theory recognises here either 11... P-B4 or 11... Kt-R4.

12. Q-O-O, P x P; 13. Kt x P, Kt x Kt; 14.

15. P-B3, B-K3; 16. Q-KKt5, B x P; 17. Q x Q, B x Q; 18. R x P, B-K4; 19. R-Q7, QR-Kt1; 20. K-B2, B-K3; 21. R-Q1, P-QK4; 22. Kt-R3, P-Kt5; 23. P-QB4. Black gains too much of an attack if the pawns are allowed to be exchanged.
23... KR-QB1; 24. K-Kt3, P-QR4; With the powerful threat of P-R5 ch.
25. R-R1, R-B4; 26. KR-Q1, P-R3; 27. P-Kt4, R(Kt1)-QB1; 28. P-B4, R x P; 29. B x R, B x B ch; 30. K-R4, B x KtP; 31. QR-Kt1, B-B6; 32. Kt-B2, R-R1. After 32... R-Kt1; White plays R(Kt1)-B1.
33. P-K5, B-K7; 34. R-Q6, B-B6; 35. P-R5, P-Kt4; 36. Kt-Q1, P x P; 37. Kt x B, P x Kt; 38. R-QB1, R-QB1; 39. P-K6, P x P; 40. R x KP, P-B7; 41. R x RP, B-Q6; 42. P-Kt5, R-Kt1; 43. R-Kt8 ch. Black has the better endgame after 43. K x P, R-Kt8; 44. R-Kt8 ch, K-B2; 45. R-B6 ch, K-K2; 46. R x QBP, B x R; 47. R x P, R-KKt8.
48... K-B2; 49. R-Q6. A serious error; best was 44. R-B6, R-KKt1; 45. P-Kt8 ch, K-Kt2 when the game should be drawn.
46... R-Kt8; 48. P-Kt6 ch, K-K2; 49. P-Kt7, R x R; 47. P-Kt8=Q, R-R8 ch; 48. K-Kt5, R-Kt8 ch; 49. K-R8, K x R; 50. Q-O6 ch, K-K4; 51. Q-K7 ch, K-Q6; 52. Q-Kt7 ch, K-Q6; 53. Q-Kt8 ch, K-K6; 54. Q-Kt1 ch, K-K5; 55. Q-Kt8 ch, K-B6; 56. Q-Q3 ch, K-K5; 57. Q-Kt8 ch. Or 57. Q-Q7 ch, K-K5; 58. Q-Q3 ch, P-B6; 59. Q-Q6 ch, K-Kt7; 60. Q-Kt8 ch, K-B6.
57... K-R5; 58. resigns. If 58... Q-B6





Facing page. Casually chic
in yellow printed silk pants
and a matching waist-length
top with billowy paisleyed
sleeves that gather at the
wrist.

(A swinging buy for Rs. 195)

Below: Royal colours — a
turquoise silk kaftan with
gold embroidery — at the
royal price of Rs. 550

Right: The feminine lines of
this colourful silk maxi
with its shoulder bows are
heightened by our model's
pendant for rows of bangles
(Price Rs. 195 sans bangles)



in our fashion.

"What is your philosophy of fashion?" we queried the husband and wife team who run the glittering world of Burlington's of Calcutta. It was 7:30 in the evening and although this normally bustling couple were showing signs of wear, they were in no hurry to close shop, with customers still trickling in. Everyone who came into the shop was a prospective buyer, after all — and we realized that a Burlington's buyee meant big business, as a 1100 rupee suit was ordered right before our unbelieving eyes. But our sat down to answer our query. It was disarmingly simple. "Our philosophy," if you can call it that, is to make what sells." "We generally test our way through trends to know what sells," added wife, Rama.

In fact, their glamorous display windows were ample testimony to the retailer's point: "To make the passer buy." But where other shop windows try to show their range of wear, Burlington's stress on one aspect — dramatizing a new colour. In fact, they almost believe in the retail philosophy of showing the most extreme styles in the display window so that the customer is stimulated to buy. They appear to believe in showing royal blue but selling navy. The royal blue titillates the customer's impulse, but once inside, she buys navy.

Burlington's believe that the clientele for daring clothes go in for sporty, casual, cheaper clothes. And hence their catering to the more sophisticated class in outlook that more people in Calcutta (behind times in fashion) accept. Their recent is on new fabrics and weaves and colours, which are worked on a year in advance of their being put out for public consumption.

Expensive? "You get a price for quality — the parity of the cut and the material, and of course our general expertise." A suit can be anywhere from Rs. 400 to Rs. 1500 — so can their embroidered and sequinned dresses. Trouser suits can cost Rs. 300 to Rs. 1000, although an evening gown may cost Rs. 1000.

REYES III/IV AXI

B



That dash of perfume is not enough to cover up the innate smells of the body which build up over a whole day. Here are a few clean hints on how not to be the woman with the B. O....

Just as mouth odour can take you un-awares, body odour can be equally, if not more, embarrassing, as one is not even aware half the time why people are moving "out of reach".

Fresh sweat is not smelly, but it gets stale very soon and the action of bacteria on it causes a foul smell. The answer to this, of course, is to make sure that one is as clean as possible at all times.

A BATH A DAY

For working women, it is a must to have a bath at least twice a day. If you have a water problem at home like most people do in Bombay, then you should at least have a thorough wash, taking special care to wash under the armpits and the vaginal area. Splash on cold water and rinse off soap thoroughly.

AND SMELLS AWAY

Use a few drops of sandalwood oil in your bath water. This will freshen you. Otherwise, settle for lavender water or *eau de cologne*. An effective odour killing agent is Dettol. Add two or three drops to the final rinse in your bath water.

TRADITIONAL CLEANSERS

Use a *haldi*, *besan* and milk paste to remove dirt from your body. If you don't like the smell, use soap on top of it. Shikakai is also a good cleanser of dirt, although many people do not use it for the body. A soap containing hexachlorophene will kill odour-causing bacteria, but because of the controversy regarding this germicidal, a soap containing *Neem* would do. Actually, any soap is good enough, provided it is used till it lathers well, then washed off with

plenty of water. Towel yourself briskly after your bath.

BODY HAIR

Remember, hair in the vaginal area, under the armpits and on the legs and hands can allow for bacteria to hide and multiply. Whether you wear mini-shirts and sleeveless *Cholis* or not, you *must* keep these areas free of hair, by either shaving, using a depilatory cream or waxing.

POWDERS, DEODORANTS—AND FRESH AIR

Powder underarms and other areas where there are folds of skin, with a pleasant smelling talc, or, if your skin is dry, use a soothing hand and body lotion, which is greaseless. But this is pretty expensive for a daily routine. Don't forget to wipe the area dry between the toes and powder.

If you still tend to sweat, use a deodorant. A deodorant kills the foul smell in the sweat. But if you are a heavy sweater, use an anti-perspirant. This forms a coating of film over the skin and prevents the sweat from escaping. This is necessary, otherwise clothes will get stained.

Finally, *never* wear clothes that are not freshly washed. This is specially true of underwear and bras. If you want to wear the same top or pants twice, hang it on a coat hanger and air it for the night before putting it in the cupboard. If the material is hardy, you could just wash the under-sleeves.

Cleanliness is next to godliness. This is the secret of beauty too. Hair that is freshly shampooed can never make a person cringe when he comes near you, and a bathed and scented body, with offending hair removed, can keep you fresh for hours.

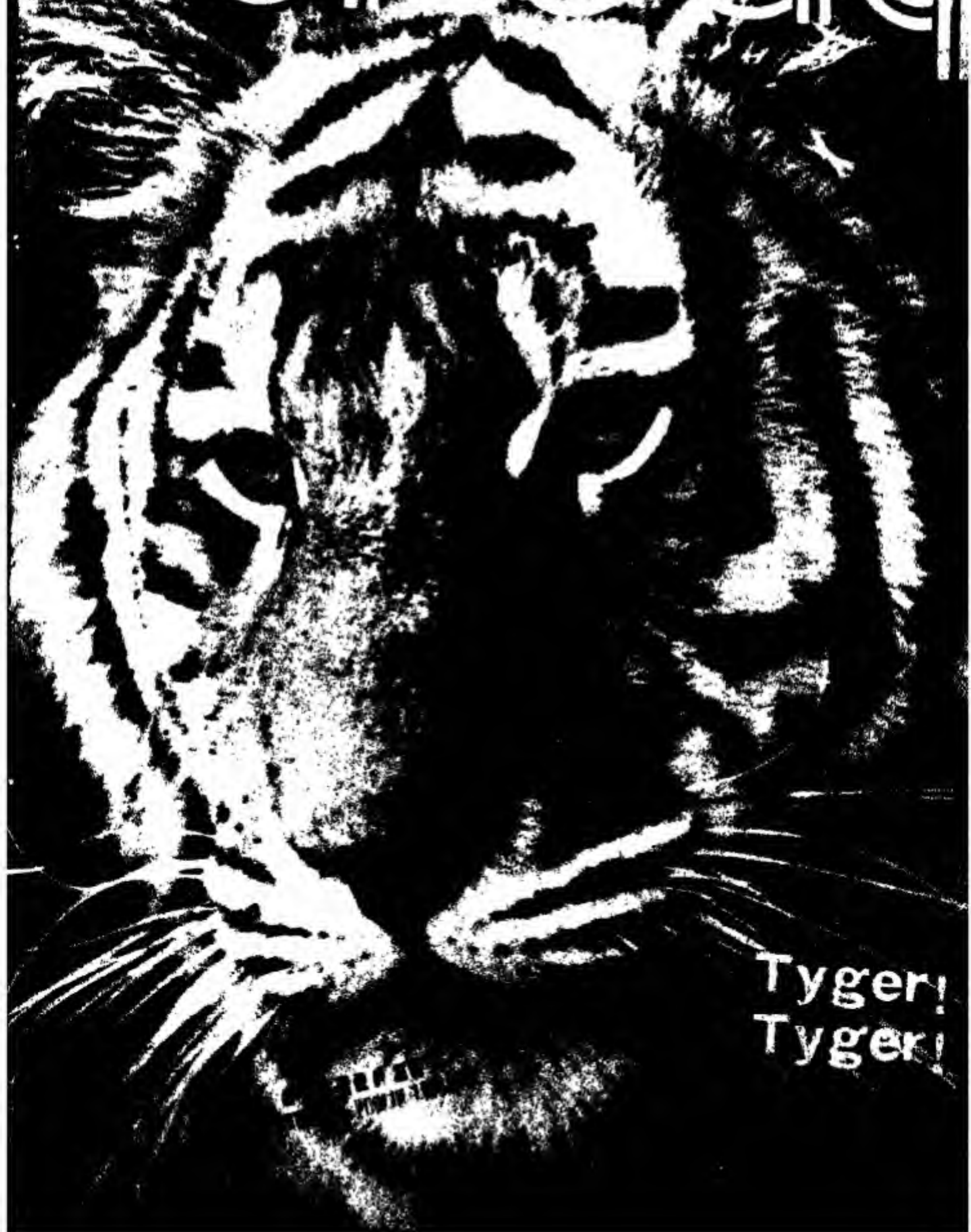
RUKSANA LAL



Ananda
offset,

ANANDA OFFSET P 248 C. I. T. ROAD, CALCUTTA-54

SUNDAY



Tyger!
Tyger!

THE
TIGER

sundayweek

For week beginning April 8, 1973



ARIES — An exciting and fascinating week for you! But curb your impatience! Something which occurred last week will sway your judgment and it may be hard for you to summon up the courage to settle a personal problem. Money on the 14th. Businessmen and professionals! Avoid involvement in plans for future.



TAURUS — You will be preoccupied with important changes in your domestic life. Relatives will be in a demanding mood; there seems to be a great deal of confusion around you. But things will clear up in the second half of the week which in fact may prove to be a remarkably fortunate time. Business matters should be handled with tact. You may expect an encouraging offer on the 12th.



GEMINI — This is the time for preparation rather than execution. It will be wise to experiment and explore before you get deeply involved in new projects. There are certain intricate official problems for you to resolve until the 14th. Try to solve the problems calmly. Business deals will bring the usual gains.



CANCER — You are about to enjoy a period of enormous personal success. Desired developments in your emotional life will put a song in your heart. Your work, routine or creative, will be appreciated. Business will flourish. Names on Tuesday will make you realise that life is worthwhile.



LEO — Control your temptation to behave irrationally. Spectacular developments at work should enable you to solve your financial problems. Restrictions and limitations at home will be over. Businessmen may expect wholehearted assistance from friends and associates. But not those in the professions; all that they are likely to get from their associates is criticism.



VIRGO — Quite a good week for personal matters. You will be inclined to stick to routine affairs. There is no need for despondency in business, in fact, around the 14th, you will be so self-confident that you will be quite able to resolve your financial problems. Saturday is good for socializing.



LIBRA — Do not be so temperamental as to remove the names of old friends from your address book. Both people and events from the past will add spice to your life. Financial position will improve if you are not married, a new romance is on the horizon. Your concern for your dear ones will be rewarded. Avoid speculative deals.



SCORPIO — This is a great week for a man of ambition like you. Many opportunities to enhance your prestige in your business circle or your professional position, will come your way. A superb new cycle in your financial affairs is indicated. With new developments, you may find it difficult to concentrate on your career.



SAGITTARIUS — Learn to settle for the middle way; you can then remove a great deal of the drama from your personal and emotional life and make life a banquet for you. At the weekend, be prepared for delays in travel arrangements. Businessmen will make brisk business in speculative deals. Professionals may not be able to keep their commitments.



CAPRICORN — Your office will demand much of your energy. Health shadows forecast. Life is not totally straight forward for you and this is a time for analysing your emotions. Businessmen should be extra-cautious in financial investments. Do not sign agreements or contracts before the 13th.



AQUARIUS — You will see the dawn of a new episode in marriage or in business partnership. Good planetary aspects should mark a turning point for you. Important favourable changes may be expected by the 11th. Do not go on a drinking spree; keep fit. Businessmen dealing in metals may expect good turnover. Professionals will make the best of every opportunity.



PISCES — This is the right time to switch jobs or to look for a new field for your abilities. The whole pattern of your working life may change radically. Your professional prestige and position will go up. If married, expect an addition to the family.

This magazine is distributed
FREE with sunday's
Hindusthan Standard



THE MIND OF A YOUNG NATION

THE MIND OF A YOUNG NATION is a travel tale with a difference. Sight - seeing comes in but as a backdrop to an exploration of the mind of Bangladesh. It will be more precise to say minds for within fourteen months of liberation, the common cause to which all mental efforts had been directed for years, the blooming of many flowers has begun. In which direction? Syamalendu Bannerjee takes a look at the University, literature, films, TV and the Press in Dacca. Time: the last week of February and a couple of days in March. Next Sunday.

sunday

HINDUSTHAN STANDARD
COLOUR MAGAZINE
8 APRIL 1973

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PROFILE
Shatrughan Sinha

CROSSWORD CHESS
BRIDGE ASTROLOGY

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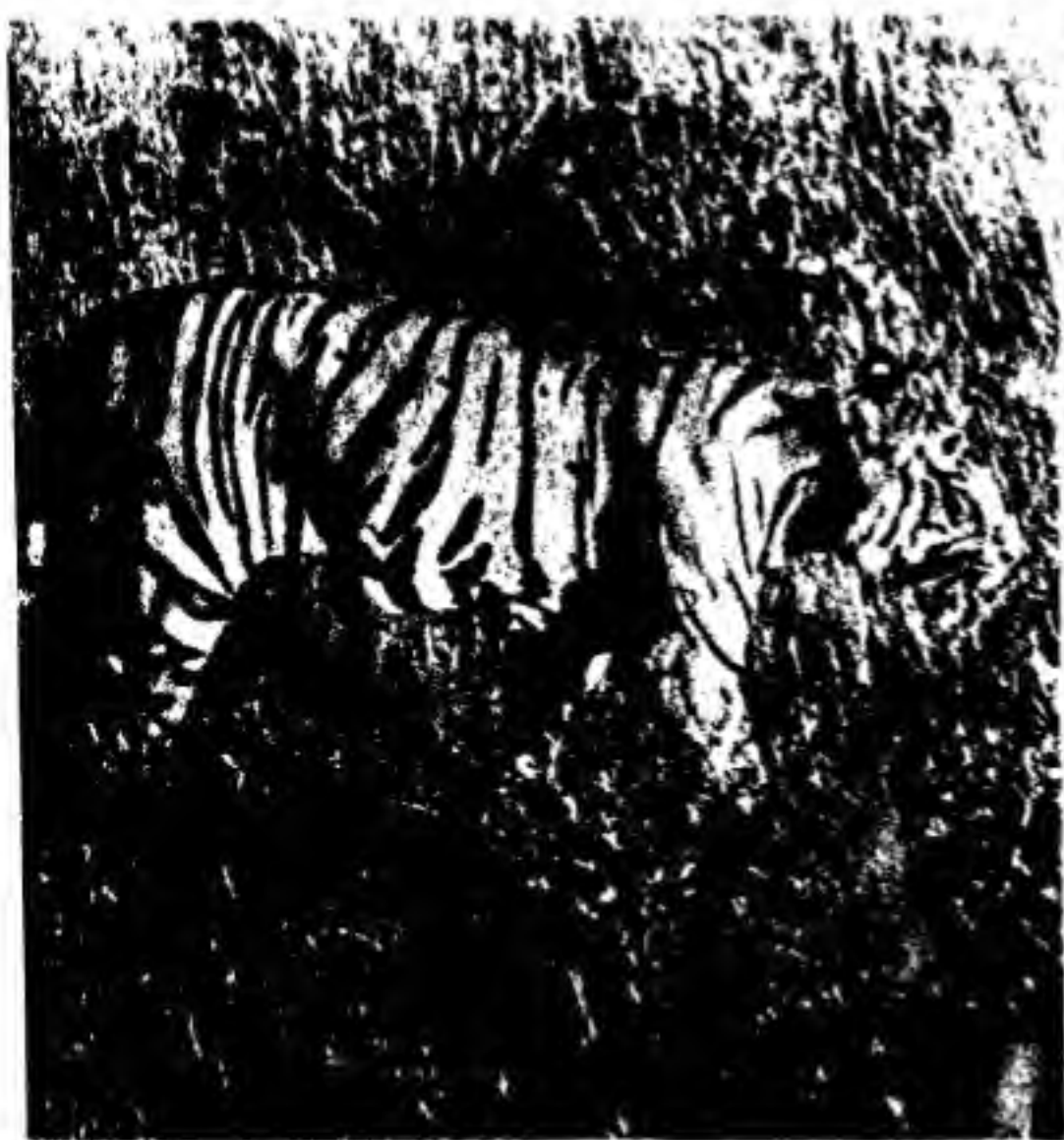


At the last meeting of the Indian Board for Wild Life, in November 1972, the tiger was elected India's new National Animal, deposing the lion which had held that honour so long. Some did not welcome the change, and argued that the lion should have retained its emblematic status, not stopping to think of the impelling motive for the change in their allegiance to the established past.

These arguments were mainly based on comparatively recent history, on the fact that the Asiatic lion (*Panthera leo persica*, the lion of the bible and of *Omar Khayyam*) had become extinct all over its wide range in and around Persia, and had been saved only in the Gir Forest of Gujarat, and that having been chosen the National Animal, it should not have been deposed. Some also alluded to its noble bearing and looks: it is true that the appearance of the adult maned lion has long appealed to the human imagination, as is shown by the anthropomorphic story of Androcles, and the appellation 'the King of Beasts'; it is also true that the lion has been the symbol of royalty from the time of Ashoka, as is also shown by the word 'simhasana'.

However, the lion never had an all-India distribution, being confined to the more open forests of northern and north-western India. It was unknown as a native animal in the peninsula and in the north-east. It has nothing beyond a purely legendary status in the literature of Tamil and other southern languages, whereas the tiger has been celebrated in that literature for two thousand years. Even in the north, centuries before the Hellenic lions of the Ashokan capital were carved, the tiger has figured as a royal emblem in seals. Moreover, unlike the lion the tiger exhibits no overwhelming sexual dimorphism: the lioness has never been chosen as the symbol of might, whereas the tigress is as impressive as her mate in beauty and power. But these are anthropomorphic and historic arguments. There are more compelling reasons for the tiger's elevation to the status of the National Animal.

Even today, when its numbers have been greatly depleted and its survival is problematical, the tiger has an authentic all-India distribution. There are only some 150 lions in Gir, but their future is assured and they are in no danger of extinction. We have probably under 2,000 tigers now left in India (according to the latest census), but their position is precarious. Unlike lions, they do not live in gregarious associations in open jungles; they live by themselves and not in concentrations, and need cover; furthermore, they are not tolerant of human proximity, as lions strangely are. They are scattered all over the country, and nowhere are they to be found in large numbers. Unless strictly protected, there is a very real danger of



their dying out in India, in the near future. Although tigers have a wide distribution in S. E. Asia outside our country, experts are agreed that it is only in India that they stand the best chances of survival. With this year, an all-out attempt will be made to save the tiger in India by according total environmental protection to it in areas selected in 8 States, as envisaged in Project Tiger. And to the extent that looks and prowess are relevant to the choice of an emblem, most people will agree with Blake that the tiger's "fearful symmetry" is unmatched. Moreover, other countries already have the lion as their national symbol, and the tiger is fully representative of India, the country in which it has been so long celebrated and with whose culture it has such ancient associations. The choice of the tiger as our National Animal in these circumstances is not merely just: it is also necessary. The rest of this note will be devoted to the natural history of the tiger in India.

There have been various estimates, at various times in the past, of the total numbers of tigers in India. These estimates have not been supported by any reliable statistics, and are educated guesses at best, but without going further into the question it may be said that from the remotest times till about 50 years ago tigers were by no means uncommon in our forests, and that there might well have been 20 or even 30 thousand tigers in the country till 1900. What has caused their decline, and why has this decline been so rapid in the near past?

According to the plan-report of Project Tiger the main causes have been "shrinkage of tiger-land, excessive disturbance in its habitat, destruction of its prey animals, poaching for skins, poisoning for protection of cattle and to some extent over-hunting." It is only fair to add that earlier in the report it is said that the tiger has been the centre of attraction to big-game hunters in India for over two centuries, and that some of them have slaughtered several hundreds in the course of their hunting careers. Further, I fully agree that the heavy deprivation of territory that all forest living animals have suffered in the near past, owing to the frightening increase in human populations in India, and disturbance by men in its habitat have certainly been among the most consequential factors leading to the tiger's decline. However, I do not think that hunting can be relegated to a place of secondary importance.

From time immemorial man has pitted his courage and brain against the most formidable wild animals, centuries before the first crude muzzleloaders and later the high-velocity rifle established his

supremacy as a destroyer of the rest of creation. There are hero-stones 9 and 10 centuries old, commemorating the slaying of a tiger by a man armed with a spear or a bow and arrow: in such hero-stones the man is invariably shown much larger than the tiger, for he is the victor, the hero. Much earlier, in the earliest extant Tamil poetry (18 or 19 centuries old) there are verses commemorating the killing of tigers by valiant chieftains, such as Val-vil Ori (Ori of the Mighty Bow). Men still kill tigers with spears and arrows, as in Nagaland, and also with nets and cordons to encompass them and render them accessible to the hunter. It is only comparatively recently that the owners of cattle have been successful in killing cattle-lifters by employing pesticides, and till recent times the slaying of wild animals has been thought of as something manly and distinguished, the hall-mark of the pukka-saheb and the nobleman. Even today poachers of every class, from the aboriginal tribal to the high-placed District Officer, find a deep delight in shooting or otherwise killing animals, especially animals whose hunting is prohibited. "Stolen waters are sweet, and bread eaten in secret is pleasant!"

The recent banning of the export of the skins of the greater cats, and the prohibition of tiger slaying all over India, are bound to have a reviving effect on the precarious populations of tigers scattered all over India. Naturally, the protection accorded has to be efficiently implemented.

In the context of the tiger's sudden





and swift decline, two other causes, little appreciated even by some conservationists, may be mentioned. First, as a rule predators die out well in advance of the prey species. The hunting of deer, pig and the other animals that tigers prey upon, by men for sport or profit, has had a most deleterious effect on this most magnificent of the greater cats. Second, when, for any reason, the local population of any species falls below the minimum needed to ensure its survival against natural hazards, the tempo of decline gets tremendously accelerated, and the death by some unnatural cause (such as shooting) of even an individual has a far greater extinctive potential than when there is an adequate local population. This is why local extinction precedes general extinction, and why the tempo of decline gets suddenly accelerated.

Now for the tiger itself. The first thing to know about it is that there is no such animal as the Royal Bengal Tiger, a race of specially imposing and terrifyingly fierce tiger. As a rule adult tigers are considerably heavier-built than tigresses, but there is much individual variation in size, even in the same region. Shikar records show that as big tigers have been "bagged" in the South as in the North, though it is generally true that adult male tigers from the sub-Himalayan tract have the finest ruffs and winter-pelage. The tiger is specifically the same animal all over India, and except for the white tiger, there are no distinct races. The white tiger is not really white but off-white, with the stripes not black but a pale warm colour, and does not have the pink eyes of the typical albino but bluish eyes; it is best described as an albinotic variation of the

typical Indian tiger, and was originally noticed wild in Rewa (M.P.) but has now been bred in zoos. All the white tigers I have seen have seemed specially large, but that is only to be expected of a pale-coloured race of a normally darker animal, particularly when the ground colour is double-toned (tawny and white) in the normal specimen and conspicuously striped with black, and is uniformly white with the stripes much paler in the albinotic variety. Visual assessments of size are apt to be most misleading in such circumstances, and only actual measurements and weighments can tell whether or not white tigers are exceptionally big-built. No proven record exists of a melanistic specimen, that is, of a black tiger similar to a black leopard, with the ground colour very dark and no white on its undersides.

Although all Indian tigers belong to the same species (*Panthera tigris*, the type-specimen of the genus), the animal has a wide distribution outside India, from Siberia down to the other countries of S. E. Asia, excluding Ceylon, and some 6 different kinds of tigers are recognized in this range. The Siberian tiger is larger, longer and fuller in pelage than the Indian, but the tigers of other Asiatic countries are smaller.

People have tried to compare the Indian tiger to the lion and to say which was the mightier: such a comparison is an idle speculation, since both animals are of much the same size and weight, and since size and weight are not the only things that count in a combat (consider the fact that the greater cats often kill prey much larger than themselves). There is no record of a fight between a lion and a tiger in nature — the two

do not occupy the same habitat: in a staged fight, much will depend not only on the individuals and their condition, but also on the circumstances in which the fight is staged. However, it may be said that the tiger is certainly not inferior to the lion in strength and lethal competence, and is probably the more formidable animal.

Along with the tropical American jaguar (which is also called the tiger or tigre in its home) the tiger is exceptional among the great cats for its love of water. It is a strong swimmer and takes readily to water, and often keeps cool immersed to the head in some forest pool or stream when it is hot. Formerly, it used to be said that the tiger's intolerance of the sun, and the fact that while it occurred all over India, right up to the southern tip of the country, it was absent from Ceylon, showed that it was a comparatively recent immigrant to India from the cold North, which came in after the land-link between India and Ceylon had been drowned by the sea. There seems to be no validity in this view. A number of other Indian animals also do not occur in Ceylon, or for that matter anywhere in India excepting certain regions—for example, most of our monkeys, and the exclusively Indian blackbuck, so anciently associated with our country and occurring all over it. Moreover, tigers are certainly still to be found, and were formerly much commoner, in some of the warmest regions of India, such as parts of Andhra Pradesh and Rajasthan.

Tigers seem to depend little, or not at all, on smell in locating their prey. They are short-scented, and smell perception is used mainly in intraspecific communications, when a tiger want to advertise its

presence in an area to other tigers by spraying its scent on to a bush or tree. Vision is keen, and tigers have the cat habit of moving their heads the better to focus on the object they are watching. Night vision is excellent, especially in its ability to spot the slightest movement, as is only to be expected of a predator which does much of its hunting by night, or by low light levels. Few animals have an equally exquisite ear, and tigers can unerringly locate other animals entirely by sound—even sounds so soft as to be hardly audible to human ears are heard and located.

In areas where they are little disturbed (there are few such areas in India today) tigers are abroad by day, particularly if the sun is not too hot, but as a rule they lie up in cover, or in a cave, by day and emerge to hunt in the evening, but of course no hard and fast rules can be laid down—all predators hunt when they are hungry.

After killing, it gorges itself, after which the remains are usually covered up with debris and dead leaves from the ground around; it then retires to some cover, not too far away, returning to the kill periodically to feed, till only the bones are left. Since freedom from disturbance and a secluded spot are needed for such feeding, the kill is usually carried to some suitable spot, and it is in its ability to carry and drag large prey, such as a bullock or a sambar stag, that the great, co-ordinated muscular power of the tiger is most evident. After gorging itself on meat, the tiger drinks, and then retires for a spell of sleep—the compulsive somnolence that afflicts many people after a heavy meal is by no means peculiar to humanity!





A tiger can kill an adult gaur cow or a big bullock, larger and heavier than itself, singlehanded. It is a most efficient and highly-skilled killer, and varies its mode of attack to suit circumstances. The quarry is stalked and then rushed from close quarters, and usually killed with a deep bite on the nape or throat; the prey is generally thrown away from the tiger so that in its death throes it can cause no damage to the killer, and frequently the cervical vertebrae of the victim gets dislocated in this manoeuvre, resulting in instant death. When large prey cannot be had, smaller animals are hunted, and driven to it a tiger will eat even frogs. Knowledgeable observers agree that the tiger dearly loves pork, and is less inclined to abandon its kill when disturbed when it is a pig: it is also very fond of porcupine meat.

A kill is eaten efficiently to the last, unless the tiger is disturbed or unless, in its absence, jackals, hyenas or vultures get at the kill. The tiger will certainly eat putrid meat and is not averse to feeding on the kills of other animals, including other tigers, if it can. The range of the animals it preys on is vast, from frogs to baby elephants. It is seldom that tigers attack adult elephants, and usually prefer discretion to valour in chance encounters with elephants.

It would be uninformed and anthropomorphic to conclude from the tiger's normal reluctance to engage in heroic combats that it is cowardly. All predators have a strong instinctive urge to avoid injury to themselves, for an injured killer loses its efficiency in securing prey. A peregrine that will kill a heron or even larger birds will not stoop at a close-flying kit of tumbler pigeons, because instinctively it is inhibited from plunging headlong with terrific momentum into massed prey, when it may get seriously hurt in an accidental collision: a mighty tiger will ease itself down from a three-foot high rock in one fluid movement, avoiding jarring its feet, where a man would normally just jump down. Roused by adequate provocation, or when some other powerful urge (such as the maternal protective instinct) impels it, a tiger will face odds and fight terrifyingly.

The cubs stay with their mother till almost full-grown, and are taught the skills of stalking, rushing and killing the prey by their mother. No doubt a motherless tiger cub will, aided by its instincts, gradually learn the art, but that will take time and involve many clumsy novice attempts before the skill is mastered. A tigress is fierce and devoted in the defence of her cubs, and aids them in securing prey even when they are a year old: but later, when

they are about 16 to 18 months old, they are driven away, or go away, to fend for themselves. However, I believe that a tigress can recognize her cubs even when they are full-grown, and there is reason to believe that a certain friendliness, to use a vague and indefinite term, prevails between them even after the cubs are fully adult.

How long do tigers live? It is not easy to answer this question from zoo records, for in the wild conditions are quite different. However, it seems probable that wild tigers may live till they are about twenty years old. They are capable of breeding even earlier, but are full-grown only when about five years old, and may continue to "furnish" for some years afterwards. They range far in quest of food, and as a rule are not given to fixed residence in a locality, though a tigress burdened with the task of finding prey for her cubs may stay in a favourable locality for a year or so. However, they are not migratory, in any sense of the term.

Two aspects of tigerine life in India have long concerned men living in remote, jungleside settlements. Where many cattle were kept and grazed in the forest in such settlements, some tigers became addicted to preying on the easier and more accessible cattle, and naturally the loss of their most valued domestic stock was a matter of deep concern to the men. However, in the past there have been many instances of an armed neutrality prevailing for years between the predators and the owners of the prey. One might presume, logically, that this vexing problem has become acute only in recent times, with the great increase in our human populations and the consequent invasion of almost all forests in the country by humanity. That is not so. The problem has been there for centuries, and irrespective of the recent invasions of our forests for industrial purpose, tribals and aborigines long settled in the remote jungles have shifted out to urban areas, or to suburban tracts. The problem continues, but with a new twist that is most lethal to tigers. Formerly, cattle owners in jungleside settlements were not able to kill off the tigers *en masse* with the somewhat primitive weapons at their disposal, and were content to some extent to accept their losses as occupational risks, in the most literal sense of the term. But with the introduction of modern pesticides and their easy availability to anyone cultivating a small piece of land, they have taken to poisoning the carcasses of kills with the pesticide, often disposing of a whole family of tigers (a tigress and her cubs) at one stroke, by this simple means. The poisoning of car-



casses to encompass the death of tigers and leopards has long been practised, but without much success: somehow the predators either sensed the poisoned meat and rejected it, or else vomited it out after ingesting it, when classical poisons were used. They do not seem to be able either to detect or to vomit out meat poisoned with pesticides. The solution to the problem, obviously, is to shift agriculture and human settlements sufficiently far from tiger preserves, and to regulate the ownership and grazing of cattle within the forests otherwise. Time will be needed to effect this efficiently and equitably, but times have changed and surely there is less justification for remote human settlements where the owning of large numbers of cattle is a feature, today than in the past.

The other thing that has long concerned jungleside humanity in our country is man-eating, by no means confined to tigers (leopards, hyenas and even wolves have taken to preying on humanity in such areas, from time to time) and of far greater consequence in the past than today. From the records of early Indian shikar, from the books of men like Rice, Shakespeare, Forsyth, Inglis and Sanderson, it is provably clear that man-eating tigers, though never common, were less rare in the past than now: these records also show that tribals living deep inside the forests, like Kurubas and Sholagas, were much more afraid of wild elephants than of a man-

eater known to visit their neighbourhood. Actually, except in the Sunderbans (where, for some reason not yet fully established, there are a few man-eating tigers) tigers given to preying on men are completely rare in present-day India.

We need not go into the question of what makes a tiger lose its innate fear of men and take to preying on them, or into the associated question of the extent to which cubs reared by a tigress given to man-eating acquire the tendency. The problem is not now acute in our country, and certainly is not in the way of our saving the grandest of the greater cats in India; the few man-eating tigers still left can be easily located and eliminated. As one who has personal knowledge of what he is writing about, I may assure readers that in 99% of our forests there are no man-eating tigers, and that to a man traversing them on foot the risk from tigers is far less than that from lightning—actually, such risk as there is from wild animals in our forests are from wild elephants and bears suddenly come upon, almost barged into, a risk that can be avoided with ordinary care. The tiger is even shyer of men than men are of it, and being endowed with far superior perceptions, gets out of their way long before they can see it, or else gives adequate warning from a sufficient distance to enable men to retreat in safety.

THE B.B. KISS



It's not enough to mouthwash bad breath away, says Ruksana Lal. The cures lie deeper....

How often have we seen films where the person moves away from his companion because of bad breath? The latter goes in, rinses her mouth with mouth wash, and comes back all smiles and odourless! If only things were that simple. Although using a mouth wash will give a fresh tingly feeling, it is temporary. The causes for bad breath are far more serious.

Causes and cures

Mouth odour is very often caused by a bad digestive system or cavities in the teeth. A visit to the dentist once in six months is essential. He will fill in the cavities, if any, clean the teeth of tartar and check if your gums are bleeding.

Are you constipated? That could be the reason for bad breath. A sluggish liver could be another cause. Instead of using a strong laxative, buy a 10-tablet strip of milk of magnesia and take two every night for five days with a glass of water. Do this once in two or three months. This can also help in giving you a clear complexion.

Cleaning your mouth....

The wrong diet is another culprit. After a greasy, spicy meal, food particles are bound to get lodged in the crevices of the teeth, decompose, and give a foul smell. Although it is difficult to brush one's teeth in school, college or in the office, surely it doesn't take long to rinse one's mouth after *every* meal. Never get into the habit of using toothpicks after a meal.

And your insides

To avoid constipation, include plenty of roughage in your meal at night - stewed figs or prunes, wedges of boiled cabbages, salad, bran, chappatis made of unsieved atta - to clear your system in the morning. Avoid eating bread as it tends to worsen a system prone to constipation.

End each meal with an apple, a banana, an orange or a thick slice of papaya. This will clean your teeth and your system. One way to flush your system of impurities is to drink at least six glasses of water every day. Avoid eating onions, garlic or any strongly pungent food for some time. One effective way, incidentally, to remove the smell of onions from your mouth is to brush your teeth with salt and lime juice, although this remedy is temporary.

Now for the brushing. Use a soft tooth brush so that it does not harm your enamel. Brush from the gums downwards to the edge of your teeth and don't forget the corners of your mouth. The brand of the toothpaste is hardly of importance, but one that contains neem or fluoride is good. Brush so that there is plenty of lather in your mouth. Rinse several times with water. Brush your teeth twice a week with salt or black tooth powder. Never forget to brush your teeth before going to sleep at night. Use a tongue cleaner if your tongue feels waxy or looks white. A cold or phlegm in your chest also causes bad breath, so get it treated immediately.

A body system that is functioning smoothly, teeth that are clean and have no place for germs to hide, regular habits and a balanced diet - and you won't have to resort to gargling with a mouth wash to keep your companion from running away from you!



in our fashion

But she herself, an undiscovered "fashion" sensation, Hirama Chatterjee has all the earmarks of a model, but has never modeled in her life. The reasons are somewhat in order. As a collegiate, Hirama Favore was too fat to even dream about it. As Mrs. Jayanta Chatterjee, wife of a chartered accountant in Calcutta, she was too busy cooking, rearing a child and alternating six months of hard work in Australia and another half-year of homescare from parents in India to bother about such diversions.

She does bother about keeping up with the latest trends in clothes, though. At first glance they don't appear trendy enough. Until she explains that flares are out, and straight pants the accepted line. Her saris are clinging chiffons and old lace. And make-up traditional Indian using imported goodies.

"How did you manage to slim?"

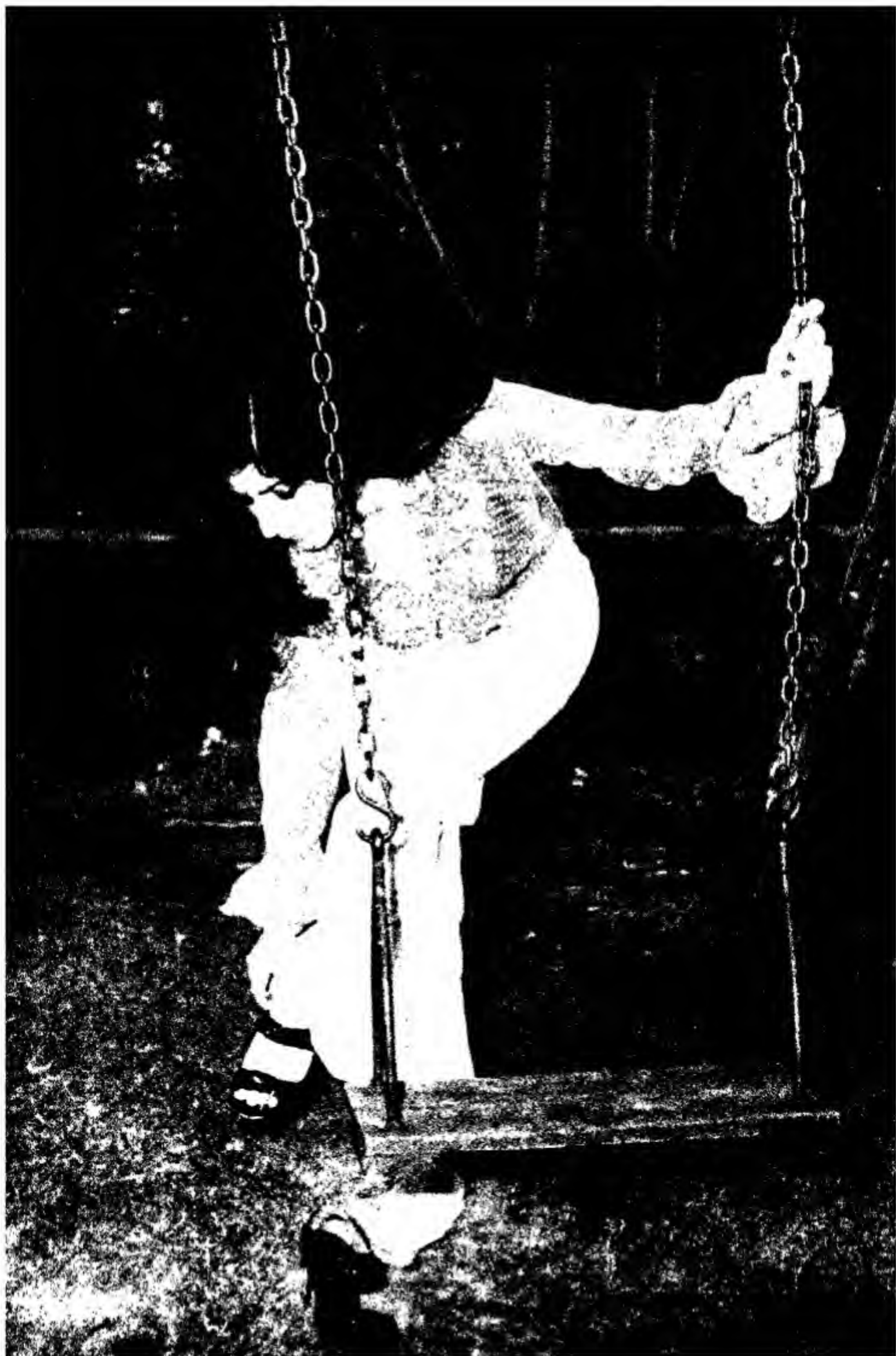
"I didn't try at all. It just happened. It was all puppy fat, anyway, and probably the hard work in Australia took it all off."

Photographed on this page is Hirama in white polyester slightly flared pants with see-through lace work on the sized. The top is red nylon crepe with lots of frills around the neck and wrists. Hirama prefers such outfits for beer parties, and reserves her clinging sweater tops possible with the same pants for evening wear. Yards of gold chain act as accessory. Where are the cork platforms? She detests them, and has copiously shopped around and hit upon a black strapped up pair with modest heels.

"What do you wear to shop in Calcutta?"

"Never pants. A sari draws so much more attention."

It's back to pantsuits for a cocktail, and our photograph shows her perched on a barstool at the house of a young couple whom she spends long hours with. She's sparkling company, they say. The outfit is a cream silk pair of "light" trousers with a matching bolero-neck top and metal decorative buttons down the front.





A flimsy nylon lounging dress is a boudoir favourite, but Hrilinea modelled it with pants. It's slit up to the waist at both sides, and only in the privacy of her bedroom will she wear it without the pants and with only brief panties.

Effervescent Hrilinea loves her home-town, Calcutta which offers her a more exciting life than the drab social life in Canberra where parties are almost "unheard of" among the "basically home loving people" whose "women stick together and do not have much conversation to offer beyond their household chit-chat. They are hard, practical and not particularly interested in listening to your problems.... afternoons feel like death city.... and TV becomes another person in the house." Husband, Jayanta, helps in the housework. Cooking is mostly routine, but "can be a giggle when new and exotic dishes are being tried out."

Six months later, the homing pigeon is back...
RITA BHIMANI.



The reporter
is ingenious.
It gives me
some regret
to order
his death.

PETER MILLER, a reporter from Hamburg who has set out to track down a former SS captain, Eduard Roschmann, known as the Butcher of Riga, has been taken to the hideout of a Jewish group intent on revenge. He wants to infiltrate the secret ex-SS network known as the Odessa.



Frederick Forsyth

THE ODESSA FILE

PART III

LEON, the leader of the Jewish revenge group, interrogated Miller for four hours before he was satisfied of the reporter's genuineness.

"Are you aware how risky it is to try and penetrate the Odessa, Herr Miller?"

"I can guess," said Miller. "Have you ever tried to get your own men inside the Odessa?"

Leon nodded. "Twice," he said.

"What happened?"

"The first was found floating in a canal without his finger-nails. The second disappeared without trace."

"If your methods are so efficient, why were they caught?"

"They were both Jewish," said Leon shortly. "We tried to get the tattoos from the concentration camps off their arms, but they left scars. Besides, they were both circumcised."

"Before the Odessa accept a man at all, they check him out. You have to pass all the tests. There's no question of your trying to persuade former SS men you are one of them under your own name. For one thing they have lists of former SS men, and Peter Miller is not on that list. For another you have to age 10 years at least."

"It can be done, but involves a complete new identity a real identity, the identity of a man who really was in the SS. That alone means a lot of research by us, and the expenditure of a lot of time and trouble. That also means you will have to live for five or six weeks with a genuine former SS man who can teach you the folklore, the technical terms, the phraseology, the behaviour patterns. Fortunately we know such a man."

"Once you are in, there will be no pulling back."

"What's in it for you?" asked Miller suspiciously.

"Revenge," Leon said simply. "Like you, we want Roschmann. But we want more. The worst of the SS killers are living under false names. We want those names. There's one other thing. We need to know who is the new recruiting officer for the Odessa for German scientists now being sent to Egypt to develop their rockets."

"That sounds more like information of use to Israeli intelligence," said Miller.

"It is," said Leon. "We co-operate with them, though they do not own us."

FAR AWAY to the north, in the General Hospital of Bremen, a war orderly peered round a tall screen at the man in the bed. He checked the patient's pulse. There was none.

The orderly, a middle-aged man called Hartstein, looked down at the ravaged face of the cancer victim. Something the man had said in delirium three days earlier caused the orderly to lift the dead man's left arm. Inside the armpit was tattooed the dead man's blood group, a sure sign that he had once been in the SS. Orderly Hartstein covered the dead man's face and opened the drawer of the bedside table. He drew out the driving licence that had been placed there along with other personal possessions when the man had been brought in after collapsing in the street. It showed the name of Rolf Gunther Kolb.

The orderly slipped the driving licence into the pocket of his white coat.

HAZARDOUS EFFORT

MACKENSEN reported to the Werwolf on the dot of ten.

"There is a certain person, a newspaper reporter," the Werwolf began, "inquiring about the whereabouts and the new identity of one of our comrades. In the normal course of events we would be prepared to let the matter rest, convinced either that the reporter would eventually give up for lack of progress or because the man being sought was not worth our while making an expensive and hazardous effort to save."

"But this time it's different?" asked Mackensen softly.

The Werwolf nodded. "Yes. The reporter has unwittingly touched a nerve. The man he is seeking is of vital, absolutely vital, importance to us and to our long-term planning. The reporter himself seems to be an odd character—intelligent, tenacious, ingenious, and wholly committed to extracting a sort of personal vengeance from the *Kamerad*, despite a firm and clear warning to stay off the matter. It gives me some regret to order his death."

"Whereabouts?"

"Not now known. He was last seen at the Dreesen Hotel in Bad Godesberg. The other place would be his flat in Hamburg, where his girl-friend lives with him. He drives a noticeable car." The Werwolf flicked two sheets of foolscap paper across the desk. "You'll find all the details of it there."

"I'll need money," said Mackensen. The Werwolf pushed a wad of 10,000 marks across the desk.

"Locate and liquidate," he said.

IT WAS January 13 before the news of the death in Bremen five days earlier of Rolf Gunther Kolb reached Leon in Munich. The letter from his North German representative included the dead man's driving licence.

Leon checked the man's rank and number in his list of former SS men, checked the West German wanted list that Kolb was not on it, spent some time gazing at the face on the driving licence, made his decision, dialled a number in Bremen and gave orders.

"ALL RIGHT," said Alfred Oster, the former SS man with blue eyes and a fuzz of ginger hair, to Peter Miller his new pupil. "Now we'll start on the Horst Wessel song."

THE SS EXECUTIONER Mackensen sipped a cocktail in the bar of the



Schweizer Hof Hotel in Munich and considered the source of his puzzlement: Miller, the reporter whose personal details were etched in his mind.

Inquiries at his flat in Hamburg had led to a conversation with Sigi, his handsome and cheerful girl-friend, a strip artist, but she had been able to produce only a letter post-marked from Munich, saying he would be staying there for a while.

For a week Mackensen checked every Munich hotel, servicing garage and parking space. Nothing. The man he sought had disappeared.

Mackensen eased himself off his bar stool and went to the telephone to report to the Werwolf.

Although he did not know it, he stood just 1200 metres from the black Jaguar with the yellow stripe, parked inside the walled courtyard of the antique shop where Leon lived and ran his small and fanatic organisation.

NO NEXT OF KIN

IN BREMEN General Hospital a man in a white coat strolled into the registrar's office. He had a stethoscope round his neck.

"I need a look at the medical file on one of our patients, Rolf Gunther Kolb" he told the filing clerk.

The woman did not recognise the intern, but it meant nothing. There were scores of them working in the hospital. She handed over the dossier.

The intern sat on a chair and flicked through the dossier. The last sheet in the file stated simply:

"Patient deceased on the night of January 8-9. Cause of death: carcinoma of the main intestine. No next of kin."

It was signed by the doctor in charge of the case.

The new intern eased the last sheet out of the file and inserted in its place one which read:

"Despite serious condition of patient on admission, the carcinoma responded to treatment and went into recession. Patient was adjudged fit to be transferred on January 16 at his own request to the Arcadia Clinic, Delmenhorst."

The signature was an illegible scrawl.

THE WERWOLF was puzzled. For nearly three weeks he had had his representatives in the major cities of Germany on the lookout for a man called Miller and a black Jaguar sports car. The flat and the garage in Hamburg had been watched, a visit had been made to a middle-aged woman in Osdorf, who had only said she did not know where her son was. Telephone calls had been made to a girl called Sigi, but she also said she did not

know where her boy-friend was.

Inquiries had been made at his bank in Hamburg, but he had not cashed any cheques since November. In short, he had disappeared. Against his wishes the Werwolf felt obliged to make a phone call.

SWEARING VIOLENTLY

Far away, high in the mountains, a man put down his telephone half an hour later and swore softly and violently for several minutes.

He had told the caller there had been no one spotted near his house, no one hanging around his factory, no one asking questions about him. But he was worried.

Miller? Who the hell was Miller? The assurances down the phone that the reporter would be taken care of only partly assuaged his anxiety.

The seriousness with which the caller and his colleagues took the threat posed by Miller was indicated by the decision to send him a personal bodyguard the next day, to act as his chauffeur and stay with him until further notice.

He drew the curtains of the study, shutting out the winter landscape. The only sound in the room was the crackle of fresh pine logs in the hearth.

The door opened and his wife put her head round.

"Dinner's ready," she called.

"Coming dear," said Eduard Roschmann.

THE WEEKLY MEETING of Israeli intelligence chiefs was reaching its end when the controller, General Amit, said: "There is just one last matter, though I regard it as of comparatively low importance."

"Leon has reported from Munich that he has under training a young German, an Aryan, who is being prepared to infiltrate the Odessa. He wants to track down a former SS captain called Roschmann."

The head of the Office of the countries of Persecution, a former Polish Jew, jerked his head up.

"If we could get him, that would be an old score settled."

General Amit shook his head.

"Israel is no longer in the retribution business. My orders are absolute. Even if the man finds Roschmann, there is to be no assassination. I propose to send an agent over to Germany to put the young man under surveillance."

"What about Leon?" asked someone. "Will he not try to settle accounts on his own?"

"Leon will do what he's told," said General Amit angrily.



IN BAYREUTH Peter Miller was being given another grilling by his mentor, Alfred Oster, the specialist in SS matters.

"OK," said Oster, "What are the words engraved on the hilt of the SS dagger?"

"Blood and honour."

"Right. When is the dagger presented to an SS Man?"

"At his passing-out parade from training camp."

"Right. Repeat to me the oath of loyalty to the person of Adolf Hitler."

Miller repeated it, word for word.

"Repeat the blood oath of the SS."

Miller complied.

"Right, Rolf Gunther Kolb," said Oster, "You were trained at Dachau SS camp, seconded to Flossenburg concentration camp in July 1944 and in April 1945 you commanded the squad that executed Admiral Canaris, chief of the Abwehr. This is what you would have to know about Flossenburg concentration camp, your first posting...."

IN THE BACK SEAT of the car taking them back to Munich from Bayreuth, Leon and Josef, General Amit's personal agent, sat side by side.

Josef Kaplan hunched in his corner, silent. Leon nudged him.

"Why so gloomy?" he said. "Everything's going fine."

Josef glanced at him.

"How reliable do you reckon this man Miller?"

"He's the best chance we have ever had for penetrating the Odessa. You heard Oster. He can pass for a former SS man in any company, provided he keeps his head."

Josef retained his doubts.

"My brief was to watch him at all times," he grumbled.

"I ought to be sticking to him. I wish I'd never agreed to let him go off alone and check in by phone."

Leon's anger was barely controlled.

"Now listen one more time. This man is my discovery. His infiltration into the Odessa was my idea. He's my agent. I've waited years to get someone where he is now—a non-Jew. I'm not having him exposed by someone tagging along behind him."

"He's an amateur, I'm a pro," growled the agent.

"By the time he's outlived his usefulness I hope he'll have given us the names of the top 10 Odessa men in Germany. Then we go to work on them one by one. Among them must be the recruiter of the rocket Scientists for Egypt."

THE FALLING SNOW

BACK IN MUNICH Peter Miller, alias

Rolf Gunther Kolb, former staff-sergeant in the former SS, stared out of the window at the falling snow. Privately he had no intention of checking in by phone, for he had no interest in tracing rocket scientists. He still had only one objective—Eduard Roschmann.



MOTTI, Leon's henchman, had tossed Miller the keys of his Jaguar as his indoctrination ended. "Don't use it when you go to meet the Odessa. For one thing it's too noticeable, for another Kolb is a bakery worker on the run after being spotted as a former camp guard. Such a man would not have a Jaguar. Travel by rail. Here is your driving licence, complete with photograph as you now look. You can tell anyone who asks that you drive a Volkswagen, but you have left it in Bremen."

IT WAS on the evening of February 19 that Peter Miller finally bade farewell to Alfred Oster in his cottage in Bayreuth and headed for Nuremberg. Oster, the converted SS officer, shook him by the hand on the doorstep.

"Best of luck, Kolb. I've taught you everything I know. Let me give you a last word of advice. I don't know how long your cover can hold. Probably not long. If you ever spot anyone you think has seen through you, don't argue. Get out."

Miller walked the mile to the railway station, going steadily downhill and passing the public car park where Motti had put the Jaguar. At the small station, with its Bavarian eaves and gables, he bought a single ticket to Nuremberg. It was only as he passed through the ticket barrier towards the windswept platform that the collector told him: "The Nuremberg train will be late tonight."

Miller was surprised. German railways make a point of running to time.

"What's happened?"

The ticket collector nodded up the line where the track disappeared into close folds of hills and valley overhung with fresh snow.

"There's been a large snowfall down the track. Now we've just heard the snowplough's on the blink. The engineers are working on it."

Years in journalism had given Miller a deep loathing of waiting rooms. He had spent too long in them, cold, tired and uncomfortable. In the small station buffet he sipped a cup of coffee. His mind went back to his car parked up the hill.

Surely, if he parked it on the other side of Nuremberg?

Besides, it wouldn't be a bad thing to

have another way out if the occasion required. He brought of Motti's warning about it's being too noticeable, but then he recalled Oster's tip an hour earlier.

Within ten minutes he was behind the wheel of his Jaguar and heading out of town towards Nuremberg.

MACKENSEN, liquidator to the Odessa, was confronting an angry and baffled Werwolf.

"How the hell can he be missing?" snapped the Odessa chief. He can't vanish off the face of the earth, he can't disappear into thin air. His car must be one of the most distinctive in Germany. Six weeks of searching and all you can tell me is that he hasn't been seen."

Mackensen waited.

"Nevertheless, it's true. I've had his flat in Hamburg checked out, his girlfriend and mother interviewed, his colleagues contacted. They all know nothing. His car must have been in a garage somewhere all this time. He must have gone to ground."

"We have to find him," repeated the Werwolf. "He must not get near this comrade. It would be a disaster."

"He'll show up," said Mackensen. "Sooner or later he has to break cover. Then we'll have him."

JUST BEFORE nine the following morning Miller/Kolb presented himself at a house in Nuremberg carrying a forged introduction from Kolb's employer, Joachim Eberhardt, a former SS colonel now on a winter cruise.

The man who entered the sitting room ten minutes later was a lawyer in his mid-fifties, self-possessed and elegant. He gazed at his unexpected visitor, assessing the trousers and jacket of a working-class man.

And what can I do for you?"

"Well Heri Doktor, I was hoping you might be able to help me," said Miller, dropping into the vernacular of the Hamburg and Bremen area, the language of working people. He produced the letter

SHEET OF PAPER

The Odessa man took it without a word, slit it open and cast his eyes

quickly down. He stiffened slightly and gazed narrowly across the sheet of paper at Miller.

"Start at the beginning," he said.

"Right, Kolb, you evidently are who you say you are. Now I'm going to shoot questions at you...."

It went on for three hours. Miller was sweating.

"Just what do you want?" the lawyer asked Miller.

"Well, the thing is, sir, with them looking for me, I'm going to need a set of papers showing I am not Rolf Gunther Kolb."

"There's no point in your getting simply a new driving licence. That would not enable you to get a social security card. But a new passport would get you all these things. . . I'll send you to a friend of mine who will acquire the passport for you. He lives in Stuttgart. He's called Franz Bayer."

An hour later Miller was speeding towards Stuttgart, while the lawyer rang Bayer and told him to expect Rolf Gunther Kolb, refugee from the police, in the early evening.

There was no autobahn between Nuremberg and Stuttgart in those days, and on a bright sunny day the road leading across the lush plain of Franconia and into the wooded hills and valleys of Wurtemberg would have been picturesque.

On a bitter February afternoon, with ice glittering in the dips of the road surface and mist forming in the valleys, the twisting ribbon of tarmac between Ansbach and Crailsheim was murderous. Twice the heavy Jaguar almost slithered into a ditch, and twice Miller had to tell himself there was no hurry.

Bayer, the man who knew how to get false passports, would still be there.

He drove the car down into the bowl of hills that frames the centre of Stuttgart, along which the vineyards come up to the outskirts of the city, and parked his car a quarter of a mile from Bayer's house.

As he stooped to lock the driver's door he failed to notice a middle-aged lady coming home from her weekly meeting of the Hospital Visitors' Committee at the nearby Villa Hospital.



NEXT : Inside enemy lines

Dilip Kumar is quite well-known for not paying his bills — in fact, he makes a VIP privilege of it. It is a common sight to see kurta-pyjamaed callers hanging around his lair — his bungalow, not wife Saira's, — hoping for the Saab to get in the paying-up mood. His tailors, the exclusive Shrimans, the grocers, the others who qualify to putting him in perennial debt, are almost habituated to waiting for their dues. But not so the Film Producers' Guild, to whom Dilip owes an accumulated sum of Rs. 18,000. This was his due for the past year or so, it seems. The Guild did what the other creditors could not dare to do: gave him the boot — cancelled his membership! Last year, the Telephone Company, too, gave him the right deal, cutting his 'phone connection for not paying his bills: Tch, Tch, this won't do at all, Dilip Saab!

Hema Malini, or rather, her mother, threw a huge reception at the newly-opened Oberoi-Sheraton, at Bombay's Nariman Point, to celebrate the wedding of son Jagannath. His bride was a Gujarati girl, and to be sure, the gaping crowds included gate-crashers most of whom had come with borrowed invitation-cards! The event was a demonstration in segregation of the sexes, classes and glasses. The main hall was the reception ground where the fascinated invitees ogled at the uncomfortable filmstars. Every



And what about Sadhna, who ranked among our best glamour and dramatic actresses, who married her director R. K. Nayyar, she probably made the worst blunder of her life? All his talent is drowned by his passion for the bottle and the race-track. Before he ruined her career completely, he gave her a big dose of nervous tension, which caused the eye-distortion and thyroid to her pretty face. Now she is getting a few good films and he, too, is making one. But that does not help their situation: he still wallows into the Finance Cabinet, against her protests, for his priority items. Is that why she used to spend so much time alone in her flat while he boozed it up at a hotel, which has since closed down?

Back to the headliners: Rajesh Khanna's so-called loss of popularity has not deflated his ego, or his hectic living pace. He is back again at the old "I'm-doing-double-shifts - and-have-not-had-a-bite-to-eat" alibis when he has to do some serious work other than making pro-

khaas baat

now and then, a member of the hostess's establishment would sneak upto a star, and whisper something in his or her ear and, depending on the drinking or other preference of the star in question, they would make track to a room above. According to Mrs. Chakravarty: "We kept a private party for the film-people upstairs, where they could drink and eat. You see, Government restrictions — we cannot help it."

To dig up a few fading faces, what's happening to Asha Parekh? Sitting pretty among the list of fast-shrinking spinsters? She is more than an actress, a shrewd business-girl. And anything she talks of, has to be connected with cold cash! She was recently defending herself, quite commercially of course. "What do you mean, haven't I got any more movies? Out of the thirty-nine or so films, I have acted in so far, thirty-five have been Silver Jubilee hits. Isn't that an achievement?" One of her last films is called "Heera" on sets now, in which she stars with another fade-out — Sunil Dutt.

ducers and chamchas wait on his precious bits of free time. Very applicable is the proverb in his case: it is the very persons who least know the value of time, who complain most of the lack of it!

Dev Anand, who is known for spontaneous wit and his sharp brand of intelligence, stood in a small group, which was discussing the increasing practice among filmwriters of "lifting" themes from discreet sources and passing them off as original stories. His cool observation was not only well-worded but could set right any plot-lifter before he could begin his pilfering. Said Dev to the group: "It's very easy to steal the plot of another, but quite difficult to build a house on it!"



STILL LOOKING FOR A SIMPLE SPOUSE



He gestures wildly with his arms as he talks (incessantly, of course). Three rows of rubies glitter from a gold setting encircling the ring finger of his left hand. The ring was a present from his only sister, a cousin. When under repair, a gold gift from Yogeeta Bali adorned the bare finger. Now, the sister's ring is back in place and Pinky's has crossed his palms and climbed into his right hand.

The telephone rings. Shatrughan Sinha lifts the receiver. "Haan Rani. I was thinking of you just last night. I also missed you terribly. I'll ring you up before eight tonight". Minutes later, another p.d on the line — another "Rani" who he'd thought of, "just last night". Somehow, it is always "night". All the while he grins sheepishly at me. I smile back knowingly (doesn't he remember how often I dial his number and get fed with the same line?!).

So we started our talk from that angle. Says he wants to settle down (after 3-4 years) with a simple dame (preferably, virgin?) who'll nurse him and treat him "like a boy". That coming from a widely-publicised He-man who thinks the best way to win a woman is by dominating her "All women like to be dominated", is a big laugh. A bigger laugh is that, in his search for his "simple spouse" (preferably not an actress), he's continuously getting his name linked with glamour girls — actresses, models, air-hostesses. Recent additions to this cauldron are lady journalists with whom he's making hot news. Sometimes, a playback singer (or her daughter?) enters the scene. "You think I enjoy all this gossip about me?". Especially with a playback singer as old as his ma!

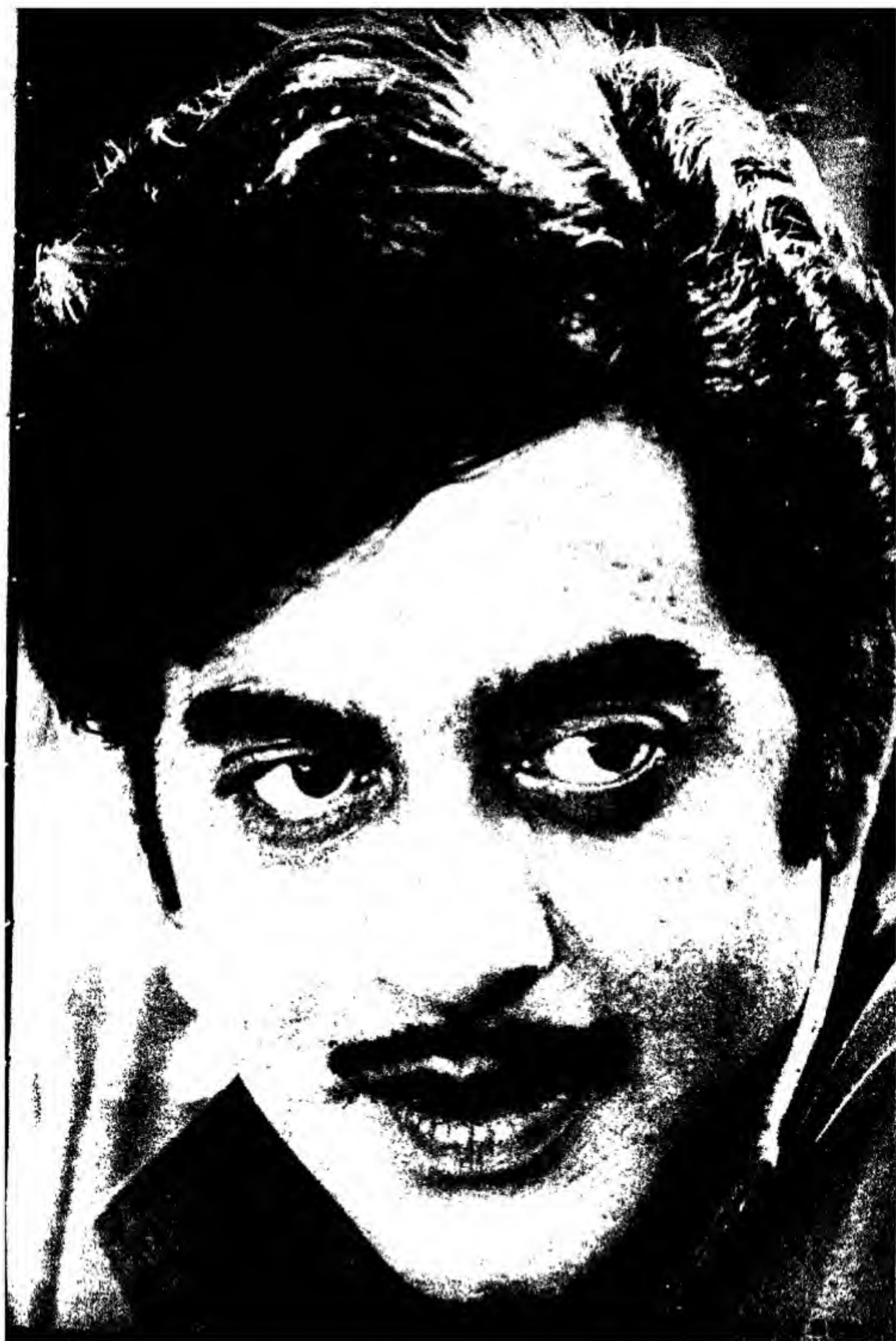
Till he meets his ideal woman (like the old joke, what'll he do if she's on the look-out for an ideal man?) he'll keep horsing around. "I never approach a girl till I get the full green signal from her". How do you know when the green signal is flashed? "Well — I never lose my head. Keep your head and you'll know definitely". He had once told me he wishes to remain celibate — and he also says he's not a hypocrite.

We left the interesting world of women to delve into another topic close to his heart — a film star and his career. "A star should remain two different personalities. Otherwise, when an actor starts flopping in his career, he steadily flops as a man too. It's very important to draw a line between your film life and your private life if you wish to keep your personality intact".

About his own hits, he confessed. "I've never made a bad film; for that matter I've never given a hit film either. It's the performance that's in my hands, not the whole film as several people tell me. Some folks whisper things like 'Remove Shatrughan Sinha from say, 'Do Yaar', and there's nothing left to see. I never let such words linger". Maybe that's the reason why he remains approachable, in spite of having reached the top. Though complaints and criticisms can be fired at him (by me too!) the one remarkable, much-noticed but seldom written point about him is his cool. "Success? Have I been successful? It remains to be seen. I'm not as successful as Ramesh Khanna — not as yet, anyway. And will I remain at the top as long as Mr. Khanna? That also, only time can tell".

Seeing the bombastic, braggart, boastful Shatrughan Sinha in a new light, eh? He's conceited all right and beats his own drums too — loudly at that. But it's all verbal. But none of these show in his actions. And if you've the knack and the patience, after meeting him about 30 times, you can slowly strip the boastful exterior he puts on, and hear the real guy. His bragging, otherwise, continues without a lull. His brother Yogi once asked me "How can you call him a braggart?" while Sinha himself points out: "Have I ever boasted about anything that is untrue? I've proved all that I've been saying about myself. And anyway, bragging is also an art. Not everyone can do it well". Right, friend, but why not give others a chance to praise you, instead of taking this self-advertising on your own shoulders?

Another typical Shatru trait is that he's late on the sets. Always "I'm not justifying it. I'm not denying it too". Once, when I accompanied him to a location shooting, four hours late, he warned me not to expect him to apologise to the director. "If I venture to apologise, it gives the other party an opening to scold me". Mukul Dutt once lost his temper and shouted at Sinha for reporting late. "You'll have to work later than usual to make up for it". Mukulda said, "No dada, it's up to you to see I don't make the same mistake twice in the same day. I came late. I'm not making the mistake of leaving late, too!"



STILL LOOKING FOR A SIMPLE SPOUSE

Shotgun shot back. And his tongue helped him out of a tight corner once again. In fact, many are of the opinion that Shatru has talked his way to success.

But the climb has been arduous and full of pains and setbacks. After his Institute stint, he found people who mattered commenting on his eyes saying: "This boy looks like he'll make it to the top", but they didn't lift a finger to set his career rolling. He landed in Bombay in an old, beat-up Austin, lodged in obscure Andheri, and bagged a few roles as an extra (remember his brief, brief appearance in 'Sajan?'), till 'Gambler' and 'Khilona' gave him a place in the credits. Full of ambition and set on making his career a successful one, he found he'd at last carved a niche for himself in the film industry, as an ace villain. But a villain with a difference. A villain whose entry brought thunderous cheers from the audience! "In the initial stages, I contemplated plastic surgery. Then I decided I should leave the choice to the producers to 'take it or leave it' as I was". He then rose steadily upwards, till he's finally reached the position where the tables are turned — the producers are running after him and he can have almost any role for the asking. He's graduated to leading roles and has even tried his hand at rendering a duet with Asha Bhonsle, for "Kashmakash".

Whether he'll be accepted as a leading man remains to be seen after a couple of his films have been released. Till then, I guess it's 'touch wood' for him! His strenuous climb to the top has surprisingly left no bitterness in him. "I'm happy now. That's what matters. I like my little flat" (a comfy two-bedroom one, fully air-conditioned but otherwise very, very un-starry), "and wonder how I'll get used to my new bungalow and new neighbours". In keeping with filmi success, Shatrughan Sinha is building one of those huge mansions in the Juhuvile Parle scheme (a hot favourite of Bombay stars) which'll be more like a movie set than a cosy home. The huge house will facilitate at least those unprintable activities of his. Right now, he says, he cautions brother Yogi and others to retire to their respective rooms if their 'Bhaisahab' has work in the bedroom! (Maybe they're as sure as Shotgun is, that any screams heard will only be those of ecstasy!)

N. BHARATHI.

BRIDGE by TERENCE REESE

THE PROBLEM on the North-South cards below is to stay out of Six Hearts. An Acol pair, left to themselves, might do it if South made the right call on the second round. The bidding begins: 2NT-3♥-4♥. Now Five Clubs from South may provoke Six Hearts; a better bid is Five Hearts, indicating that South is not concerned about controls but has doubts about the trump suit.

Dealer, North. N-S vulnerable.

♠ A 10 4	♥ A 6 5	♦ A K Q 8 2	♣ K 10
♠ 8 3	♥ Q	♦ 10 8 6 4 3	♣ J 9 8 4 2
♠ Q J 9 7 5 2	♥ K J 8 2	♦ 7 5	♣ 3
♠ K 6	♥ 10 9 7 4 3	♦ J	♣ A Q 7 6 5

In the challenge match between the Dallas Aces and the Italian Blue team the Americans seemed to lack the machinery to stay at a safe level. The bidding went:

SOUTH	WEST	NORTH	EAST
Lawrence	Averelli	Goldman	Bella-donna
3♥	No	2NT	No
3♥	No	3♥	No
No	No	7♥	No

* A transfer bid, requiring the opener to bid hearts.

* The idea behind this precipitous jump was perhaps to warn partner not to try for Seven.

* Message not received. He was lucky that bidding Seven rather than Six made very little difference.

At the other table the Italians had to cope with intervention:

SOUTH	WEST	NORTH	EAST
Garozzo	Wolff	Forquet	Jacoby
2NT	No	1♠	2♠
3♥	No	3♥	No
4♠	No	3♠	No
4♥	No	4♥	No
No	No	5♥	No

South's 2NT over the intervention showed three controls, counting two for an Ace, one for a King. Thereafter Forquet, as usual, kept his head.

Without intervention the hand is very easy for the Precision system. North bids One Club and South One Heart, a positive response. North raises to Two Hearts, an asking bid in the trump suit, and Two Spades by South (one step) denies a top honour.

6NT is a fair contract and might be made. If declarer finesse the 10 of clubs (correct play with this combination) he has eleven tricks on top and various chances of an end play.



THE TWENTY-FIFTH anniversary of the South Pacific Commission has been marked by the issue of special stamps in several member countries.

The series from Samoa comprises four stamps, one of which has a portrait of the late Mr Aloafouale Misimoa, the first Samoan to become secretary-general of the Commission. Another stamp has a view of the Commission's headquarters in Noumea, New Caledonia, originally the headquarters of the American South Pacific command during the Second World War.

by C. W. HILL STAMP ALBUM

AZED CROSSWORD

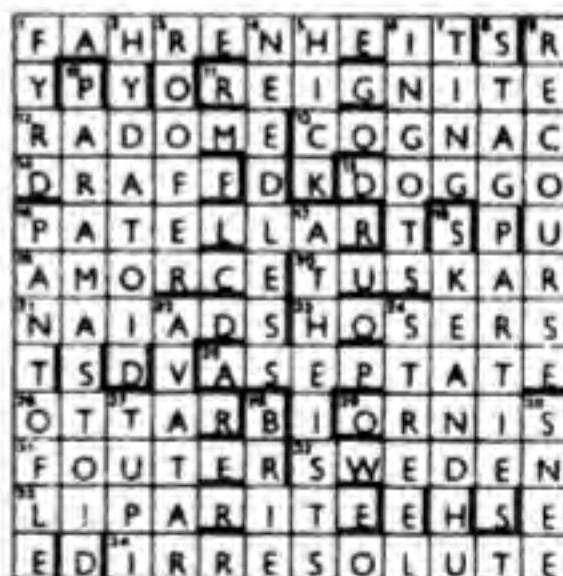
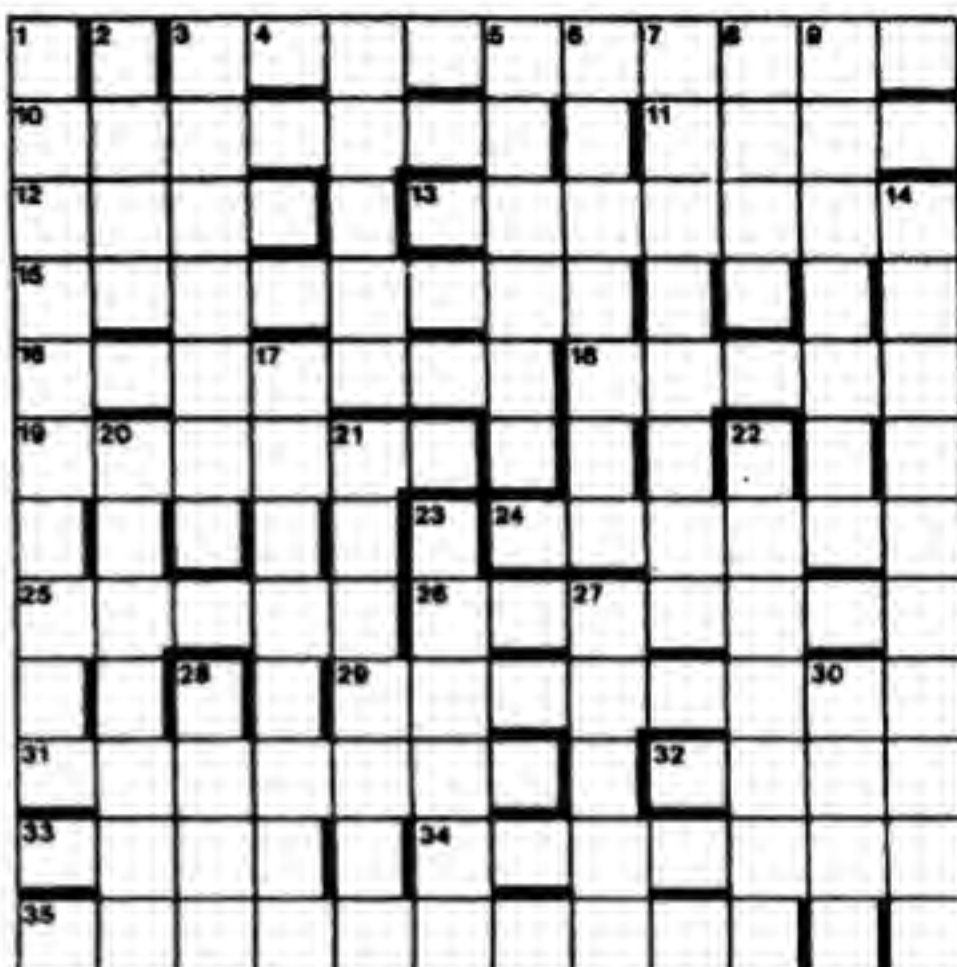
No. 4: PLAIN

ACROSS

- 1 A Zingaro wandering round the Po and a Cossack round the Dnieper (10)
- 10 Old-fashioned jingle about hybrid root-stock (7)
- 11 Ivy's holding head of needy beggar (4)
- 12 Give one a beating in the police station (4)
- 13 Jaundiced critic goes wild about opening of exhibition (7)
- 15 Urge to embrace d-dainty swimmer (hardly dainty) (8)
- 16 In the sumach genus man's somehow found a source of green paint (7)
- 18 Exotic gremlin by tee gripping ball? This may fly (5)
- 19 Old Irish doctor bringing back the hammer in moderation (6)
- 24 One who beats the rush-hour crowds? (6)
- 25 Practise, as before, English song backing (5)
- 26 Spinner effective from either end (7)
- 29 See princeling chatter nastily about king (8)
- 31 Pub does at 11, but many are left (7)
- 32 Airs exotic garb (4)
- 33 Scottish mat in good nick (4)
- 34 Inspired one's required here, see (7)
- 35 Sparkler wrapped in a tanner, all crinkly, creates old-style rapture (10)

DOWN

- 1 Part of the body that's rather more disjointed (10)
- 2 Gypsy-woman in witness-box endlessly (4)...
- 3 ... Her husband, perhaps, confounding Zion about endless summons (7)
- 4 Blow up one whitefish (5)
- 5 Withdrawal from shifting scree (6)
- 6 Publicly aired grudge is the limit (7)
- 7 Corrupt G.I. with allure—to become one? (8)
- 8 Poor Nipponese, laid up, should have one (4)
- 9 Gross one poised insecurely (7)
- 14 Simian art R.A. redesigned in border that's mottled (10)
- 17 Get up something fragrant with meat? I wouldn't touch it (8)
- 20 Go arm-in-arm with husband; he'll show the way (7)
- 21 Old couple about to tie, oddly, an association (7)
- 22 Naughty tart's performance—it's designed to (7)
- 23 Soft-headed old magistrate; this would need to be convincing (6)
- 27 Tone that's heard too often (5)
- 28 Kick endlessly—with this? (4)
- 30 Type that gobbies or chinks, we hear (4)



AZED No. 3 Solution and notes

ACROSS

- 1, Fahren=travel (G);
- 13, preposterous=rev
- 23, Hoss, E.R.; 26, O.T.
- tar, 33, Part(y) q v

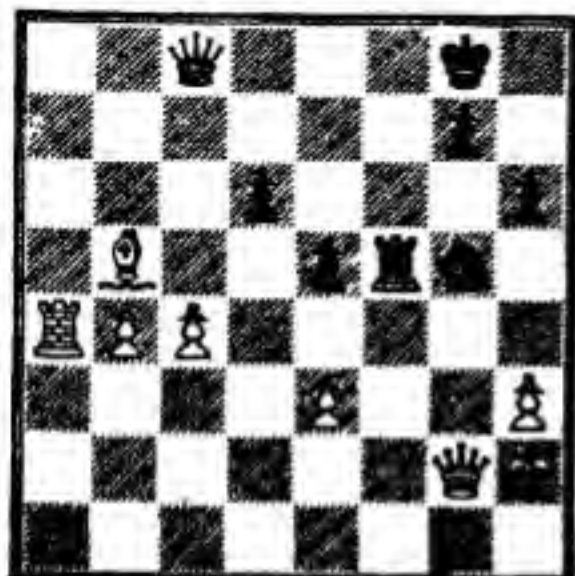
DOWN

- 1, Furred; 5, (T)hick (n.);
- 8, Part; 18, Anag & lit.,
- 24, St. reel, Dublin,
- 28, Brie(f).

CHESS

by HARRY GOLOBEK

Position No. 4



Continuation of Position No. 2

This, which bears some resemblance both in theme and execution to Position No. 2, arose in a game Polgar-Toth, Hungarian Championship, 1970: -r4rk1; p b p q1p bp; 1p kt p p3; 4 P kt Kt1; 3 P B3; 2 Kt4 P; PPP5; R1 B Q1 R K1. White won by 1. Kt x RP, K x Kt; 2. R x Kt, P x R; 3. Q - R5 ch, K - Kt1; 4. Kt - Q5, P x B; 5. Kt - B6 ch, B x Kt; 6. P x B, K - Kt2; 7. Q - Kt5 ch, Kt - Kt3; 8. Q - R6, resigns.

Plus ça change...

One remarkable facet of Fischer's play of late has been the return to the sort of game that was played a hundred years ago—perhaps he is unconsciously emulating Paul Morphy! What is true is that his openings are quite often those that were in favour about 100 years back. In such a context when he plays a Ruy Lopez this appears as though he is playing some hypermodern variation. Perhaps his success lies in this continual blending of new and old which opponents find intensely difficult to meet, especially in match-play.

A typical example is the ninth game of his match with Petrosian in the final of the Candidates. Shut your eyes and it could have been Blackburne in his youthful period when indeed he was a contemporary of Morphy.

White: Fischer, Black: Petrosian.

French Defence.

1. P-K4, P-K3; 2. P-Q4, P-Q4; 3. Kt-QB3, Kt-QB3; a desperate move in a desperate state of the match. Fischer

deliberately treats it in a simplifying way.

4. Kt-B3, Kt-B3; 5. P x P. No doubt at an earlier stage of the match he would have played 5. P-K5, to which Black replies Kt-K5 with complications.

5. ... P x P; 6. B-QKt5, B-KKt5; this exchange variation of the French was all the rage about a hundred years ago. It is supposed to lead to an almost cast iron draw.

7. P-KR3, B x Kt; 8. Q x B, B-K2; 9. B-Kt5, P-QR3; 10. B x Kt ch, P x B; 11. O-O, O-O; 12. KR-K1, P-R3; 13. B-R4, Q-Q2; 14. R-K2, P-QR4; 15. QR-K1. By simple direct play White has established a marked hold on the position.

15. ... B-Q1; 16. P-QKt3, R-Kt1; 17. Kt-R4, Kt-K5; 18. B x B, QR x B; 19. Q-B4, Q-Q3; 20. Q x Q, P x Q; 21. P-QB4, Kt-B3; 22. R-QB1, R-Kt1; 23. P x P, P x P; 24. P-B3, Kt-R4. If he tries to oppose White on the QB file by 24. ... KR-B1 then White doubles Rooks with R(K2)-QB2 and seizes control in any case.

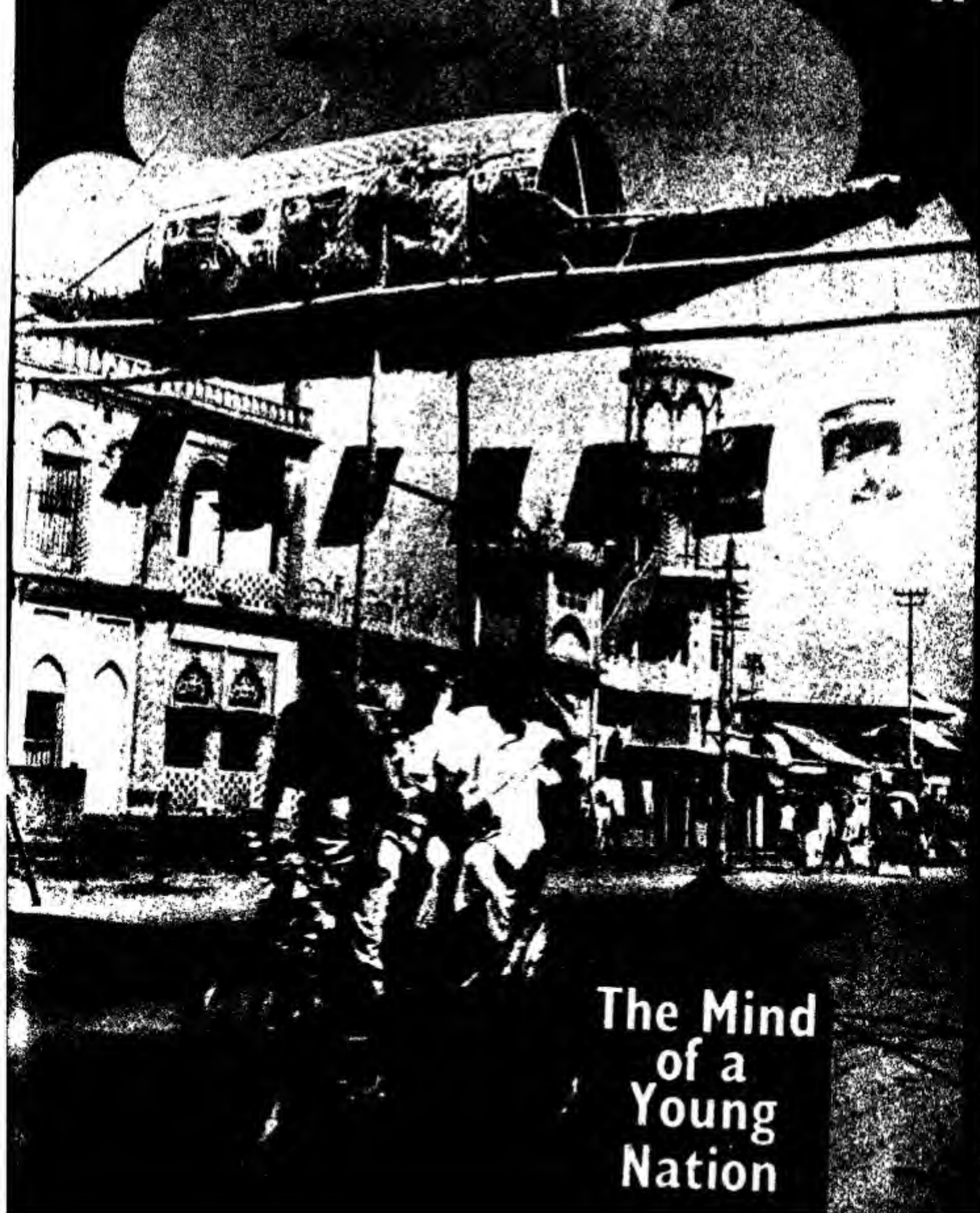
25. R-B6, Kt-B5; 26. R-Q2, KR-K1; 27. R x P, R-KB ch; 28. K-B2, R-KR8; 29. K-Kt3, Black was threatening R-K1 followed by Kt x RP; 29. ... Kt-R4 ch; 30. K-R4, P-Kt3; 31. R x P, R-K1; 32. R x P, R(K1)-K8; 33. Kt-B3, Kt-B5; 34. K-Kt4, Kt-K3; 35. R-K5, P-B4 ch; 36. K-Kt3, P-B5 ch; 37. K-R4, K-R2; 38. Kt-K4, P-Kt4 ch; 39. K-Kt4, Kt-Kt2; 40. Kt x P ch, P x Kt; 41. R x R, R x R; 42. K x P, Kt-K3 ch; 43. K-B5, R-K7; 44. R x R, Kt x P ch; 45. K-K5, Kt x R; 46. P-QR4, resigns.



Ananda
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सुन्दर



The Mind
of a
Young
Nation

beginning with April 15, 1973



ARIES (March 21 — April 20)

You will make good headway at your job. Success in all activities, free flow of money, peaceful home climate indicated. You may plan a trip with a friend. Smooth office work, colleagues co-operative. Exciting news for business people likely.



TAURUS (April 21 — May 20)

Work load will be heavy for you. But a dream-letter hinting romance may arrive. For businessmen, cash may be tied in speculative dealings. Suitable date for a get-together: 18th



GEMINI (May 21 — June 20)

Now is the time for serious thoughts on home. For the unentangled, a new friendship may prove important. A bridle for frayed temper, good tidings on their way. Quick turnover and good gains in business. New hope for the jobless.



CANCER (June 21 — July 21)

Work pins you down, but spirits will be high. Efforts will be rewarded. Troublemakers lie low, your popularity to increase. Business with Government will satisfy. Improvement in status and pay indicated. Bachelors: Surprise from girl friends.



LEO (July 22 — Aug. 21)

Tension will ebb. A relaxed mood despite heavy work load. Foreign trip may materialise. An old friend comes back. Cheering news for the unemployed early in the week. Watchword for businessmen: Caution.



VIRGO (Aug. 22 — Sept. 22)

Thrilling invitation comes your way. May have to wait a week or two to enjoy the slice of good luck. Work prospects, exciting. Chances of more money soon. Promotion or recognition of merit for Government servants. Businessmen and professionals may postpone final decisions.



LIBRA (Sep. 23 — Oct. 22)

An active week ahead, but you will shine through. Domestic outlook sunny. Business will flourish. Support from associates in long trips. Planning marriage? Take another look before the leap.



SCORPIO (Oct. 23 — Nov. 22)

Limelight for you this week. Good news about job will kindle ambition. A change of place in service likely. Business brisk. But your cash may be tied. Professionals may expect recognition.



SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 23 — Dec. 20)

Have self-confidence this week. Office work will go smooth. Tiring short trips indicated. Bad throat may force you to bed. Handsome profit in speculative dealings. The long awaited letter carrying employment news may arrive.



CAPRICORN (Dec. 21 — Jan. 19)

Something to celebrate this week. Social success and popularity assured. Domestic climate cloudy. Patience and understanding will be in order. In service, recognition of worth and chance for promotion. Temper must be kept in leash.



AQUARIUS (Jan. 20 — Feb. 18)

Altogether an unfriendly week. Enemies will be active. Financial position sound, but heavy expenses owing to social obligations. Work load also heavy. Businessmen may have small speculative gains. Not suitable for holidaying. Professionals should watch their steps.



PISCES (Feb. 19 — March 20)

Little leisure, but you will enjoy yourself. Easy success, betterment in service, gainful dealings expected. Careful trading in speculative deals advised. Litigations should be avoided. Employment prospects fair. Wednesday Good day to follow up romantic relations or frank talks.

This magazine is distributed
FREE with **sunday's**
Hindusthan Standard

The Bengali Baboo must have existed once as a more or less respectable species. Traces of him can be seen in 'Alaler Gharer Dulal' and 'Hutom Pyanchar Naksa', later parodied in Samar Sen's brilliantly cynical poems. The



literary evidence is meagre and quite possibly misleading. It needed a world war to do real damage to the image of the Baboo. The new iconolasts were the type portrayed by Satyajit Ray in his 'Seema-baddha'.
 Next Sunday.

sunday

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 15 APRIL 1973

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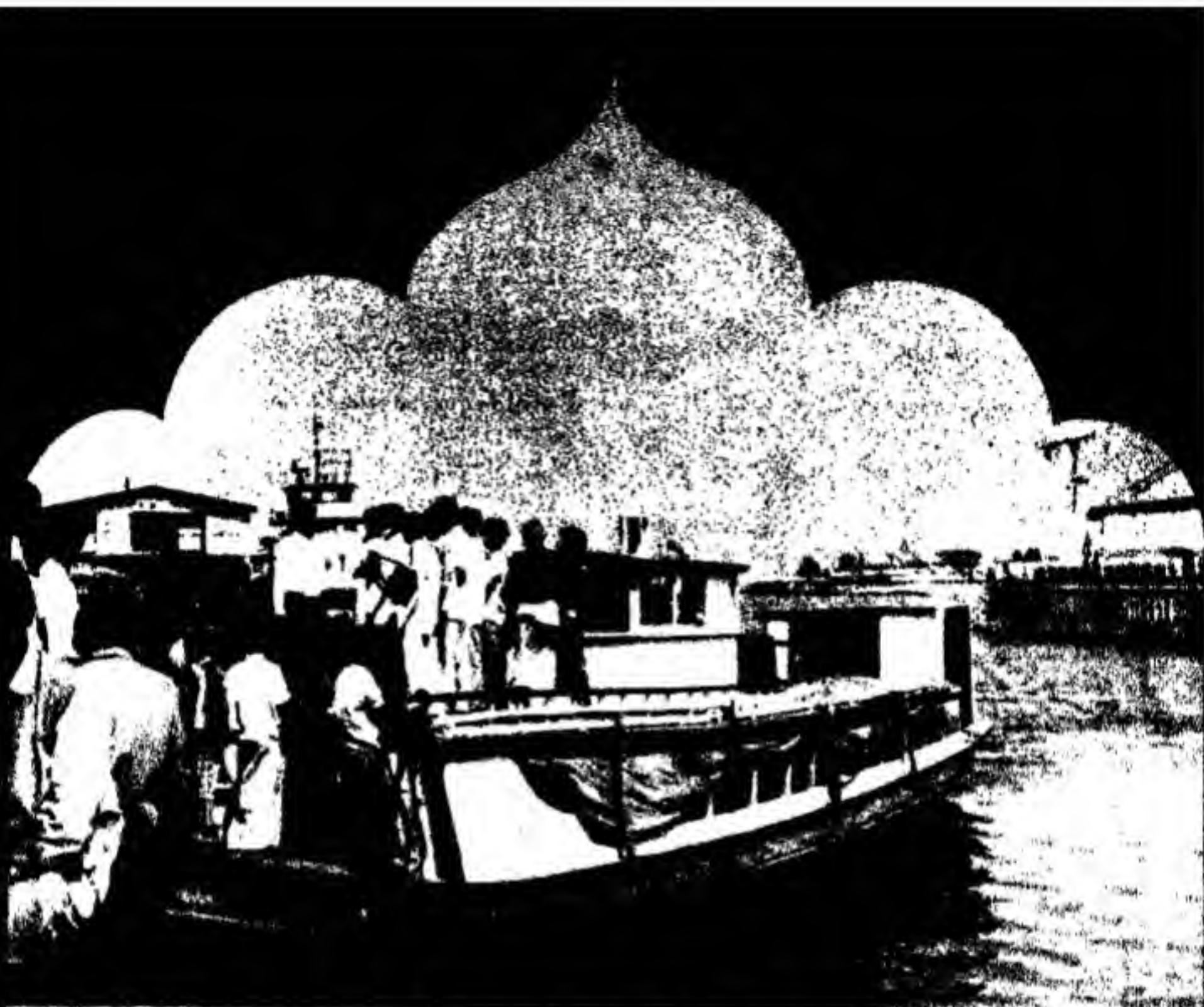
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SUNDAY WEEK 2

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 Editor: AVEEK SARKAR



THE MIND OF A

12 noon Bangladesh time. The Boeing had completed what is perhaps the shortest international flight, in just over twenty minutes. A Dacca man by parentage but with nothing but faint memories, I touched the tarmac with an open mind in quest of other minds. Ahead of me was a job of exploration no less difficult than entering terra incognita.

First impressions are often deceptive. And if one is on a ten-day visit, there is little else to go by. It is perhaps just as well that I am not in the habit of falling in or out of love with anything, even a city, on a sudden impulse. Dacca did not sweep me off my feet. The city sank in gradually, blow by blow.

To be absolutely frank, my first half an hour in Dacca was pretty disappointing and what bolstered up my drooping spirits was my modest admission that the loss was entirely mine. Still, there is nothing great about being squeezed in a scooter (with the glorified local name of baby-taxi), luggage and all, and paying through one's nose for it, especially for one long pampered by

taxis with fixed rates. The journey to the hotel — the second poshest in the city — was deadly dull. I was reminded of Calcutta. Both cities seem to keep their best features hidden on first appearance, almost by design. And there was nothing, nothing at all on the way to remind me that this was a city with a past — not only the pomp and circumstance in the days of the Nawabs but also the blood and tears of 1971. This apparently is nothing surprising. Dacca did not see much destruction of property in the long nights of terror. Men died, but houses (the exceptions include the Kali temple in Ramna which has vanished into thin air) have survived. And not all the droning sound of agony coming from maimed and mutilated beggars is linked with the recent tragedy.

Later I came upon other sights and sounds far more charming — and these are what presumably make up the city's improving profile. The long wide roads swept by long wide cars skirting long wide houses with beautifully laid out



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leafy gardens up Gulshan way glitter with local affluence. Dhanmundi is different, less marked by conspicuous consumption, distinguished by a natural, subdued elegance. One could imagine its drawing rooms generously distributing the social graces. And on a lazy afternoon with wisps of cloud mellowing the light, one could admire the girls on the terraces who must be as desirable as anywhere else. Come downtown and meet the ancient cannon recently refurbished. That is Gulistan where great big hoardings look down upon busy shoppers battling with spiralling prices. The labyrinthine lanes of old Dacca are perhaps an acquired taste but the gorgeous East Bengal food served in the poky little eating houses should delight even an unaccustomed palate. Art and architecture provide no less tasty morsels. In a predominantly Muslim city, mosques are naturally much in evidence — the huge squat place of worship in Arabic style dwarfing the ones with the familiar domes and minarets. And to give the devil his due, the old regime has left

something good to remember it by — the embryonic new capital with geometrical architecture which struck me as suggestive of sexual images. Dacca has an edge over Calcutta in another respect. It has a campus which lives up to the name. It is an island of lush green dotted about with tastefully designed buildings combining tradition (vide Buddhadev Bose) and modernity (witness the soft carpet and plush furniture of the Senior Common Room in the Arts building which should arouse envy even in the smartest Indian academic haunts). For the booklovers, a drive to the old city — twenty rupees an hour if you are lucky enough to find a car for hire — may have its moments. Sinophiles will no doubt have a ball for in spite of the political changes, Chinese publications are still in abundant supply in Dacca and to be had for a song. A little distance away, the eternal Buriganga flows on carrying its cargo of filth and slime. On a hot February afternoon with the sun beating down upon the mud and the water, even the most romantic heart



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refuses to hold a dialogue with the river which has seen it all. Equally frustrating it is to try and put one's nostalgia to the test about the fabled romance of steamer journeys. Not only has the old splendour of the first class been washed away by rising expectations. The madding crowd on the narrow gangway would persuade any sensible man with a joyride in mind to stay far from it.

Stone or concrete walls do not a city make, and, anyway, I was there for a glimpse of its mind. And that brings one to more transient stuff — men and matters. But one might as well put the scene in its perspective by prefacing this story with a description of a brief encounter with what has become a sacred occasion in Bangladesh life — twelve o'clock at night, February 21. And one might as well tell it as one saw it happen.

As dusk fell on the previous day, life flowed out in the streets. Soon the march to the Martyrs' Memorial was to begin. Maybe the euphoria of victory of the year before had faded away. But with the first general election round the corner, could one see new shades in the design?

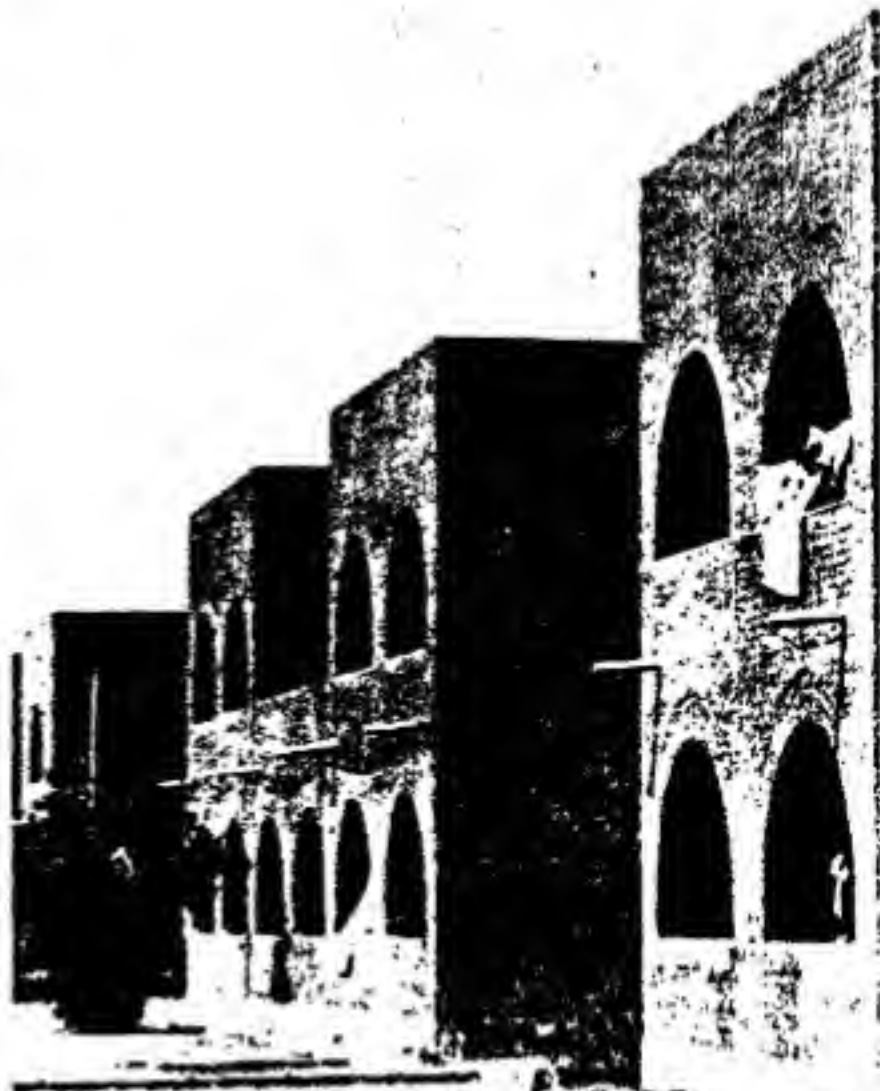
A peep into the world in the evening at the Dacca Press Club could be a fair beginning. On the none too spacious lawn, a musical soiree was on. There was a largish audience with grim faces. Was it just a spot of culture, an empty ritual? The long-haired boys with a light in their eyes and the sweet young things warmed up soon enough but produced no remarkable music either in words or in tune. Is it possible that one year can reduce magnificent eloquence to banality? Or has the change been really on the receiving end?

One expected great things at midnight with moonlight on a broken column. Alas! midnight mass at a provincial English town could perhaps be more impressive. Strange that, for here was passion relived and not just an institution honoured. The crowd is a familiar feature of the sub-continental scene and unlike foreigners, we cannot get all that excited over a sea of heads. As I stood waiting, jostled about by men and women, loudspeakers blared evocative music of indifferent quality. That was all right at a mass gathering. It was also natural that a certain solemnity was called for. It was equally natural that on such a sad day, people would walk barefoot miles and miles and place wreaths in a befitting manner. What grated on one's ear, however, was the repeated announcement through the public address system of the do's and don'ts. But then contrast is the spice of life. Amid such elaborate stage-management an episode of captivating frankness stood out. A teenager yet unversed in dissimulation tried to sell me a little magazine — hundreds bloom on that day — and when I told him

quite truthfully that all my money was with my escort, he confessed with a sad smile, "I haven't been able to sell a single copy." Pity.

The organized media are a different story. The goggle-box rose to the occasion. Television has been run down in the best possible circumstances but how corny was the fare served in Dacca! Let politicians rant and rave about the uses and abuses of the medium in the election campaign but there was complete agreement on the crudity of the February 21 programme. For days on end, it flogged a live memory driving it to death. Poetry and music flowed in profuse strains with little impact. Talks were uniformly dry and dreary. Voices quivered with the monotony of a command performance. But the surpassing silliness was a bank commercial seeking an invisible link between banking and martyrdom. It was, therefore, a real joy to chance upon one little gem. The children's programme, generally unimaginative and using a highly stilted language, gave a song illustrating the Bengali vowels which was beautifully written and sung.

The Press is not doing famously either. For its failure it is not enough to blame official tutelage. There is, it is thought, a sort of internal censorship



Stone or concrete walls do not a city make: the American Louis Kahn brings visions of the 21st century in Avum Khan's unfinished second

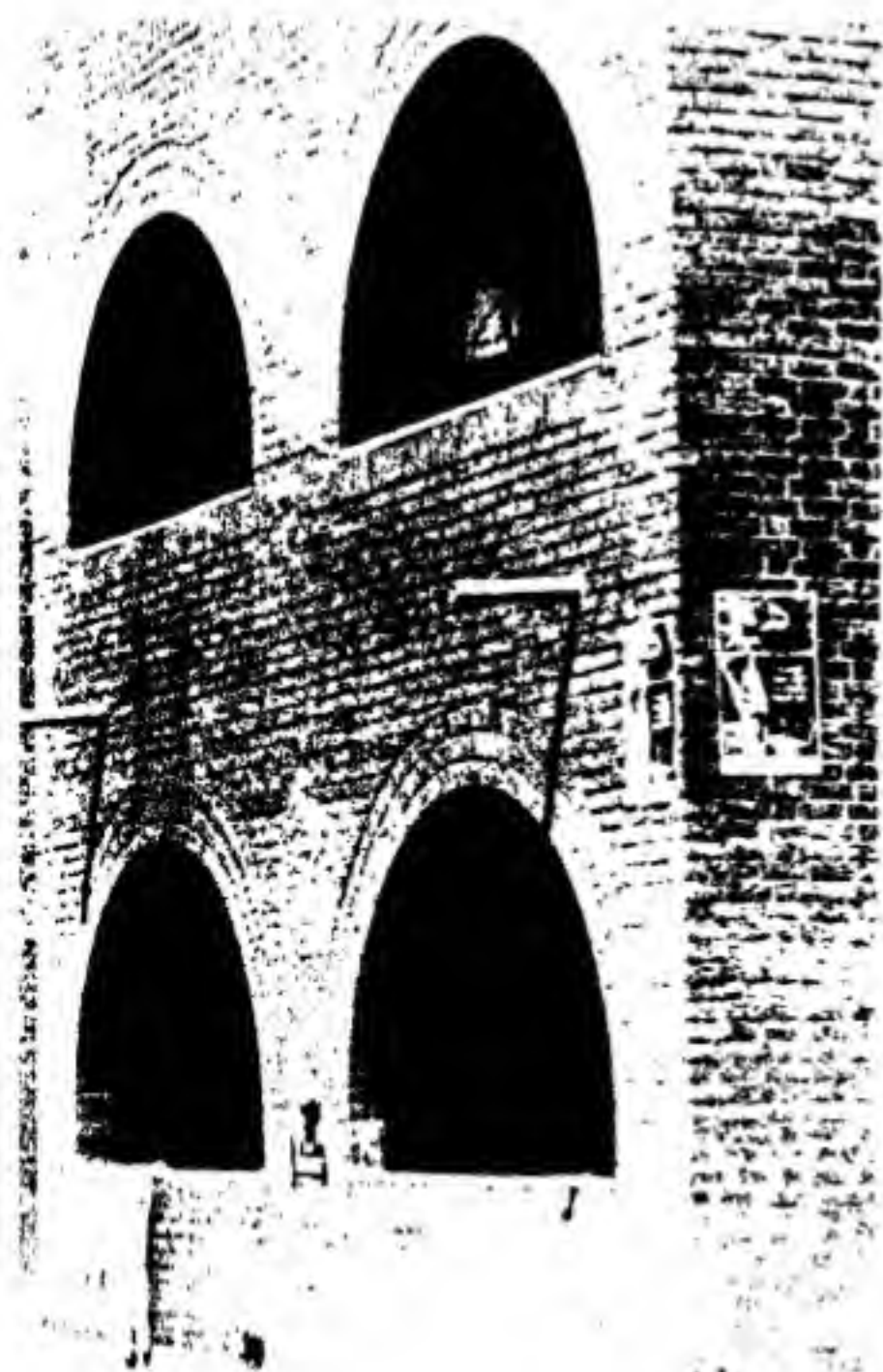


in the profession which has a long unhealthy tradition of making a good thing of the power of the pen. Dacca has a two-storied Press Club — a far cry from the Calcutta counterpart — and it serves excellent meals at very reasonable rates. The local scribes do forgather there of an evening off and on but one does not get the impression that much bright thinking is generated. By and large, the Dacca newspapers in both Bengali and English — there are a fair number of them — are poor stuff in form as well as in content. The lack of political liveliness may be understandable in a country where there is no Opposition to speak of. But even a hurried glance through the fat supplements brought out by all the publications on February 21 reveals a peculiar barrenness — all passion spent and all thinking suspended. Lyricism was the order of the day with poems by all recognised poets catching the eye. Whenever a feeble attempt was made to kick over the Establishment traces, the result turned out exceedingly wishywashy. Abu Jafar Shamsuddin writing for both *Janapad* and *Bangladesh Observer* used Marx's famous saying about tragedy repeated petering out into a farce with reference to February 21. A leading article in *Sambad* made a clumsy effort to find a

new class role for the day's message. There were a great many references to Tagore who has regrettably become something of a political slogan. A highly superficial study was made of facets of Bengali Muslim Political Thinking, 1905-24. Dr. Sirajul Islam, a historian whom I met later came to the extraordinary conclusion in an article that the British in the days of Wellesley had encouraged Bengali largely because they wanted to save themselves from being cheated by Indian businessmen and because the authorities wished to use Indian spiritual thought as a barrier against subversive French philosophy. And with the astonishing wealth of dialects at their command, the Dacca papers have already started thinking on the lines of standardising their language. All was not so bad. A couple of days later, Abdul Gaffar Chaudhury showed what the pen can achieve when he lashed out at a scandalous orgy of abduction and rape on Martyrs' day. Another stimulating article by Badruddin Umar — a brilliant mind in a Marxist strait-jacket — focussed on the political exploitation of poignant memories.

Journalism, said a Dacca poet, was one of the enemies of promise, quoting Cyril Connolly. That is a it may be. Let us go then and take a look at the literary scene, which by the force of circumstances, has mostly found home in the dusty musty newspaper offices. Armed with a letter from a Calcutta writer, I went to call on Shamsur Rahman, by all accounts the foremost poet of Bangladesh, in his office at *Dainik Bangla*. In his room shared by another fine gentleman, things were all anyhow and so was the poet. About a quarter of an hour's desultory conversation and many cigarettes later, a glimmer of rapport showed itself and an invitation to Shamsur's home followed. In two days, the contact ripened into easy cordiality, all Shamsur's doing. A little over the middle height with a shock of hair streaked with grey ("two years ago, I didn't have one grey hair," he told me) framing a bespectacled leonine head, Shamsur is a shy, affable man who talks about everything under the sun, including literature, with modesty and mild banter. He takes great pride in the literature, especially the poetry of the liberation struggle but frankly acknowledges that it has had its day. Is anything new in sight? He was not so sure. But it has to come. For instance, the incense-burning about Tagore, Nazrul, and Jibanananda, he thought, was necessary when these poets were being rejected for political reasons. But now it would be more to the point to cast a critical eye on them with strictly literary standards in mind. Was he afraid that the pursuit of

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soft living might blur the sharp outline of the poetry or suffering? He has his doubts as he has also about merging the individual psyche with the collective effort. Fiction and the drama in Bangladesh, he admitted were still a pale shadow of achievements across the border. There is no end of human material though. I fumbled with my idea that great things can be written about the strength and fragility of personal relations involving sweet girls embittered by dark memories. Also about the road back to civvies of young men who had tasted the heady wine of fighting. He nodded agreement but did not know if his novelist friends had had similar thoughts. When it came to politics as it impinged upon literature, he got a little worked up and expressed great disappointment. He knew he was in good company there. I told him I had seen the TV programme of their poetry-reading the previous evening. He agreed with me that the whole idea of a dozen poets performing for a long spell was an awful bore; and that, of course, went for most TV programmes, he added.

Al Mahmud, another leading poet, is at the moment far too involved in politics. He obviously believes in Khushwant Singh's theory that good poetry cannot be written on jira and nira and conditions in Bangladesh are not exactly propitious that way. Still as he relaxed one evening in my hotel room after giving up as a bad job a bash at reading his own poems, he opened out on his own art. Before personalia took over, he told me that one good thing about the Dacca literary crowd was the complete absence of malice. Too good to be true or what?

If these bright chaps may be called the inventors, the Bangla Academy going strong since 1957 is an ancillary workshop. At the end of February, it was all animation. Every day it was the venue of discussion groups covering a cross-section of the intelligentsia. On the morning of February 21, there was a mural on show in the Academy premises which charted the evolution of history culminating in Bangladesh. The cognoscenti may carp at artistic flaws but it was remarkable catholicity that could trace the story back to patently non-Islamic events. The Bangla Academy, however, is no brief exuberance on big days. It has been quietly carrying on its important job ever since it was born of the strident protest against Urdu imperialism. Kabir Chawdhury who was its Director until recently has, however, grown a few reservations today about the shape of things. Talking to a Swedish journalist last year, he said that the Academy had no need to change its

course after liberation for it had long been moving on independent lines. If anything, the shift should be in quite another direction. There was such a thing as overemphasizing nationalism, he said and the new wave should carry literature to the moorings of social values. He gave one to understand that in its preoccupation with the problem of identity, the authorities showed a tendency to subordinate truth to policy. He cited the case of a number of academics who had presumably dissociated themselves from an officially sponsored project of writing the history of the freedom movement for the same reason.

The meagre output of distinction of fiction in Bangladesh is an obvious handicap for the cinema. During my short stay, I managed to take in one local film — generally adjudged the pick of the current lot and it was unqualified tripe. Yet the reels of mush featuring the two top stars — Razzak and Kabari Chaudhury — has been doing remarkably well at the box-office whereas the first experimental film in Bangladesh, Alamgir Kabir's "Dhire Bahe Meghna" which got a very good Press did not run more than a week in Dacca. This is a measure of the stagnation in the Bangladesh cinema which has not stepped out of the tear-jerker-social story grooves. There has of late been sharp criticism of the failure of the local film-makers to do justice to the Liberation theme — apart from Jahir Raihan's "Stop Genocide", nothing has been done though there is a novel like 'Arek Falguni' and a play like Munir Chowdhury's "Kabar". Clearly, it is a case of the public getting the films it deserves. The celluloid world is walled in, with few foreign films showing at the public halls and the film society movement remaining an elitist interest. Even technical skill has not come of age; colour is out because the market is restricted. The star system is in full force with the result that those not so much in the public eye are left out in the cold. Also, since the profession has acquired no respectability, no really vigorous search is on for new faces. Take Babita. She is yet to make the grade as a star in her homeland and Satyajit Ray's casting her in his new film has not raised her stock much in Dacca. The Government could not care less about art films. The Film Development Corporation, unlike the FFC in India, is no patron of the local *nouvelle vague* and bogged down in personnel problems. The selection of films for foreign festivals does not do credit to official discernment. An Indian Film Festival was due in March but frankly I saw no air of expectancy in the city. The demand for films is heavy in rural

areas, educated cityfolk do not much care. That is one of the reasons why TV has not cut across the cinema market to a great degree.

It was an interesting experience packing both Razzak, the matinee idol and Alamgir Kabir, the innovator in my tight schedule. Razzak has long arrived, is now ensconced in his elegant villa in Gulshan and knows that even without benefit of intelligence, his toothpaste smile will bring home the bacon. He may have a pleasant chat with a visiting journalist if he feels like it or he may even give an appointment of his own seeking a miss. In contrast, Alamgir Kabir, not yet rolling in the stuff presumably, is to the manner born as the perfect host. In his modest home, one can lush up on Old Smuggler and put away delicious Muslim *khanu* but appreciate even more the intelligent conversation as an *hors d'oeuvre* and clever badinage for dessert.

The theatre is a non-event in Dacca. There is no public stage. Writing plays has not caught on, nor acting in them. Yet the University is pretty fertile in the medium. Long before Calcutta University lifted its ban on boys and girls acting together, Dacca University had staged mixed plays. But publishing the short plays put together by students has not yet struck the book-trade as an economic proposition.

The heart: the University, one whacking big laboratory for producing and

developing minds. Does the bright look of the campus mirror a neat and efficient process of communication? I was told not to be put off by graffiti. I rambled from department to department and ran into invisible walls.

It takes all sorts to make a world — even the small and jealously guarded one of Dacca academics. Some are quietly dedicated to their work, condemned as non-political. Some hide their feelings. Some others get their hackles up about trifles. But all have one thing in common — a dignified arrogance. No wonder for the University played a key role in the making of Bangladesh. Asked about the impact of liberation on the campus, they shrug the question off as they claim the University air had been freed from pollution long before the Pakistanis packed up. About Calcutta University, they have a holier-than-thou attitude and do not bother to conceal it. If secularism be the yardstick, they argue Dacca has long been ahead of Calcutta with its Hindu emblem and Sanskrit message.

The Bengali department is alive and some of the young members seemed capable of both getting and delivering quite a kick. They are not unduly bothered about the course and the methods of teaching. The department has long been forward-looking, having kept out obscurantist forces in the Pakistani days and now consolidating



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its gains. They have brought the syllabus sufficiently up - to - date — modern poetry comes up to Jibanananda who is not all that remote — and remedied the imbalance in the Calcutta syllabus by including a number of Muslim authors passed over across the border. There was no attempt to overdo secularism. On the haughty assumption that Atwal or Nazrul did not get their due at Calcutta for the same reason that made the Pakistanis ban Rabindranath, they have fashioned their approach which extends even to Tagore and Bankim. All Bengali lit. crit., they said, paid undue attention to the religion of these two masters which had little appeal for the Bangladesh intelligentsia. So at Dacca, the emphasis has been on the dissociation of literary criteria from individual faith.

For a contrast, consider studies in a dying culture — the cultivation of English. English has no function as a link language in Bangladesh and is on its way out. It will remain as a second

language — either as a compulsory or an optional subject. For those going in for higher studies abroad, a crash programme will be introduced to provide rapid training. Literary appreciation will doubtless suffer. English journalism will languish, if not die. It was intriguing to see Supplements of English papers celebrating the death of their medium.

Much depends on the role of the History faculty in a country whose identity is based on a historical contradiction. I was told that a considerable amount of research untainted by Islamic bias had been done by Dacca historians abroad but could not be published in the country previously. The accent in the past was, however, on British research trends — Namier type atomisation. But today's need is to record the broad sweep of national history with special reference to strands of opinion *a la* Trevelyan. Rajshahi University has taken a project in hand. Dacca also has similar ideas. Official policy has been predictably unimaginative. For instance, the school syllabus up to Class VIII has somewhat hastily added a history of Bengal to the already heavy load without sorting out the text-book problem. On the other hand, specializing in Bengal history at the Honours and PG levels is yet to begin seriously. And while such tinkering goes on, the only general book on old Dacca remains the one published in the Pakistani period with inevitable limitations. Kabir Chowdhury has shown the way with his "Folktales of Bangladesh". That's the stuff for the national ethos, much in need of sustenance.

Meanwhile life in Dacca, as anywhere else, flits across a chiaroscuro of hope and frustration. On the University walls, the most prominent inscriptions extol the virtues of Muslim Bengal. At the Union, the militant Rab-Shirajists swept the last elections. On the campus, doe-eyed girls in saris dimple with laughter chatting with girls peering through the slits in their burkhas. And all, one trusts, is for the best in the best of possible worlds.

SYAMALENDU BANERJEE.



It takes all sorts to make a world. Alamgir Kabir's first experimental film got a good press and did not run more than a week. Yet the reels of the two top stars — Razzak and Kabari Chaudhury — do remarkably well at the box-office. Clearly a case of the public getting the film, it deserves.

in our fashion

"I love to be photographed!" exclaimed Moyna Khan as she obligingly clambered up the branches of the *petrea arborea* in her parrot green turned up flares which she had picked up during her travels in Germany. The matching green knitted top, however, was local from a boutique in Delhi. To set off the wide line of the trousers were dark brown cork platforms — these picked up on an Italian sojourn. The hairstyle is an overgrown shag restyled by Moyna herself.

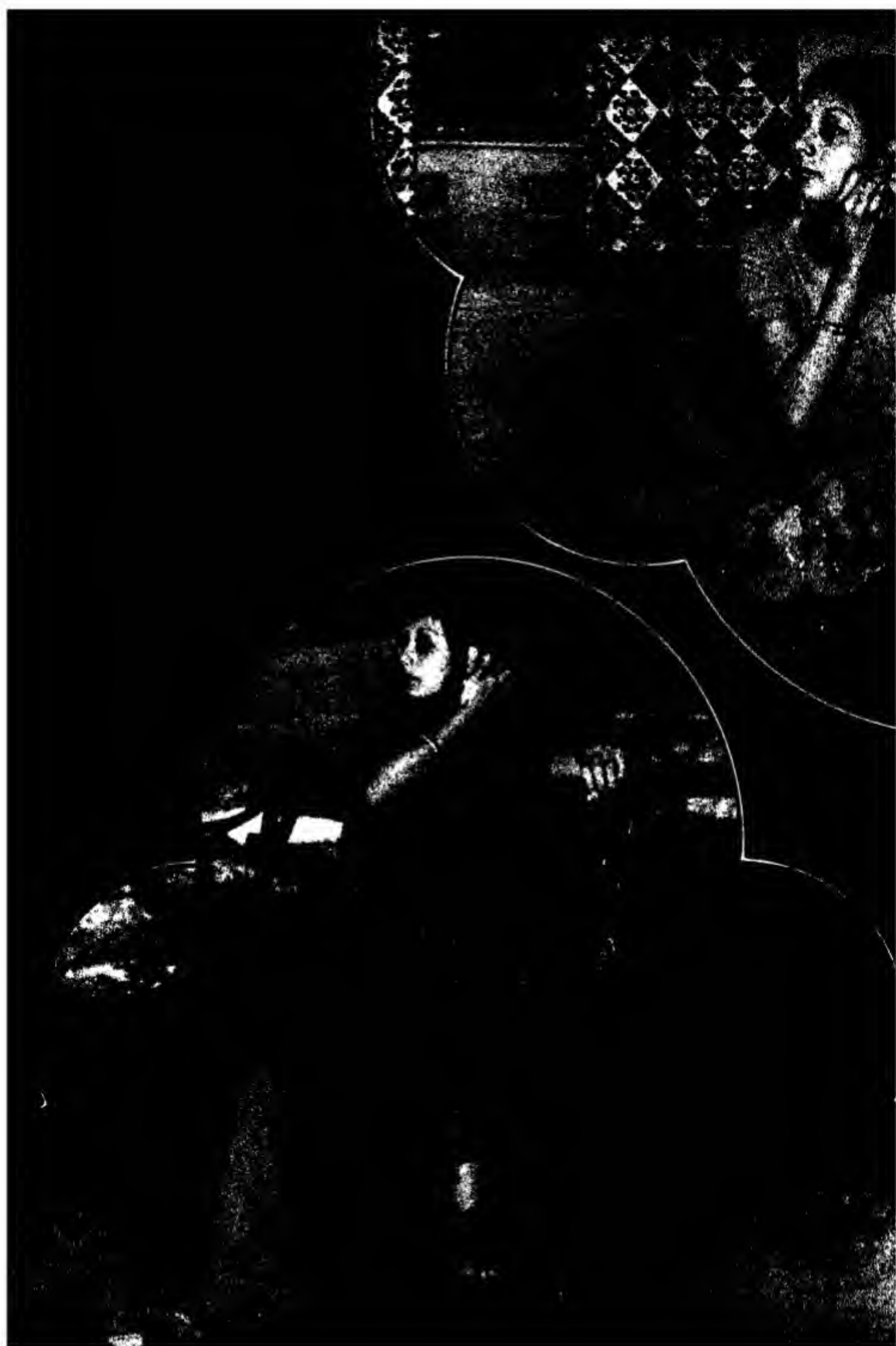
Having been one of the fortunate few to have joined the Tea Board and seen the world, Moyna reminisces effusively about her four memorable years as "tea ambassadress". Behind the apparent glamour of it all were long hours of work in department stores, patience, learning so many languages and adjusting in new countries and keeping up a smiling sari-ed front all the time. Favourite countries were Spain, Finland and Yugoslavia — she loved the warm, hospitable people in all three countries — so similar in their outlook to Indians — and of course, the good wine, food, music...

The black polka dotted white flares were German too, again set off by an Indian top — a black shirt with saddle stitching. Italy seems to have been the hunting ground for shoes — this outfit was carried off with black street walker heels.

In striking contrast was a flimsy georgette sari — a favourite in the warmer months on the continent. Accessories were large filigreed gold earrings from Spain, as were the tiny heeled sandals.

Once on a beach binge on the riviera she picked up a jersey culotte — a pale pink clinging comfortable creation worn as a lounge around the house. No slippers. And a lot of gay abandon to carry it off.
RITA BHIMANI.







Night of All Night



"What d'you do on the first night?" I asked the seniors, wide-eyed.

"Cry, of course," they replied, with the confident air of the know-alls.

"Everybody does. You know, cry, I mean," emphasised the second senior.

They ought to know. They were three years my seniors. Besides, they had cousins who were married. And *all* of them had cried on the first night.

I, a mere junior, was thrilled to hear this bit of news. I was the only privileged junior (not by merit, I confess) who was on the same floor as the seniors in the hostel. Hence they had condescended to speak to me on this forbidden subject.

"Why do they cry, are they tired or something..." I ventured timidly. They were shocked!

"What! Don't you know? You *have* to cry. You can't help it. It comes naturally to a girl. Besides, the brutes..."

The other senior nudged her. The first one relapsed into silence. Too much had been said in the presence of a junior. What would the nuns say?

"But I had learnt my lesson for life. You had to cry on the wedding night. It came naturally, of course.

Came the day of my wedding. I never thought I would marry Sudhir. He had followed me around like a lamb for months.

I couldn't help liking him. But you had to play hard to get, that's what the seniors had said. But not *too* hard, I decided swiftly, just in case I overdid the cold shoulder.

It worked.

And came the first night.

I sat on the bed, wrapped in a sticky red sari.

"Isn't it terribly hot?" he said.

Aha! The opening gambit. Pretender. Taking the innocent way. Two silent minutes ticked by.

"Would you like something to drink?"

I couldn't resist it. Yes. Something cold, please, with lots of ice."

He found the drink, all right, but no ice. He was frantic. He went to open the door. "The fridge is outside, in the kitchen, you know," he stuttered.

The door was locked from outside!

Ha! Didn't I know his tricks.

"The door is locked from the outside," he announced needlessly.

This was the cue. It comes naturally, they had all said. Desperate, I even surreptitiously pressed my eyelids. Not a drop! Something had gone wrong somewhere. Why wasn't I crying by

now?

"Your sari, er, looks sticky,.... warm I mean, you look, I say, do you feel hot, I mean, would you like to change?" he said, all in one breath.

The second big cue had been dropped.

By now, I should have been sobbing my heart out.

But so far, no Godavri, no Niagara. Nothing.

What had gone wrong?

I looked at him from the corner of my eyes. He stood on one leg for the first minute. He put it down. Stood on the other leg.

I had a strong desire to laugh. I suppressed it quickly. After all, I was desperately trying to save myself. I couldn't even cry. And there was that brute, pretending to be nervous.

"Is there anything I can do for you?" he asked.

Do for me? What a joke! When I was trying to save myself.

Cold silence.

"Are you angry?"

Angry? This was the last straw. The mischief maker. Here I was, unable even to cry, a thing that comes naturally to women on their first night, and he asks me if I am angry.

And it isn't as if I am abnormal. I can cry just as well as any other woman. It comes naturally *and* easily to me. Once, when I had the flu and I cried, I looked in the mirror. I looked prettier than the actresses who put glycerine in their glistening eyes. I would have made the prettiest bride who had cried on her wedding night.

It should have come naturally to me, and this brute here had petrified me so much that I couldn't even cry. A lump rose in my throat. A sob escaped me.

"Here, take my hanky," he said.

Of all the things to say....! I couldn't bear it any longer. I broke down completely. "You brute," I wept. "I didn't know you could be so boorish, so cruel."

"Here, I didn't mean anything."

But by now my heart was broken. I just couldn't stop crying.

He threw himself on the bed beside me.

Next day, they surrounded me, wide-eyed.

"Did you cry?"

I nodded mutely.

"Then what happened?"

I gave a bitter little smile. It had to happen to me.

"He cried himself to sleep."

Frederick Forsyth

THE ODESSA FILE

IT WAS EIGHT that evening that the lawyer in Nuremberg thought he had better ring Bayer and make sure the refugee Kolb had arrived safely. It was Bayer's wife who answered.

"Oh, yes, the young man, he and my husband have gone out to dinner somewhere. Such a nice young man," burred Frau Bayer cheerfully. "I passed him as he was parking his car."

A NICE YOUNG MAN

"Excuse me, Frau Bayer," the lawyer cut in. "The man had not got his Volkswagen with him. He came by train."

"No, no," said Frau Bayer, happy to be able to show superior knowledge. "He came by car. Such a nice young man, and such a lovely car."

"Frau Bayer, listen to me. Carefully now. What kind of a car was it?"

"A sports car. A long black one, with a yellow stripe down the side..."

The lawyer slammed down the 'phone,

then dialled a number in Nuremberg. He was sweating slightly.

"Mackensen," barked the Werwolf, "get over here fast. We've found Miller."

FRANZ BAYER was as fat and round and jolly as his wife. Alerted by the Werwolf to expect Rolf Gunther Kolb, an SS refugee, he welcomed Miller on his doorstep when he presented himself just after eight o'clock.

Ten minutes later they were heading in Bayer's car towards the city centre of Stuttgart for a meal.

IT IS at least a two-hour drive from Nuremberg to Stuttgart along the old E2 high road, and Mackensen the Odessa liquidator, pushed his car.

He arrived at half-past-ten and went straight to Bayer's house.

Frau Bayer, alerted by another call from the Werwolf that the man calling himself Kolb was not what he seemed to be, and might indeed be a police

BACKED by a Jewish revenge group headed by a man named Leon, a German reporter, Peter Miller, for reasons of his own, is trained to infiltrate the sinister Odessa movement, an association of former SS men in Germany. Miller is hunting a former SS captain, Eduard Roschmann. So is Leon. The Odes mean to stop them . . .

PART IV





informer, was a frightened woman when Mackensen arrived.

"You said you saw him parking his car. Where was this?"

She described the street where Miller's Jaguar was parked.

"Have you any idea which restaurant your husband might have taken Kolb to?"

"Well, his favourite eating place is the Three Moors Restaurant on Friedrichstrasse," she said.

Mackensen drove the half-mile to the parked Jaguar. He examined it closely.

GENIAL

OVER DINNER Bayer had been the genial host, roaring with laughter as he told his favourite jokes. Miller tried several times to get the talk round to the question of a new passport for Rolf Gunther Kolb.

Each time Bayer clapped him soundly on the back, told him not to worry, and added:

"Leave it to me, old boy, leave it to old Franz Bayer."

He tapped the right-hand side of his nose with his fore-finger, winked broadly and dissolved into gales of merriment.

MACKENSEN reached the Three Moors at a quarter past eleven. He inquired of the head waiter.

"Herr Bayer? Yes, he was here tonight. Left about half an hour ago."

"He had a guest with him?"

"That's right."

"Do you know where they went from here?"

"You could try the hat-check girl."

Mackensen asked the girl. Then he asked for a copy of the tourist booklet *What's On In Stuttgart*. In the section for cabarets were half a dozen names. In the middle pages of the booklet was a street map of the city centre. He walked back to his car and headed for the first name on the list of cabarets.

MILLER, alias Kolb, and Bayer sat at a table for two in the Madeleine nightclub. Bayer, on his second large tumbler of whisky, stared at a generously endowed young woman gyrating her lips in the centre of the floor while her fingers unhooked her brassiere.

Bayer jabbed Miller in the ribs.

"What a pair, eh, lad, what a pair!"

It was well after midnight and he was becoming very drunk.

"Look, Herr Bayer, I'm worried," whispered Miller. "I mean, it's me who's on the run. How soon can you make this passport for me?"

Bayer draped his arm round Miller's shoulders.

"Rolf, my old buddy, I've told you. Just leave it to old Franz." He winked broadly. "Anyway, I don't make the passport. I just send off the photographs. No problem."

Miller could not get the fat Odessa man away from the nightclub before the end of the first floor show.

"I'd better drive you home," he told Bayer as they approached the car parked by the kerb. He took the car keys from Bayer's coat pocket and helped the fat man unprotesting into the passenger seat. Slamming the door on him, he walked round to the driver's side and climbed in. At that moment a grey Mercedes slewed round the corner behind them to stop 20 yards up the road.

Behind the windscreen Mackensen, who had already visited five nightclubs, stared at the number plate of the car moving away from the kerb outside the Madeleine. Letting in the clutch, he followed it.

Miller drove not to Bayer's house but to his own hotel.

The fat man stared about him. "Must get home," he mumbled. "Wife waiting."

"Come on, just a little drink to finish the evening. We can talk about the old times."

Miller eased open the door of his hotel room, flicked on the light, and helped Bayer into the only armchair.

Mackensen, across from the hotel, waited....

BAYER was taken completely by surprise when the blow came.

Miller had never had occasion to use the blows he and his fellow rookies had practised in the gymnasium of their army training camp ten years before, and was not entirely certain how effective they were.

The vast bulk of Bayer's neck, like a pink mountain when seen from behind as the man sat muttering in the chair "Good old times, great old times...." caused him to hit as hard as he could.

It was not even a knock-out blow, for the edge of his hand was soft and inexperienced, and Bayer's neck was insulated by layers of fat. But it was enough. By the time the Odessa contact man had cleared the dizziness from his brain both his wrists were lashed tightly to the arms of the chair by Miller's only two ties.

His own tie came off and secured his left ankle to the foot of the chair, and the ripped-out telephone flex secured the right one.

He looked up owlishly at Miller as comprehension began to dawn in his button eyes. Bayer had one nightmare

that never quite left him.

"You can't get me away from here," he said. "You'll never get me to Tel Aviv. You can't prove anything. I never touched you people...."

The words were cut off as a rolled-up pair of socks were stuffed into his mouth and a woollen scarf was wound round his face. From above the patterned knitting, a present to Miller from his ever-solicitous mother, his eyes glared balefully.

Miller drew up the other chair in the room, reversed it and sat astride, his face two feet away from that of his prisoner.

"Listen, you fat slug. For one thing I'm not an Israeli agent. For another, you're not going anywhere. You're staying right here, and you're going to talk, right here. Understand?"

For answer Franz Bayer stared back above the scarf. The eyes no longer twinkled with merriment. They were red-tinged, like an angry boar in a thicket.

"What I want, and what I'm going to have before this night is through, is the name and address of the man who makes the passports for the Odessa."

Slowly he eased off the scarf and pulled the rolled socks out of Bayer's mouth.

"You bastard," hissed Bayer. "You are a spy. You'll get nothing out of me."

"No," said Miller. "We'll see. I'll start on your fingers and see how you like it."

He took the little finger and ring finger of Bayer's right hand and bent them backwards until they were almost vertical. Bayer threw himself about in the chair so that it almost fell over. Miller steadied it and eased the pressure on the fingers.

"I can break every finger on both your hands, Bayer," he whispered.

Bayer closed his eyes and sweat rolled in torrents off his face.

"Talk," hissed Miller. "The forger, his name and address." Bayer slowly shook his head.

"I can't," he whispered. "They'll kill me."

"Talk," said Miller. "You've got seven more fingers to go."

Bayer swallowed, eyes closed.

"Winzer," he said.

"Who?"

"Winzer, Klaus Winzer. He makes the passports."

"Where? Which town?"

"They'll kill me."

"I'll kill you if you don't tell me. Which town?"

"Osnabruck," whispered Bayer.

Across the road Mackensen shivered in his niche on the second floor of a half-completed building and clasped the

heavy Remington .300 rifle. At a range of thirty yards there would be no problems with such a gun. Mackensen could wait, he was a patient man.

In his room Miller quietly packed his things. He needed Bayer to remain quiescent for at least six hours. Perhaps the man would be too terrified to warn his chiefs that he had given away the secret of the forger. But he couldn't count on it.

Miller spent a last few minutes tightening the bonds and the gag that held Bayer immobile and silent.

He was almost at the top of the stairs when a thought came to him. The night porter had seen them both mount the stairs. What would he think if only one came down, paid his bill and left? Miller retreated and headed towards the back of the hotel. At the end of the corridor was a window looking out on to the fire-escape.

Two minutes later he was striding the three miles to where he had parked his Jaguar, half-a-mile from Bayer's house. He needed sleep badly, but realised he had to reach Winzer before the alarm was raised.

It was almost four in the morning when he climbed into the Jaguar and half-past the hour before he had made his way back to the autobahn leading north for Heilbronn and Mannheim.

Almost as soon as he had gone Bayer, by now completely sober, began to struggle to get free....

His first thought was the door, but it was locked. He tried the dead telephone, lumbering about on feet long since devoid of feeling from the tightness of the bindings. Finally, he staggered to the window, ripped back across the curtains and jerked the windows inwards and open.

In his shooting niche across the road Mackensen was almost dozing, despite the cold, when he saw the curtains of Miller's room pulled back. Snapping the Remington up into the aiming position, he waited until the figure behind the net curtains jerked the windows inwards, then fired.

The bullet hit Bayer in the base of the throat and he was dead before his reeling bulk tumbled backwards to the floor.

KLAUS WINZER, who from his early teens had been completely in love with the art of handwriting, had already supplied 42 West German passports to Odessa men in trouble.

He had taken one precaution. One day the Odessa might wish to dispose of his service, and of him. So he kept a record.

He never knew the real names of his clients; to make out a false passport in a new name it was not necessary. The



point was immaterial. He took a copy of every photograph sent to him, pasted the original in the forged passport, and kept the copy. Each photograph was pasted on to a sheet of cartridge paper. Beside it was typed the new name and address, and the new passport number.

These sheets were kept in a file. The file was his life insurance.

There was one in his house, and a copy with a lawyer in Zurich. If he were ever threatened by the Odessa, he would warn them that, if anything happened to him the lawyer would send the file to the German authorities.

The West Germans, armed with the photographs, would compare them with their "Rogues Gallery" of wanted Nazis. The passport number alone, checked with each of the 16 state capitals would reveal the domicile of the holder. Exposure would take not more than a week. It was a foolproof scheme to ensure Klaus Winzer stayed alive and in good health.

This was the man who sat quietly munching his toast and jam, sipping his coffee and glancing through the front page of the Osnabruck Zeitung at half-past eight that Friday morning when the telephone rang. The voice at the other end was first peremptory, then reassuring.

"There is no question of your being in any trouble with us at all," said the Werwolf, the secret Odessa chief. "It's this damned reporter. We have a tip that he's coming to see you. It's perfectly all right. We have one of our men coming up behind him and the whole affair will be taken care of within the day. But you must get out of there. Now here's what I want you to do."

Thirty minutes later a very flustered Klaus Winzer explained to a startled housemaid that he would not be going to the printing works that morning. On the contrary, he had decided to take a brief holiday in the Austrian Alps.

She stood on the doorstep open-mouthed as Winzer's Kadett drove off. As the car reached the clover-leaf junction with the autobahn, a black Jaguar was coming the other way heading into Osnabruck.

Peter Miller left the Jaguar at the end of the drive and walked to the front door.

"You just missed him," said the maid. "By 20 minutes."

"Oh what a pity. I'd hoped to catch him before he went to work."

"He hasn't gone to work, sir. Not this morning. He's gone off on holiday."

Miller fought down a rising feeling of panic. "We had an appointment this

morning," he invented quickly.

"Oh what a shame," said the girl. And he went off so sudden. He got this phone call, then upstairs he goes. 'Barbara,' he says, 'I'm off on holiday in Austria just for a week.' Well. I'd never heard of him planning no holiday. Tells me to ring the works and say he's not coming in for a week, then off he goes. Not like Herr Winzer at all. Such a quiet gentleman."

Inside Miller the hope began to die.

"Could I speak to Frau Winzer?"

Barbara giggled.

"There ain't no Frau Winzer. Don't you know Herr Winzer at all?"

"No, I never met him."

"Well, he's not the marrying kind really. I mean very nice, but not really interested in women. If you know what I mean."

Miller felt weariness creep over him. He had got so close. Now he felt only the need for sleep.

He drove past the mediaeval wall of the old city to the Theodor Heuss Platz, parked the Jaguar in front of the station and checked into the Hohenzollern Hotel across the square. He fell asleep at half-past ten.

The Post office in Osnabruck flanks one side of the Theodor Heuss Platz. A whole corner and one side of the square is taken up by the main railway station, and a third side is occupied by the Hohenzollern Hotel.

As Mackensen, the Odessa's liquidator, parked by the post office, his face split into a grin. The Jaguar he sought was in front of the town's main hotel.

The Werwolf was in a better mood.

"It's all right. Panic over for the moment," he told the killer. "I reached the forger in time and he got out of town. His maid told me he left barely 20 minutes before a young man with a black sports car came enquiring after him."

"I've got some news, too," said Mackensen. "The Jaguar is parked right here on the square in front of me. I can take him right here in his hotel room."

"Hold it," warned the Werwolf. "Don't be in too much of a hurry. The maid has seen him and his car. She would probably report to the police. That would bring attention on our forger, and he's the panicking kind. I can't have him involved. The maid's testimony would cast a lot of suspicion on him. First he gets a phone call, then he dashes out and vanishes, then a young man calls to see him, then the man is shot in a hotel room. It's too much."



NEXT : the net closes

The Rajesh-Dimple wedding reception looked something like a "mela" with its mile-long traffic jams, no parking space, fireworks all around: Hotel Horizon with its huge lawn, provided only standing or rather pushing place for people. While the police force was handling car traffic outside, Rajesh's henchmen were giving stop-and-go signals on the wide dais.

Looked more like a gigantic publicity stunt, said a producer, turning back after an hour's futile wait to get up the dais. Or else why should there be no family members at the entrance to the lawn, leaving free passage for the star-crazy public, disguised in suit-n-boots. Genuine invitees had no staying power, so home they went!

venue. Sharmila, it seems, was last to leave.

Raj Kapoor sang the doli song, spirited in more ways than one. An even more sozzled Chunibhai sat with him on the doorstep and stuck to his side the whole evening through. Dimple and Rajesh came out and separated — she to the hen's group, he to the boozers. She wore heavy bridal attire, loose open hair and all — talking away, to friends, Munni Dhawan, etc. As usual, speed of 30 words per second. Rajesh was doing all the blushing and dimpling for his bride.

Shatrughan Sinha arrived in a dark attire, tie-less and unshaven. Gave me a warmer-than-normal greeting and

khaas

baat

Stampede control chiefs, Shama Samanta and Raj Kapoor, made their way up to the bar hall, where close invitees were to be "looked after". What did they find? The "faltu public" swarming round waiters, there too! The chiefs began bodily necking them out! They were stopping and interrogating everyone, and when two hordes of 20 youngsters each strode in imperiously, Raj asked: "Who are you, where do you think you're going?", they shot back: "We are members of the Rajesh Khanna Fan Club, and we are invited to the wedding!" Shakti and Raj threw up their hands in defeat.

One thing this mismanaged (deliberately?) reception has done is to set the other marrying couples rethinking. Venues decided earlier, for the Raakhee wedding and the Jeetu one, are being warily changed. By the way, Jeetu, in black suit, red tie, stated that his date was being shifted from the unlucky number till after Raakhee's. His father was not well.

Real Nawabi style. The genuine invitees to the wedding were entertained at Chunibhai Kapadia's residence after the reception. We walked and motored next door, in secret hordes, expecting the fans to follow any minute — but they didn't. Paan in silver salvers was offered round by liveried staff. Paan's enthusiasts were Sharmila Tagore, Bindu and one Leelu Mirchandani, who was dancing around Sharmila at the dinner

explained why he came in facial shrubbery. "I never shave on holidays! I didn't go to work to-day". Poor boy had been helping with the baraat. Komal in severe, lack-flounge glamour, hovered around Shatru, while he kept casting detached looks away from her.

Anil Dhawan has cultivated a more abundant crop of locks, to match his L-shaped sideburns. Putting on too much weight, Anil, cut down that hogging! Hams are not in season, you know!

Mr. and Mrs. Babenkhov were attentive lookers-on at Chunibhai's dinner and the reception, too. Mr. Babenkhov is the chief of Sovexportfilm in Bombay. They know every star by sight and by love-affair too. For instance, Mrs. B. asked me if Vinod Mehra was not accompanied by Rekha? A very curious pastime, it seemed to me, to be asking how rich each star was, beginning with the bridegroom. But the Babenkhovs were really doing only that. Mrs. B. wanted that Manu should be very "reesh", because the day she stops working, she won't be left with much money, to last her lifetime.

Raj Kapoor, downing the last drop from his glass, looked up at a wide-staring Krishna, his wife, sorrowfully. Far from apology, he asked her: "Ghar ja ke aur kuch milega?" (Will I get something more when I go home?) Not a wisp out of place on her cool face, she replied: "Let's see if we can go home first!" You know your man, Krishna

I will never act with an

"The first thing I told Dev Anand when he was testing me for the role in "Hare Rama Hare Krishna" was that I wanted to direct films more than act in them. He was confounded, probably wondering how a slip of a girl could go to an established film maker-actor of his standing and ask if she could direct a film!" And Zeenat Aman seemed very serious about it too.

"But Dev had the last word. 'You will, you will', he had said and very soon my wish is going to be fulfilled". Zeenat's argument was sound. If an actor could direct a film while playing a role, she

she must have inherited creative talent. "Really, journalism was the first thing I wanted to take up, at that certain age when one wants to do one of those things. Now I'm so busy, but I keep track of the written word by reading in my free time". Yes, she is a voracious reader and is one of the few actresses who can talk intelligently on a variety of subjects.

But we were not getting anywhere, so I asked: "In the chillum-smoking scene in 'Hare Rama Hare Krishna', did you smoke the real thing?"

important actress

could at least assist in the making of it. The sincerity of the girl came through as she said: "I want to know the complete machinery of filming — technical and organisational — because I am working only half myself for the camera".

"Do you feel that studying the technicalities of filming will make you a better artiste, or make you want to pursue it as a profession apart from acting?" I asked, expecting the stereotyped "I want to be a full-fledged director" bit. But no. It turned out that she was trying to probe the total aspects of filming like any intelligent person with professional curiosity, "so that I may act with a better grip on the subject".

A highly successful model, she had never consciously thought of acting, though she recognised that it was the next natural step. "But first on my ambition-list was journalism. I was quite good at writing and, in the United States where I studied, I always got 'Ones' for English and essays. I've also been awarded medals for short stories and creative pieces, beside elocution, recitation and the sort. Acting in plays, too, came naturally to me".

Being the daughter of the late Aman, who was a writer and lyricist for films,

"Look — real hippies were taken in the film and they were smoking the real stuff. In the sequence, I had to be passed the chillum to take a whiff. But the number of retakes they needed proved too much for me. Pretty soon, I was really high. I felt giddy and sick. They put me in a car and I slept it off at the hotel".

I asked her for more on pot. "Marijuana, or charas, is what the hippies put in their chillums. The effect is not like liquor, where you tend to get loud and extrovertish. This is the opposite — you become quiet, drugged, with the feelings of an introvert weighing you down. Whatever mood or frame of mind you are in, the feeling becomes deeper. You do not get out of the mood, as in drinking. The deeper you go, the 'higher' you get". She laughed at the fascination written all over my face.

"Did you smoke pot in the States, or did you act so well because you had seen everyone there doing it?"

"In the U.S., there is a lot of acid-taking, methidrin-sniffing, pot-smoking and heroin-injecting. Living there, I was very familiar with drug-reaction, though I never tried it. I was staying with a family and almost everyone was taking



I never care for glamour

drugs in some form or other".

"How about your other roles and your preferences". I asked, to come back to shop talk.

"I like to act in roles that give me a chance to perform — emotion, drama, intrigue — these are situations I would like to act out".

I had heard from B. R. Chopra his assessment of this new artiste's work and talent — "Utter concentration and sincerity, coupled with a refreshingly new style of acting. She is most intelligently aware of continuity". I have seen her repeating her lines to herself, seriously, like a student, between takes — and her concentration seemed unlike anyone else's.

"I notice you never really care for glamour, or roles which call for a lot of it. Is it because you are naturally glamorous that you want to avoid accentuating it?" I asked.

"You're right. I realise I have never cared for glamour, but how right you are about the natural — glamour bit. I cannot say. As for roles, the best one I have now is in "Heera Panna" — one which calls for a lot of emotion-tossing and offers scope for drama. The other good role is in the Shammii Kapoor-directed "Manoranjan", the character of a call-girl — an ordinary prostitute. That should be a good change from the glamourised 'Devis' we have on screen, who go to the temples, do pooja and are prostitutes only in their spare time — being virgins, besides!"

Finally, she admitted, she had laid certain norms for herself. First, she would not do too many films at a time. Next, she would work only for good, established film makers — more important, only for good directors. Another is that she would never act in a film with two important girls, because she would get the less-important role, probably the useless, glamorous one — "so what's the point appearing in it?"

With these norms, she said, she wanted to shape her acting career. "Let's see how well I am able to keep to them and survive".

With three films released and four awards already (two from Bombay and one each from Delhi and Calcutta) she certainly looks set to survive — and conquer.

VIJAYA IRANI

BRIDGE by TERENCE REESE

THAT PARTNERS ARE always liable to do the wrong thing is a proposition with which few would disagree. Do we, then, work hard enough to prevent them from following their natural bent? Here are two situations where partner can be saved from error.

Dealer, North. Game all.

♠ 9 6 5	♥ A 10 7 2	♦ Q 8 7 6 2	♣ 2
♠ Q 7 4	♥ K J 6 5	♦ A 3	♣ A 7 6 4
♠ K 3	♥ Q 9 4 3	♦ J 10 4	♣ Q 10 8 3
♠ A J 10 8 2	♥ 8	♦ K 9 5	♣ K J 9 5

South plays in Four Spades and West leads ♠ 2. East's Queen losing to the King. As there is a danger of a club ruff, South crosses to ♠ A and finesse ♠ J. When this holds he cashes ♠ K, ruffs a diamond, leads another spade from dummy and draws the third round.

What should East discard on this third trump? The answer, if East is awake, is the Queen of hearts.

He can read the opening lead as a singleton and knows that South has five spades, three diamonds and four clubs, thus a singleton heart. By throwing the Queen, East prevents partner from ducking when a heart is led. Declarer will make twelve tricks anyway; no need to let it be thirteen.

Here is a similar situation:

Dealer, South. Love all

♠ 9 5	♥ Q 10 5	♦ A 7 6	♣ K J 4 3 2
♠ Q 7 3	♥ K 7 6 4	♦ K 9 4 2	♣ 9 2
♠ J 10	♥ A J 9 3 2	♦ J 10 5	♣ 10 8 7
♠ A K 8 6 4 2	♥ 8	♦ Q 8 3	♣ A Q 5

West leads ♥ 4 against Four Spades and dummy's 10 is headed by the Jack. East returns ♥ J and South takes the right view, playing low from hand and winning in dummy. Then he plays off three rounds of trumps.

It is obvious what will happen if East makes a neutral discard on the third trump. West will try to put him in with a heart, for a diamond lead, and South will make the rest.

Instead, East must discard the Ace of hearts, forcing West to cash the King of diamonds and hold South to ten tricks.



SAN MARINO is noted, among tourists as well as philatelists, for its attractive pictorial stamps illustrating such themes as prehistoric animals, wild birds, butterflies, veteran cars and the history of hunting. The latest series comprises 10 stamps showing flowers in their natural colours. The 5-line stamp (above) features *Centaurea dealbata*, a member of the knapweed and cornflower family. Designed by Anne-Marie Trechslin, the series has been printed in photogravure by the Swiss firm of Courvoisier.

This is the fourth series of flower stamps issued by San Marino; others appeared in 1953, 1957 and 1967.

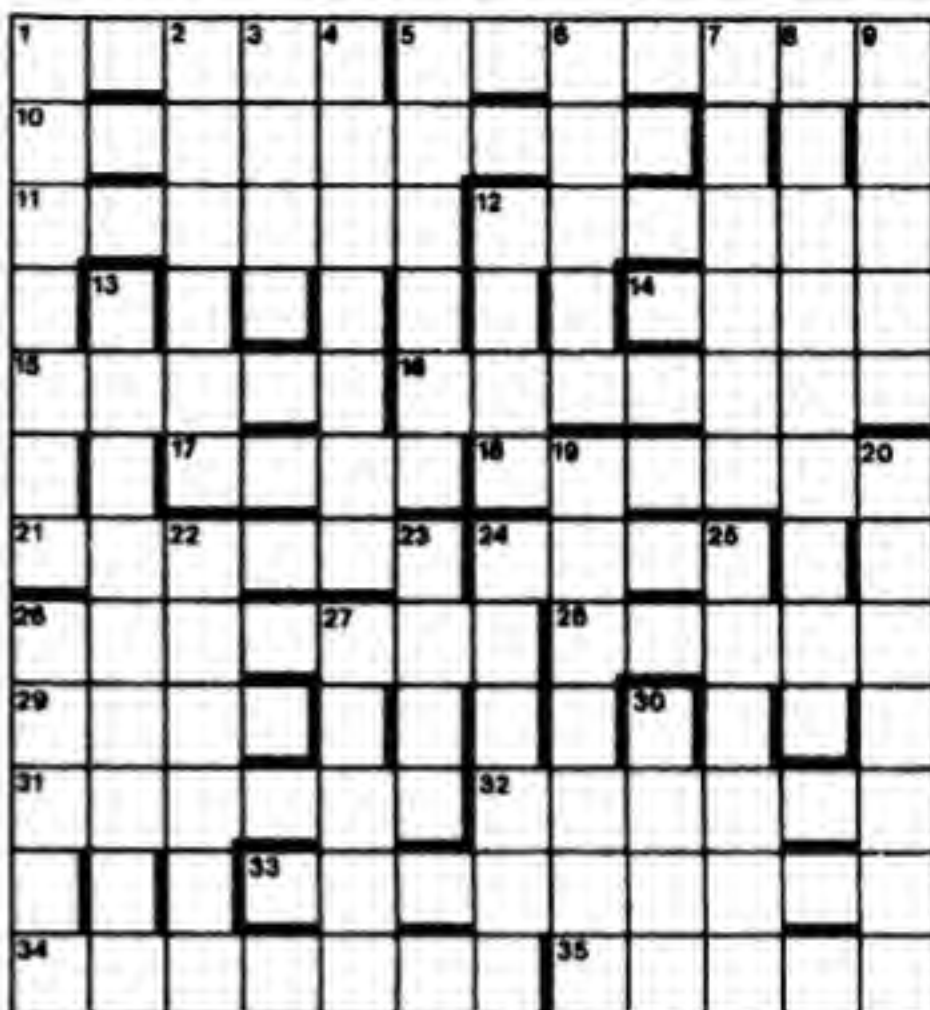
AZED CROSSWORD No. 5

ACROSS

- 1 Stops misusing booze (5)
- 5 Beau jest? Naething but talk (7)
- 10 About turn in old dances, look (9)
- 11 L has internal craving for weird diet like 'Beowulf' (6)
- 12 Bony crustacean almost enclosed in shell (6)
- 14 Delayed eating? See some of it go stale (4)
- 15 Settle business of wages, we hear (5)
- 16 What tricks rays at start of dawn? 'So Lycidas...' (7)
- 17 Eat my rhizome, love, after egg (4)
- 18 Crack cypher, getting the scent (6)
- 21 Thus heaven doth finally back mighty kings (6)
- 24 Hogshead: get plastered, imbibing one (4)
- 26 Picked herbs dispel a thousand ails (7)
- 28 How dictator might refer to assassin, and did (5)
- 29 Where the Alpine Club gets me (4)
- 31 When this is done, ye've got t'arish (6)
- 32 Helen Cherry's part in 'The Philosopher's Fallacy' (6)
- 33 Printed muslin for nine, perhaps, in dark blue (9)
- 34 Curse the confounded Hebrews (7)
- 35 The bard sounds a scurvy fellow (5)

DOWN

- 1 Planes do too much, circling noisily (7)
- 2 Shut up about unwrought pearl (false) offered to savages (6)
- 3 Corrode, as well as other things, hydrogen (4)
- 4 French swell embraced by English ones in bowlers (7)
- 5 To widen out, one leaves Spanish fascist group (6)
- 6 Fishy cases grasped by cunning (5)
- 7 Whom Lynette loved to gather round (6)
- 8 Songbirds sat about eating nuts and pepper (9)
- 9 Possible bear, with pound invested, makes packets (5)
- 12 Heads of state have acknowledged him (4)
- 13 Endlessly lively wild puss gets end of nose to twitch (9)
- 19 Frothy confection knocked up (not long) for sprightly creature (7)
- 20 Article in rising river's sodden (7)
- 22 Introduces a bit of modesty in topless restrictions (6)
- 23 Old axe found in Gaul (4)
- 24 One plunging, we hear, when business slumps on Clyde? (6)
- 25 Appointed superior to girl being brought up (6)
- 26 A gentleman's cry of joy when embraced by kinaman (5)
- 27 It's true about sun rising: its beam's intense (5)
- 30 An eye within the borders of Klimarnock (4)



AZED No. 4 Solution and notes

ACROSS

- 10, Zo in rhyme, 15, Sap-green, 18, O in div-T.
- 19, Ho, mall; 24, Well (vb)

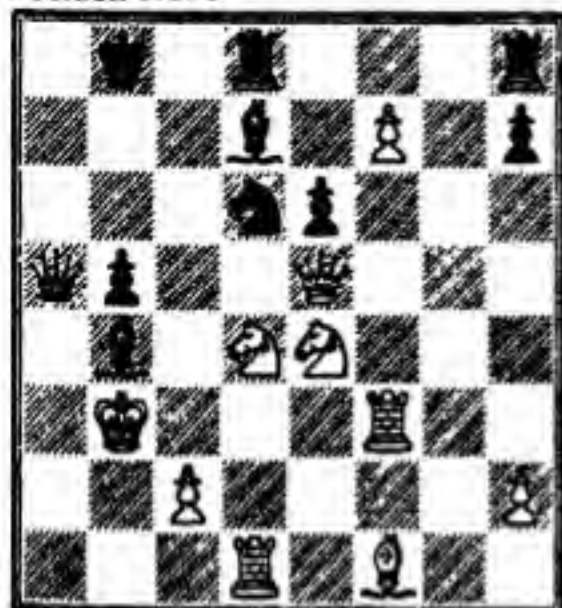
DOWN

- 2, Chai(r); 4, Wop-an, 8, Hidden in rev, 8 lit.
- 14, China; 17, M. would be vegetarian; 27, 2 meanings; 30, Cracks.

CHESS

by HARRY GOLOMBEK

Position No. 5



White to play - how should the game go?

Continuation of Position No. 3

The finish of a game played at Bagneux, 1971, between Horvath and Nepomachty: - r1b2rk1; 2q1bp1p; p1ktp1pQ; 6P1; 1p1KtP3; 1Pkt1B3; 1PP2P1P. 2KR2R1.

White won by 1. Kt-B5, KtP x Kt; or 1... KP x Kt; 2. Kt-Q5, Q-Q1; 3. B-Kt6. 2. P x P, R-K1; 3. Kt-K4, resigns.

Women's chess

Nothing has been more marked of recent years than the rise in quality in women's chess among the world's leading players. With Nona Geprindashvili as their spearhead, a group of about half a dozen players has emerged, any one of whom would not be out of place in a masters' tournament. Mostly resident, though not all, in the Soviet Union, they seem to have taken the world champion as their model, so that their play unites sophistication with a tactical awareness of a higher degree than that which prevailed in women's chess until the coming of Nona.

A good example of their play is the following game that was played in a Candidates match for the World Championship in 1971. White: N. Alexandria. Black: A. Kushnir.

Reti Opening

1. Kt-KB3, P-QB4; 2. P-QKt3, P-Q4; 3.

P-K3, Kt-KB3; 4. B-Kt2, P-K3; 5. B-Kt5 ch, B-Q2; 6. B-K2, B-Q3; 7. O-O, O-O; 8. P-Q3 A tame line which allows Black to assume the initiative; better was 8. Kt-K5, followed by P-KB4. 8... Kt-B3; 9. P-B4, Q-K2; 10. QKt-Q2, QR-Q1; 11. P-KR3, P-QKt3; 12. Q-B2, P-K4; 13. P x P. A mistake; more in line with the opening system chosen was 13. KR-K1. 13... Kt x P; 14. Kt-K4, B-Kt1, 15. P-R3, K-R1, 16. Kt-B3, Kt-B2, 17. Kt-QR2, Kt-Q4; 18. Kt-B3, Kt x Kt; 19. B x Kt, P-B4; 20. Kt-Q2. Possibly overlooking the ensuing combination; better was 20. Kt-R2. 20... Kt-Q5; 21. Q-Q1, Kt x B ch; 22. Q x Kt, P-K5; 23. P-Q4, P x P; 24. B x P, QR-K1; 25. P-B4, P x P e.p.; 26. Q x P, Q-Q3; 27. Kt-B4, Q-Kt3; missing the more immediate win by 27... Q-R7 ch; 28. K-B2, R-K3. 28. R-R2. Rather over-sophisticated; preferable was 28. QR-B1. 28... B-B3; 29. Q-Q1, Q-Kt6; 30. R(B1)-B2, Q-R7 ch; 31. K-B1, B-Kt6; 32. Q-R5, B x R. 33. R x B, Q-Kt6, 34. Q-R6, B-Q4; 35. Kt-O6, R-K3; 36. Kt x P, Q x R ch; 37. K x Q, R x Kt ch, White resigns.



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STINGRAY

AND FALL OF THE BENGALI BABU



beginning with April 22, 1973



ARIES (March 21 — April 20)

This is a week of prosperity. Plans are likely to materialise. Professionals will derive much benefit through highly placed friends. In service this is the time to shine. Your health will improve. Minor ailments of your spouse indicated.



TAURUS (April 21 — May 20)

Patience, please! At work, your move should be cool and calculating. Clash of interests among your superiors may indirectly jeopardise your chances. Businessmen may expect handsome profits. Rheumatism may confine you to bed. Single? Go ahead with marriage plans.



GEMINI (May 21 — June 20)

Your long-cherished desire will be fulfilled. Now is the right time for future planning. To avoid loss, act at once. Professionals to fare better. Businessmen should be extra-cautious in transactions. A trip to a place of scenic beauty may materialise.



CANCER (June 21 — July 21)

The week opens with a boost to your finances. A surprise gift from a friend may arrive. A nice letter from a foreigner friend may be expected. Success in courtship and romance indicated. Bank-advance will be forthcoming to the businessmen and yields from investments will be better.



LEO (July 22 — Aug. 21)

Pain and pleasure both will be experienced, a curiously mixed bag for you. Still you would find things going in the right direction. Take care of your health. Eat less.



VIRGO (Aug. 22 — Sept. 22)

Except for 27th and 28th the week should be generally beneficial. Professionals may have vengeful temperament. Businessmen should not rush to new schemes. At work, a colleague may be a source of danger. Arguments with superiors should be avoided. Appointment letter may reach you on Tuesday.



LIBRA (Sep. 23 — Oct. 22)

All hurdles on your way will go. Increase in social status beyond expectations indicated. The lift in your son's career will make you proud. Recognition for professionals may be expected. Avoid journey westwards. Wedding bells for bachelors.



SCORPIO (Oct. 23 — Nov. 22)

Face problems with courage and a clear mind — you will succeed. Happiness and mental peace would prevail. A new phase will start from midweek in your professional activities. An injury to the left ankle may occur. In speculation, first half would yield handsome profits.



SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 23 — Dec. 20)

An excellent period for concentrated mental effort. Your mind will remain active with ideas and innovations. At work you will have fairly satisfactory progress. If you are in any profession, mental relief is assured. Businessmen should be cautious in investing in fresh ventures.



CAPRICORN (Dec. 21 — Jan. 19)

Do not act in haste — prosperity is on its way. Stick to your normal routine. Single? Romance is round the corner. Chances in speculative deals are very bright. Right time to finalise your programme — delay may cause distress.



AQUARIUS (Jan. 20 — Feb. 18)

Time to think about yourself. Friends and relations may prove unhelpful. You may have to repent your past activities. Your wife would be a source of happiness. Good profit in metal deals indicated. Professionals may have to face discordant elements.



PISCES (Feb. 19 — March 20)

Good news on Thursday on your future. Sincere help from a friend may be had. Problems will develop by the 28th. Do not stand surety for your colleagues. A trip to the hills likely. Professionals may find honour. A social function may tax your pocket.

This magazine is distributed
FREE with **sunday's**
Hindusthan Standard



To-day, when European colonialism is not only dead, but is also repudiated as European crime against humanity, there certainly has emerged a counter colonialism from Asia and Africa, of which a very important element is the emigration from India.

Next Sunday, Nirad C. Chaudhuri writes about the new Indian colonialism which he says, has something like the weed's capacity to spread into cultivation or horticulture.

BROWN MAN'S BURDEN

sunday

HINDUSTHAN STANDARD

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22 APRIL 1973

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RODRIGO
CORTESIA PUELO LINDAS





THE Bengali Babu must have existed once as a more or less respectable species. What I know is what I have been told. My father does not mind being called Niranjana by his friends; he rather likes it from equals who in his opinion are not many. By others he prefers to be called "Mr. Majumder". I can see a sort of physical pain creeping over his face when anyone calls him "Niranjana Babu". He doesn't like it and sometimes says so, without winning friends. I often wondered about this excessive reaction and once, only once, asked him why he was so allergic to the word "Babu". His answer enlightened me but slightly. He would rather not discuss the unpleasant subject, as though a skeleton was about to walk out of the cupboard. My father then came clean. He reminded me that I had gone to La Martiniere, my sister to the same school and then to Loreto College. He had only gone to some school in Chandpur, now in Bangladesh where English was spoken only when someone was really angry. Even in classes for English teaching the language of the Bengali language usually held sway. Incidentally, my father now rarely speaks any language other than English; and he is uncomfortable in any other language. I am told his friends are even more uncomfortable when he speaks Bengali; in that contorted monologue he, of course, never permits the onion or garlic of an English word.

Angry as usual, as if I had monkeyed on his typewriter to produce a Shakespearean sonnet, my father said, "I hate the word 'Babu' because I was never one in the old sense and was once called one in the new. That Man Michael Hirtzel once asked me whether I was the Babu sent by I forget who, another burra sahib". A certain excitement had seized the situation, as though Chandrasekhar had bowled a spinner, when I had done nothing of the sort; and, nursing his ties while getting into his Oxford Street jacket, my father said, "I don't know whether I am still a Babu or only trying to be one or only trying to live down being a Babu. The whole process needs what our American friends call historical evaluation". There was upper middle class Britain speaking through someone who was neither upper class nor British. The new Bengali Babu in short. My father then told me that my belonging to La Martiniere, my living in the Park Street area, my total alienation in fact from Bengali life, made it impossible for me to begin to understand the Bengali Babu. He exists only in Bengali writing, which I read only with difficulty.

This love-hate relationship between the Bengali babu and my father intrigued me. (My father strongly disapproves of this casual use of the word 'intrigue'; but never mind; I would never be

THE RISE & FALL OF THE BENGALI BABU



able to write anything if I followed this exacting combination of Fowler and APH). It may be a good idea not to ask too many questions about the origins of the Bengali babu. (One of my father's many dirty stories relates to a country lad who, when asked by the vicar as to who had made him, says, "No more o' that Guvner; there's been enough trouble over that already in the family".) For myself, I've only vaguely heard of the four Kanauj Brahmins who came to Bengal. I could never sort out the supposedly lowly origins of the Pirali Tagores of Jorasanko. This brings me to the first questions. If Bankim Chatterji did not mind being called "Bankim Babu", Rabindranath being called "Rabi Babu", or Asutosh Mookerjee being called "Asu Babu", why should my father be so annoyed when called "Niranjan Babu"? Annoyed he is; you can see it, even over the telephone wire. The perfectly respectful and affectionate address "Niranjanda or Niranjana Dada" pleases him no more. He is Niranjan or Mr. Majumder. My father, I'm told, was once known as a writer of Bengali prose. He says, and my grandma confirms the story, that once upon a time he wasn't a bad broadcaster either, in either language, Bengali and English. I heard him last on the BBC; he sounded no worse than Robin Day or Cliff Michelmore.

It's this distance between the babu of yestercountry and the sahib of yesterday that I cannot measure. The gap fascinates me no end, a subject my father will simply not discuss. He only hurls at me a disintegrating copy of "Alaler Gharer Dulal", printed in 1892, pages falling apart, much like his own clothes after he's had his tenth cigarette which is usually after his fifth whisky. (No "e" between "k" and "y": only the Irish and the Americans do it.)

In one form or another, the Bengali babu must have existed in Moghul and earlier times; but he emerged in his dhoti, chadar and the rest perhaps only in the days of the East India Company. My father knew nothing at all of those days; he somehow belongs to them. Traces of him can be seen in "Alaler Gharer Dulal" and "Hutom Pyanchar Naksha", later parodied in Samar Sen's brilliantly cynical poems. "Chitpurur baranday kokil dakey Alas hai tole bekar kukur". Where did all this come from?

The progress of the Bengali babu pilgrim did not really begin to take shape until the advent of the East India Company, although Neanderthal babus must have lived before. The first contacts between the Hon'ble Company and the honourable babu of Bengal must have been the banian, the mutsuddi, the comprador who little knew the eventual impact of the impending confrontation



between two very unlike cultures, hostile almost. The rendezvous was not cultural at all; it was paise, paise all the way. The East India Company man had not heard of Shakespeare; his Indian counterpart believed in certain rituals but might not have read the Ramayana. Salt and silk made up the conversation, until the missionaries came and the babu began to demand more than paise. He wanted education. He wanted ethics and a new morality. A new horizon in fact. (It may not be wholly coincidental that my father called me "Diganta" meaning horizon. I shall not annoy my father by telling him that the old 19th century babu in him may not have been fully smothered like Desdemona.)

The first results of the confrontation must have been disastrous, going by the telling Kalighat pats. The Calcutta babu, it appears, usually got back home fully drunk. His main pastime appears to have been beating his wife, a good Hindu wife who yet was not wholly guileless. He spoke a few words of English, but mainly to those who had no English at all. His hair was parted in the middle with ridiculous care; the crease in his dhoti was about the only unbending thing about him. The westernisation of the Bengali babu in this period can hardly be said to have been impressive. His translation to trousers cannot have been much more convincing for, as Raj

Narain Bose has recorded, the practice then was to wear "pants" above one's dhoti; during the Sepoy Mutiny, Mr. Bose wore his "pants" over his dhoti, for if the British came he could show his "pants" and if the Sepoys came he could disport his dhoti and patriotism. Years later, I am told, Mutiny-ka-kapra became meeting-ka-kapra. A transformation was taking place, although my father was no part of that process. Kalighat pats are now virtually extinct, so may be the babu found in them.

The literary evidence is meagre and quite possibly misleading. The Anglicisation laughed at by Iswar Gupta was itself satire of a sort born of a misalliance between faraway Canterbury Tales and kaviwallahs next door, with Dryden and Pope thrown in somewhere. Scurrility held sway; sophistication was yet to come. Bankim Babu was sad at the death of Iswar Gupta but hoped there would not be another again. I haven't read the text; but the story begins to suggest the new babu in embryo. Affectionate he still is; but he is beginning to shed his sentimentalism. He is beginning to face up to his own death and rebirth, neither a painless process.

No, I cannot find my father in either "Alaler Gharer Dulal" or "Huton Pyanchar Naksha". No product of Permanent Settlement, my father never tires of telling me that his father left him not a





square yard of land or any other kind of property nor a paisa of debt. Their heirloom seems to be a sort of intangible but fierce integrity which has made my father a poor man getting nowhere in particular. Considering his beginnings, he has been successful up to a point: but if I am to believe what the stars foretell there is Ketu sitting somewhere. My father hates all such references. He is not a babu; and I do not have the heart to tell him that the babu was once a rationalist, a rebel against superstition, a student of science. This babu was only coming out of his cocoon, no muslin yet but Murshidabad almost. With little first-hand knowledge of the last century or much of this, I would say Rammohun was the first of the babus, Vidyasagar the second, Bankim the third (I saw the film *Richard III*) and Rabindranath about the last.

The babu had now grown. It was not enough to have money. It was not enough to have three or four mistresses in Sonagazi. Our babu now had to have a certain moral and intellectual quality to prove his worth in society, his very distinctive entity which had to be as far apart from the native environment as from the imported facade of prim Victorian correctitude. There you see Jyotirindra Nath Tagore riding away on horseback with his beautiful wife, Kadambini, to the Maidan. Satyendra Nath Tagore had already sent his children to France. The babu was going places. Rabindranath went to England when he was twelve. I was there at ten, never a babu and not much of a sahib because I didn't have to make the effort my father had to. But this was the glorious age of the Bengali babu; the English ranting in their own language and the Bengali aggressively answering in Bengali, a language then only growing. Michael Madhusudan had already brought the spirit of Ravana into the language: "Kshanaprabha prabhadane baray matra andhar", the lightning flashes and deepens the darkness. Soon came Rabi Babu; and my father, taught by a sensitive mentor, recites: "Bijali sudhu chamaka abha ane, nibirata timir chokhe hane".

The meaning is the same. The idiom has gone from one age to another. The babu has no further need or external compulsion to be a porcupine. He could be a peacock, as Rabi Babu was. "Hriday amar nachere ajike mayurera mata nachere sata baraner bhava uchhas kalapera mata karichhe bikas". Bankim had to be a porcupine, a deputy magistrate with all his quills sharp against his white superior, usually an inferior. Rabi Babu could afford to be soft and sing lyrically; he could be both mayur and balaka, to say nothing of the kokil.

Other voices were already being heard; and Bankim was among the first to hear the new nuances. Here I quote Nirad C. Chaudhuri's translation of parts from Bankim's "Rajani" where the new Bengali babu comes in: "He did not disclose his business, nor could I ask him outright. So we discussed social reform and politics. I found him an accomplished conversationalist. His mind was cultivated, his education complete, and his thought far-reaching. There being a pause in the conversation, he began to turn over "The Shakespearean Gallery" on my table. In the meanwhile, I had a good look at him. He was a most handsome man; fair, rather short but neither stout nor lean; his eyes large, hair fine, curly and carefully arranged; he was not overdressed but was perfectly neat; a man with an exquisite conversational style and a beautiful voice. I could plainly see that he was a sophisticated person.

"Amarnath did not come to business even after the plates of 'The Shakespearean Gallery' had been gone over, and began to discuss the pictures. His thesis was that it was an audacious conceit that tried to depict in a picture what was expressed in language and through action; such attempts could never be successful. He opened the picture of Desdemona and observed: 'You get her patience, sweetness and modesty, but where is her courage with the patience, and her pride of constancy with the modesty?'... Amarnath continued in this vein. From Shakespeare's heroines he came to Sakuntala, Sita, Kadamvari, Vasavadatta, Rukmini, and Satyabhama, and he analysed their characters. The discussion of ancient literature led in its turn to ancient historiography, out of which there emerged some incomparable exposition of the classical historians, Tacitus, Plutarch, Thucydides, and others. From the philosophy of history of these writers Amarnath came down to Comte and his lois des trois etats, which he endorsed. Comte brought in his interpreter Mill and then Huxley, Huxley brought in Owen and Darwin; and Darwin Buchner and Schopenhauer. Amarnath poured the most entrancing scholarship into my ears, and I became too engrossed to remember our business".

Nirad Babu, the Bankim Babu of our time, adds: "This passage is significant not because it came to be written by a man who probably had the most powerful intellect and the best intellectual equipment of any Indian in the nineteenth century, and who was the creator of Hindu nationalism and the writer of the Vande Mataram song, but because it embodied an ideal which even an ordinary educated Bengali felt compell-





ed to pursue. The social compulsion was such that the volume of pretence sometimes exceeded the volume of real education, but on the whole it served a good purpose. It kept in check that display of ignorance, airy or arrogant according to the character and manners of the exhibitor, which today makes informed persons thoroughly ashamed of themselves in company".

It needed a world war, the first one, to do real damage to this image of the Bengali babu, although saboteurs must have been at work even earlier among the pundits of Fort William. The new iconoclasts were the new sahibs, the type appropriately portrayed by Satyajit Ray in his "Seemabaddha", which in fact brings the story to World War II and after. In between one must examine the contribution of Rabi Babu and some others to the totality of Bengali life which was dominated by the babu in rapidly changing guises. Bankim Babu, a deputy magistrate, was a self-made aristocrat; and a deputy magistrate in his time was somebody. Rabi Babu did not have to be somebody; he was a product of Permanent Settlement and his personal genius settled the rest permanently. Come now to Sarat Babu, Tarashankar and Manik Bandyopadhyay. Babus all; but Amarnath has already begun to recede. Sarat speaks no more of Ophelia; Parvati and Rajalakshmi have taken her place. Manik Babu and Mrinal Sen have brought in Calcutta 71. Tarashankar's old taxi in "Abhijan" has travelled far and fast, with Waheeda Rehman thrown in. The unidentified Bengali bhadrolog has somewhere on the way been run over and killed, like perhaps Jibanananda Das for whom everything had begun to be "dhusara", grey.

The Bengali babu's horizon, Diganta that is me, was already shrinking fast. My father had never been inside a pair of trousers until about 1941. By the time the Japanese swooped down on Pearl Harbour, most Calcuttans had got out of their dhotis, for the Air Raid Precautions required greater mobility than the dhoti allowed. The Bengali babu was soon replaced by the ARP babu, a very different creature. And what is a Bengali babu without his dhoti? Parts of the

dhoti had begun to be torn away during the terrorism of the 'twenties and the thirties'. The dhoti was all right for an adda or a nautch. Having a pot shot at a British magistrate or policeman was another matter; you had to run; and the dhoti was wanting in this effort. Pearl Harbour was Hiroshima for the dhoti. In the 'forties and 'fifties, most college students were in trousers which Chandi Chowk started selling at Rs. 2 a pair or less. The dhoti is still extant; its contents are another matter. Dr. B. C. Roy, Bidhan Babu, added a white collar to his punjabi. He did not know how much he subtracted from Bengali life.

The Bengali babu elevated to sahibhood is of little interest to me. Siddhartha Ray in his Denim jeans and a striped T-shirt, at a recent show in Calcutta, looked too much like me to be a true babu. The pundits who recently paraded the streets of Calcutta for inclusion of Sanskrit in the school curriculum were so remote from me that I just did not begin to understand them, although my father keeps telling me that good Bengali was written only by those who had a fair command of both English and Sanskrit. Alas, I know neither well enough to use them for the benefit of a third language, Bengali. As Graham Greene did not say, England unmade me. Whatever else I may be, which may be nothing, I am unlikely to be a babu, who once ruled the Imperial Secretariat; and Lord Curzon loved him. The Secretaries of today are themselves, babu called another name; and the process started when in 1947 the Indian Civil Service started wearing gallabandh jackets, sometimes known as maharajah coats. The competence of the ICS and the arrogance of the princes were vanishing; the bhadrolog was also "bhanishing" because certain "bhalues" had disappeared, and not merely in India that is Bharat. Some of my father's friends still seem bhadralogs, babus with manners I do not see in some other products of the so-called cultural confrontation who seem to resemble baboons. I don't much like babus; I like baboons less.

DIGANTA MAJUMDAR.

The Kalighat paintings used in our cover and as illustration inside are from Mr. R. P. Gupta's collection. The Gaganendra Nath Tagore cartoons are taken from a book on GT published by the Birla Academy of Art and Culture.

HAIR REMOVING

Have you ever had the uncomfortable experience of going for a swim suddenly on a warm Sunday and finding that you cannot wear your swim-suit because of fuzz on your legs and under-arm? Well, if you had only stuck to your weekly hair removing ritual, it wouldn't have happened.

The four main parts to take care of are the face, the under-arms, the arms and the legs. There are several ways of removing hair. By shaving, threading, waxing or by electrolysis.

Shaving: There are several working women who prefer this quick, painless and non-smelly method of hair removal from their under-arms, arms and legs. But although shaving does not encourage hair growth, as assumed by many, hair *does* grow more evenly and tends to become coarser. In many cases, a stage comes when a weekly shave is not enough. There are two ways of using a safety razor:

- (a) Lather well the part to be shaved. Sterilize razor in boiling water. Use razor *against* the hair growth.
- (b) Wash the area to be shaved with cold water to remove sweat and to close pores. Dry gently but thoroughly. Now dust on talcum powder and use razor. This is a quick, dry shave for emergencies.

Threading: This is a fairly painful method, but in time the skin becomes less sensitive. This is best done by a professional or at least another person, although some people I know are pretty adept at standing in front of the mirror and doing it themselves! For this, a strand of thread is held between the teeth and, forming loops, pulling out the hair from its roots with amazing speed. By applying talcum powder to the area, even small hairs can be pulled out.

Waxing: Use cold or hot wax, both of which can be bought from a pharmacy. Cold wax is used as it is, while hot wax has to be gently heated till it melts.

Use a blunt knife or a spatula and apply wax in long, even strokes over hair. Now press a strip of muslin cloth over it and yank against the growth. Repeat process till all hair is removed.

Electrolysis: This is more or less a permanent method, although expensive and painful, and can be done only by a specialist. It is also time-consuming — the number of sittings at the salon would depend on the thickness of your growth. In this method, a tiny electric needle is jabbed into the hair root and held for about 20 seconds to kill it.

Women are particularly worried about hair on their breasts. Don't do anything about it, it isn't all that disfiguring. Besides, the area is so delicate, it must be handled with care. For specially long hairs, cut them with scissors, but they will grow again.

Apart from these four methods, you can use a pumice stone to remove hair from your arms and legs. Soap the area well. Use the stone gently in a rotating motion to remove hair. Do not press hard, or it might damage your skin.

Several people also use creams to remove hair. Its frequency of use once again depends on individual growth.

If hair growth on arms is minimal, you can bleach them. But remember, apart from electrolysis, no other method is permanent and regular care is required to present a clean 'deforested' look.

Almost any kind of hair removing method dries the skin. Immediately after defuzzing skin, wash off with tepid water and gently pat dry. Now rub a soothing 11 hand and body lotion or cold cream to replenish lost moisture.





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CROWNING GLORY

The sepia prints on these pages should immediately convey our "home-made" discovery—that not all ornate hairstyles today are teased into lacquered splendour in hair dressing salons. In these creations, the hair actually and wholly belonged to the lady in the picture, and the numerous braids were carefully oiled and plaited and then wound into pretty shapes that caught the fancy of the creator as she worked on each style. And while in India hairdressing—with all its accoutrements of crimping, perfuming, fluffing with incense, and twisting into fantastic shapes,—has been in evidence for centuries, in the western civilizations, one does not find sculptured styles until as recently as the Eligabethan age, when women freed from their hair nets and bands and tutuluses (in vogue with Hebrew and Spartan and Etruscan women till right up to the 14th century) began to discard their veils and their hair assumed fantastic proportions. They were in fact responsible for the pallisadol, a wire support over which they combed their front hair. These supports continued into the next century with hair being dressed powdered and draped over them crowned with feathers, flowers and sometimes a ship in full sail. The Victorians continued with coiffures, and finally the twentieth century saw the haircut. R. B.

Another instalment from Frederick Forsyth's novel

PART V

PETER MILLER, a German reporter who has dedicated himself to the task of tracking down a former SS man, Captain Eduard Roschmann, the Butcher of Riga, has with the help of an underground Jewish group, infiltrated the Odessa, an organisation of former SS men. He has thus, as Rolf Kolb, met the man responsible for providing safe passports for SS men on the run: what he doesn't know is that the Odessa, headed by the Werwolf, is on to him. . .

THE ODESSA FILE



"You're right," said Mackensen at length. "I'll have to take him when he leaves."

"Does Miller carry a document case?"

"Yes," said Mackensen. "He had it with him when he left the cabaret last night."

"So why not leave it locked in the boot of his car? Why not in his hotel room? Because it's important to him. He has now seen me and knows of the connection with Bayer and the forger. Reporters write down. That document case is now vital. Even if Miller dies, the case must not fall into the hands of the police."

"I've got you. You want the case as well?"

"Either get it or destroy it," said the voice from Nuremberg. Mackensen thought for a moment.

"The best way to do both would be for me to plant a bomb in the car. Linked to the suspension, so it will detonate when he hits a bump at high speed on the autobahn."

"Excellent," said the Werwolf. "Will the case be destroyed?"

"With the bomb I have in mind the car, Miller and the case will go up in flames. At high speed it looks like an accident. The petrol tank exploded, witnesses will say."

IN HIS HOTEL ROOM, Miller was racking his brains for a name. He could see the man's face. It had been just before Christmas 1961. He had been in the Press box in the Hamburg provincial court. There was a little ferret of a man in the dock, and defending counsel was asking for leniency, pointing out that his client had five children.

Miller remembered the tired, harassed face of the prisoner's wife.

She had covered her face with her hands in utter despair when the judge

explaining the sentence would have been longer but for the defending counsel's plea for leniency, sentenced the man to eighteen months in jail. The prosecution had described the prisoner as one of the most skilful safe-breakers in Hamburg.

A fortnight later Miller had been in a bar not 200 yards from the Reeperbahn, having a Christmas drink with some of his underworld contacts. He was flush with money, having been paid for a big picture feature that day. There was a woman scrubbing the floor at the far end. He had recognised the wife of the cracksman. In a fit of generosity which he later regretted he pushed a 100-mark note into her apron pocket and left.

In January he had got a letter from Hamburg jail. It was hardly literate.

Dear Herr Miller, my wife wrote me what you done just before Christmas. I never met you, and I don't know why you done it, but I want to thank you very much. You are a real gent. The money helped Doris and the kids have a real good time over Christmas and the New Year. If ever I can do you a good turn back, just you let me know. Yours with respects...."

But what was the name on the bottom of that letter? Koppel. That was it. Viktor Koppel. Praying that he had not got himself back inside prison again, Miller took out his little book of contacts' names and telephone numbers, dragged the hotel telephone on to his knees, and started ringing friends in the underworld of Hamburg.

PADDED

MILLER ordered the taxi-driver to take them to the Saar Platz. Koppel had the good sense to keep his mouth shut during the ride, and it was only when the taxi was disappearing back into town that he opened it again.

"I hope you know what you're doing, Herr Miller," he said. "I mean it's odd you being on a caper like this, you being a reporter and that."

"Koppel, there's no need to worry. What I'm after are documents in a safe. You get anything else there is to hand—OK?"

They walked the mile to Winzer's house and padded across the stretch of moonlight on the lawn towards the study windows.

Koppel flicked on a pencil torch and ran it round the window frame. He opened his bag and bent over it for a second, straightening up with a roll of sticky tape, a suction pad on a stick, a diamond-tipped glass cutter like a fountain pen, and a rubber hammer. With remarkable skill he cut a perfect circle

on the surface of the glass just below the window catch.

It took him forty-five minutes before he eased the safe door back and turned to Miller.

Miller took the torch from Koppel and probed the interior. There were several bundles of banknotes, which he passed to the grateful burglar, and a buff manila folder. Miller flicked it open and rifled through the sheets inside.

They made it to the station without being stopped or questioned. There was no train to Hamburg before seven, but Koppel said he would be glad to wait in the buffet and warm himself with a coffee and a double corn liquor.

"A very nice little tickle, Herr Miller," he said. "I hope you got what you wanted."

"Oh, yes," said Miller.

OVER COFFEE Miller studied the file of papers. Sheet 18 was the one he came back to.

The man was older, the hair longer, a sporting moustache covered the upper lip. But the ears were the same, the narrow nostrils were the same, the tilt of the head, the pale eyes.

Miller stared at the face of Eduard Roschmann. Now he remembered hearing the name he has assumed, an industrialist from the Ruhr. He had even seen his radios in the shops.

He took out his map and located the country villa which was Roschmann's new address. He decided to drive the last section of the chase that afternoon and confront his target next morning. Sunday morning would be fine, just fine.

He failed to notice the Mercedes that tailed him to the edge of Osnabruck. It came on the autobahn after him, and paused as the Jaguar accelerated fast down the south-bound lane. From a telephone box Mackensen rang the Werwolf in Nuremberg.

"He's on his way" he told the Odessa chief, "I just left him going south like a bat out of hell."

"Is your device accompanying him?" Mackensen grinned.

"Too right. Fixed to the front near-side suspension. Within 50 miles he'll be in pieces you couldn't identify."

"Excellent," purred the man in Nuremberg.

Miller made those 50 miles, and another hundred. For Mackensen the liquidator for the Odessa, had overlooked one thing. His trigger-bomb device would certainly have detonated quickly if it had been jammed into the cushion suspension system of a continental saloon car. But the Jaguar was a British sports car, with far harder suspension. As it tore down





the autobahn towards Frankfurt the bumping caused the heavy springs above the front wheels to retract slightly crushing the small bulb between the jaws of the bomb-trigger to fragments of glass. But the electrically charged lengths of steel failed to touch each other. On the hard bumps they flickered to within a millimetre of each other before springing apart.

Unaware of how close to death he was, Miller made the trip past Munster, Dortmund, Wetzlar and Bad Homburg to Frankfurt in just under three hours, then turned off the ring road towards Konigstein and the wild, snow-thick forests of the Taunus mountains.

OVER HIS MEAL the nervousness set in. His hands were shaking. This was the end of the chase, the confrontation with the man he hated and had sought through so many byways of inquiry.

He thought back to the anonymous doctor in the hotel in Bad Godesberg who had warned him to stay away from the men of the Comradeship; and the Jewish Nazi-hunter of Vienna who had told him, "Be careful; these men can be dangerous."

Thinking back, he wondered why they had not struck at him yet.

One thing they could not know, he was sure, was that he had got as far as he had. Perhaps they had lost him, or decided to leave him alone, convinced, with the forger in hiding, he would end up by going in circles.

And yet he had the file, Winzer's secret and explosive evidence, and with it the greatest news story of the decade in West Germany.

He thought it over, and realised he was unarmed.

He found Sigi at the Hamburg club where she worked. Above the clamour of the band in the background he had to shout to make her hear him.

He cut short her stream of questions about where he had been, why he had not got in touch, where he was now, and told her what he wanted. She protested she couldn't get away, but something in his voice stopped her.

There was a pause, then she said simply "I'll come, I'll tell them it's an emergency. Are you frightened of something?" "Yes," he said and put down the receiver.

BACK IN HIS ROOM he took his document case, laid it on the bed and took out Salomon Tauber's diary that had first alerted him to the existence of Eduard Roschmann, the Butcher of Riga; the sheaf of papers from the safe of Klaus Winzer, forger to the Odessa; and two photographs.

He read again the two pages in the diary that had originally sent him on his hunt for a man he had never heard of, and studied the two photographs side by side.

Finally, he took a sheet of plain paper from his case and wrote on it a brief message explaining what the documents really were. The note, along with the papers from Winzer's safe and one of the photographs, he placed inside the envelope and addressed it.

The other photograph he put into the breast pocket of his jacket. The sealed envelope and the diary went back into his attache case, which he slid under the bed.

IN AN UNDERGROUND ROOM in Munich, Josef Kaplan of Israeli Intelligence paced the floor, angry and impatient. Leon, the leader of a Jewish underground group in West Germany, and his henchman Motti gazed at their hands.

Their attempts to trace Miller, the man they had infiltrated into the Odessa network, had brought no result.

"Why the hell doesn't he check in?" snapped Josef. "Does the fool think he can take Roschmann on his own?"

KLAUS WINZER, the master forger, telephoned the Werwolf from a small mountain chalet in the Regensburg. The news he got was reassuring.

"Yes, I think it's safe for you to return home," the Odessa chief answered. "The man who was trying to interview you has by now certainly been taken care of."

Winzer rolled up the drive of his house. He was glad to be home.

He went into his study. It took him 30 seconds to convince himself that the file of 40 Odessa criminals was gone from the empty safe.

For two hours Winzer sat in his chair, oblivious of the cold seeping in through the hole in the window aware only of the cold fingers worming round inside himself as he tried to think what to do.

MILLER was awakened by a knock at the bedroom door. Sigi threw her arms around him as he kicked the door shut.

"First things first," he said, and pulled her down on to the bed, still warm under the thick feather cushion. She giggled. "You haven't changed."

It was an hour before they paused, panting and happy.

"So," said Sigi teasingly, "first things having been dealt with."

Peter Miller talked for nearly an hour, starting with the discovery of the diary, which he showed her, and ending with

the break-in to the forger's house.

"You're mad," she said when he had finished. "You're stark, staring, raving mad. All this for a rotten old Nazi? It's over, Peter, all that is over."

HORROR

Miller did not know how to answer her.

"It's not that simple," he said at last. "I'm going up there later this morning."

He jerked his thumb towards the window and the range of mountains beyond.

"Going up where?"

"To his house."

Her eyes widened in horror. "You're not going to see him?"

"Yes. Don't ask me why, because I can't tell you. It's just something I have to do."

"That's what you wanted the gun and the handcuffs for," she threw at him, her breasts rising and falling in her growing anger. "You're going to kill him...."

"I'm not going to kill him."

"Then he'll kill you. And you're going up there alone with a gun against him and his mob."

She jumped off the bed and ran into the bathroom, slamming the door behind her.

Outside in the snow there was a dim light breaking over the eastern horizon.

MILLER dressed in ankle-boots and slacks, a thick roll-neck pullover and his double-breasted duffel over-jacket, a German winter garment called a Joppe. It had deep slit pockets capable of taking the gun and the handcuffs that Sigi had brought from Hamburg, and an inside breast pocket for the photograph.

On a plain sheet of paper he wrote a message for Sigi:

"My darling, I am going now to see the man I have been hunting. I have a reason for wanting to look into his face and be present when the police take him away. It is a good one, and by this afternoon, I will be able to tell you. But just in case, here is what I want you to do.

THE MORNING had turned out grey and overcast after a brief and brilliant dawn. Beneath the clouds the snow glittered under the trees, and a wind keened off the mountains.

The road led upwards, winding out of town and immediately becoming lost in the sea of trees that make up the Romberg Forest.

He began to look for a gateway off the road to a private estate.

He entered the estate and headed up

the driveway. The snow was untouched and he kept in bottom gear. A branch from a massive oak tree had come down in the night. It had crashed into the undergrowth, bringing down a thin black pole that stood beside it, and this lay across the drive.

Miller drove carefully forward, feeling the bump as the pole passed under the front and then the rear wheels.

He moved on towards the house. He halted the car in front of the main door, climbed out and rang the bell.

KLAUS WINZER, the master forger for the Odessa, rang the Odessa chief, known as the Werwolf, from a small mountain chalet in the Regensburg to which he had fled when he was tipped off about Miller's inquiries.

"Yes, I think it's safe for you to return home," the Werwolf said. "The man who was trying to interview you has by now certainly been taken care of."

Winzer was glad to be home, stiff and tired after driving through the darkness. He went into his study. It took him 30 seconds and frantic scratching inside the empty safe to convince himself that the file on 40 Odessa criminals was gone.

He rang the Werwolf. The Odessa chief was brusque and irritable, for it was now long past the time he should have heard news of a sports car driven by Peter Miller exploding on the autobahn south of Osnabruck.

As he listened to the forger on the other end of the telephone his mouth tightened in a thin, hard line.

"You fool, you unbelievable stupid cretin. Do you know what's going to happen to you if that file is not recovered?"

In his study in Osnabruck, Klaus Winzer replaced the receiver. He was quite calm.

Taking an old but serviceable Luger from the bottom drawer of his desk he placed the end in his mouth and shot himself. The lead slug that tore his head apart was not a forgery.

THE WERWOLF gazed at the silent telephone. He thought of the men for whom it had been necessary to obtain passports through Klaus Winzer and the fact that each of them was a wanted man. The prospect was appalling.

But his first priority was the protection of Roschmann.

He rang the Hohenzollern Hotel in Osnabruck and caught Mackensen about to leave. He told the Odessa's liquidator about the latest disaster, and where Roschmann lived.

"It looks as if your bomb hasn't worked," he told him. "Get down there



faster than you've ever driven. Stick close to Roschmann. If Miller goes straight to the police with what he's got, we've all had it. But if he goes to Roschmann, take him alive and make him talk. We must know what he's done with those papers from Winzer's safe."

ROSCHMANN's door opened at the second ring. The man who stood in front of Peter Miller had put on weight. He looked the picture of middle-aged upper middle class, good health.

"Yes?" he said.

It took Miller ten seconds before he could speak.

"My name is Miller," he said "and yours is Eduard Roschmann."

At the mention of both names something flicked through the eyes of the man in front of him, but iron control kept his face muscles straight.

"I've never heard of the man you're talking about," he said.

He strode back across the hallway. Miller skinned the front door after him and was at Roschmann's heels as they entered the study.

"Is your wife here?" asked Miller. Roschmann shook his head.

"She has gone away for the weekend to visit relatives," he said. What he did not mention was that his chauffeur/bodyguard Oskar had cycled down to the village half an hour earlier to report the telephone out of order. He knew he had to keep Miller talking until Oskar returned.

The reporter's right hand now held an automatic.

Roschmann let out the air in his lungs in a long sigh.

"What do you want, Miller?"

"Sit down," said the reporter. "There in the armchair where I can see you. And keep your hands on the arm-rests. Don't give me an excuse to shoot because, believe me, I'd dearly love to."

Miller perched on the edge of the desk facing Roschmann.

"So now we talk," he said.

"About what?"

"About Riga. About 80,000 people, men, women and children, whom you had slaughtered."

"That's a lie. There were never 80,000."



NEXT : Confrontation at gunpoint

Asked Miller: "70,000? 60,000? Do you really think it matters precisely?"

"That's the point," said Roschmann eagerly. "It doesn't matter, not now, not then. Look young man. I don't know why you've come after me. But I can guess. Someone's been filling your head with a lot of sentimental claptrap about so-called war crimes. It's all nonsense. You know what the Army is like. A man's given orders, he obeys those orders. He doesn't ask whether they are right or wrong."

Miller asked, "Have you ever heard of a man called Tauber?"

"Who?"

"Salomon Tauber. He was German, too, Jewish. He was in Riga."

Roschmann shrugged.

"I can't remember him. Who was he?"

"Tauber died in Hamburg last year. He gassed himself. Are you listening?"

"Yes. If I must."

"He left behind a diary. It was an account of what happened to him, what you and others did to him, in Riga. He survived. He came back to Hamburg, and he lived there until he died. He was convinced you were alive and would never stand trial. I got hold of his diary."

"The diary of a dead man is not evidence," growled Roschmann.

"Not for a court, but enough for me."

"And you really came here to confront me with the diary of a dead Jew?"

"No. There's a page of that diary I want you to read."

Roschmann unfolded the sheet and began to read. It was the passage in which Tauber described the killing by Roschmann of an unnamed German Army officer.

Roschmann looked up.

"So what?" he said, puzzled. "The man struck me. He disobeyed orders. I had the right to commandeer that ship to bring the prisoners back."

Miller tossed a photograph on to Roschmann's lap.

"Is that the man you killed?" Roschmann shrugged.

"How should I know? It was years ago."

Miller thumbed the hammer of the automatic back.

"Was that the man?"

CONFIDENTIAL

khaas baat

The mating season is on. Rajesh was first in the race with his wedding on March 27. On April 13, Jeetendra's to his childhood sweetheart — air hostess Shobha Sippy. Following close, Raakhee's to director-writer Gulzar, on April 15.

Brave girl, Anju. She's been taking round-the-clock sympathy without a tear. Notable sympathisers — Sanjeev Kumar, Tanuja. Sanjeev asked her to get ready, he would escort her to the Lion's function. She refused. Only once did she break down hysterically, to an elderly friend. Plans to return to acting. Rajaram and Hrishida already brought her offers. It was Rajesh who stopped her from working all along. Seems "Roti" had a good role for her, but Rajesh refused to allow her to work!

Slight hungama at Chunibhai's. Manu Narang misbehaved again. He started calling Shanker B. C. names, and then shouted that the words were included in his name, what could he do? Shanker was not going to take the insult, especially when Manu kept on and on rubbing it in. Let Manu have it. Both were going for each other and dragging their millions also, in the abuses. Ram-anand Sagar, Shakti Samanta and Amar-jeet decided they'd had enough of both and tore them apart.

Is there a jink on J. Om Prakash's under-production, "Aeena" having put up a large set on Mehboob studio's lawn for so many days? Now, he is being faced with held-up schedules. Rajesh ran off to Khandala, at first. Then the wedding and the pre-wedding plans upset the dates. After the boom settled, Mumu has gone off and got one of her chronic dysentery attacks. Been on boiled food for days before this. She wailed: "Now my face has become small as a sparrow's!" Poor Omji, cancelled another week of dates for her. But Rajesh has improved a lot. Forfeiting a honeymoon, he is found early on Omji's set, making up for the time he wasted. Dutifully, Dimple came for his first post-marriage sets, to take him home for lunch. She was given a big hand by the unit.

Khandla — memorable location for film history! Dharam had a three-day stint of

work there. But why did Raakhee coincide her trip there on a Sunday, her day-of-rest? A final roundup to their fling, before the marriage-latch fastens?

This year's superstar is Dharmendra, according to the B-O (box-office) graph. His "Loafer" is a tremendous hit. But he's been sweet as ever, through flop or hit. Group of chamechas wah-wahing him about "Loafer" got the brush-off when he said: "It's such a stupid picture — it doesn't deserve any success. Neither do I!"

"Koshish"-maker Sippy says Vinod Khanna is a real gentleman. Seems Sippy gave him a blank cheque to fill in a signing amount of upto Rs.1 lakh. Equally business-shrewd, Vinod wrote out Rs. 5,000 and asked for East Punjab territory rights — no price!

Mrs. Akhtar Asif made her first party appearance with second hubby Rashid Bawazir. Overheard her remarking that no one bothered to help her when K. Asif died and she was left with only Rs.100. Now everyone notices her and puts her in columns and calls on her!

Sharmila Tagore keeps her own affairs going while hubby Pat tends to his. Saw him last month around midnight leaving Ashoka Inter-continental at Bangalore. Wonder if he trunk-called his wife good-night later?



RAJESH KHANNA SUPER STAR

THE SEARCH FOR NORMALCY

SUPER STAR RAJESH KHANNA



What could be the life of a superstar?
"I've led a very irregular life, craving for some system, some normal spot in the tiresome rust", sometime back, putting his hands behind his head, he had muttered resignedly "O God! I do need a holiday — for seven years I've been in this pull-N-push".

This time was different. I was sitting beside a tired but joyous Rajesh — face fatigued, but eyes bright with happiness. It figured! Dimple Kapadia was waiting outside to take him home — he had just broken his marriage announcement to me. "Will marriage help you?" I asked.

"I feel so high and happy already... just as if a leaden weight were lifted off my head. I guess utter happiness gives you that 'being-in-a-vacuum' feeling."

He was in the mood for reactions, so we went along those lines. "What about your extra-large fan following — what's been your reactions to it?"

"I use it as a morale-booster. Working double-shifts, till late in the night, even past midnight, lessens your capacity for valuation... at times you forget you exist as a man. I'll explain the feeling: There is this great being called superstar, and somehow, people are attaching your name with it! Then those letters, some bad, some good, do the boosting or setting right. Now I'm getting married, I expect all kinds of mixed reactions in those lovely letters, they normalise me".

"Your star-image? Would you be sorry if you lose it?"

"I never strove for any image... an image is given by people. I only work in my particular way. It is only when

an image becomes a force that commands keeping within certain rules, that I dislike it. Stagnation is the last thing I'd want".

"And people? What type do you like, fear, hate, admire?"

Drawing in this breath, he answered: "I like straight, open-hearted people, who don't plot and plan deep inside. Dimple is the type. On the reverse, I hate enigmatic people, who I cannot understand in one meeting. I should grasp a character in one meeting. I fear stupid people or too-smart ones who give me a feeling that I am somehow smaller in IQ. I admire successful ones who are also good. Successful materially, and good at heart. Shakti Samanta, Rahul Dev Burman, Raj Kapoor are the types I admire and am close to".

"So you do have a complex then. How well do you judge character and how often have you been proved right in assessing someone?"

"I am very good at judging character and been proved right in 80% cases. But I am very patient, I don't rush to a decision".

"Now for some allegations made by a great many people... do you have no regard for time — your own, as well as that of others?"

"I don't have any time of my own. The only time I have, is what I am wearing round my wrist. So how could I dictate it and that of others?" He questioned me back!

"You keep people waiting for hours and walk off leaving them unattended".

"O.K. I am a shirker. I postpone responsibilities. Somehow they weigh



RAJESH KHANNA SUPER STAR THE SEARCH FOR NORMALCY

me down and I try to unshackle myself from most things".

"But you also never say sorry!"

"You know me. I am such a sweet person at heart, shy and introvert yes, but ungrateful, or brazen, no!"

Like all introverts, he too covers his nervousness by outlandish gestures, like drumming away awkward pauses, or putting on a mysterious lost look or waiting on the other person to greet him before he can say hello!"

"But", he jumped, "I am thoroughly confident in my work!" He loves work, the studios used to be his resort even on Sundays.

"What about after marriage?" I asked.

"Home, sweet home, is where the heart is, isn't it? Now on, being together — Dimple and I — is going to give me the rest and holiday in between worktime!"

What are his true aspirations? He listed them. "The stage has afforded me training in dramatic acting. On screen, I've acted the most unusual roles — a cook in "Bawarchi", a flower-seller bhaiya in "Anuraag", a playboy in "Mere Jeevan Saathi", a stoic in "Amar Prem" and now a cheating bigamist in "Daag". What more could an actor want other than a wide range of good roles, popularity of my type, unrelated to success or failure of films, and good friends. But as a man, I want a normal life as I said in the beginning. My wife, a child or two, a nice happy family. I've been very successful, but never felt secure! Dimple gives me the feeling of security, the promise of normal, pure happiness to come!"

Rajesh Khanna walked us back to his sets. With Dimple sitting there, he needed six retakes for an eight-word sentence: He returned, mopping his brow, flabbergasted. "Hey, I've never needed more than two retakes all my life! Guess that's the first step towards normalcy!"

VIJAYA IRANI.

BRIDGE by TERENCE REESE

IT OFTEN happens at the bridge table that a little learning proves a handicap. That is why none of the players who reached 6NT on this hand from the Masters Pairs succeeded in making it.

Dealer, North. Game all.

♠ 9 8 3	♠ Q J 6	♠ 7 5 2
♥ Q 9 8 6 3	♥ K 10 7 4 2	♥ 5
♦ 8 2	♦ Q 5	♦ J 10 9 7 6 2
♣ A 9 3	♣ K 8 6	♣ J 10 4
	♠ A K 10 4	
	♥ A J	
	♦ A K 3	
	♣ Q 7 5 2	

My partner and I reached 6NT after an inelegant misunderstanding as to whether 4NT was natural or Blackwood.

SOUTH	NORTH
Flint	Reese
2NT	No
3♥	3♦
5♣	4NT*
6♥	5NT
No	6NT

* Transfer.

* Intended to be natural.

* Showing three Aces, as in Roman Blackwood. We would probably have bid the slam anyway.

A spade was led; declarer won in dummy and finessed the Jack of hearts. West won and cashed the Ace of clubs, to terminate the proceedings.

This was the 'correct' way to play the hearts because it wins four tricks not only when East has Q x x but also when he has Q x.

My partner observed at once that if he had played the hearts the other way he would have made the contract. He plays for this position:

♠ —	♠ —	♠ —
♥ 10 7	♥ —	♥ —
♦ —	♦ K 8 6	♦ —
♣ —	♣ —	♣ —
♠ 9 8	♠ —	♠ —
♥ —	♥ —	♥ 10 9
♦ —	♦ —	♦ J 10 4
♣ A 9 3	♣ —	♣ —
	♠ —	
	♥ —	
	♦ A	
	♣ Q 7 5 2	

When ♦ A is led, West must throw a club. A heart is discarded from dummy and South then plays West for ♠ A x.



EVERY YEAR since 1958, members of the Common Market have issued special stamps inscribed 'Europa', to promote the cause of European unity. Since 1959 other members of the Conference of European Posts and Telecommunications (CEPT) have done the same. Each year's stamps have the same basic design but countries may choose their own colours and printing process.

This year's design is by a Finnish artist, Paavo Huovinen, and symbolises the sparkling activity of satellite telecommunications traffic. Here is the West German version.

Britain has participated in the Europa issue only three times: in 1960, for CEPT's first anniversary; in 1961, when the Conference met in Torquay; and in 1969 for CEPT's tenth anniversary.

AZED CROSSWORD

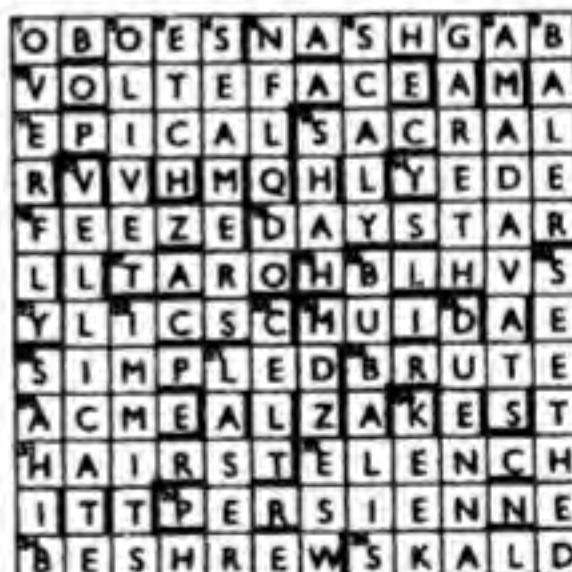
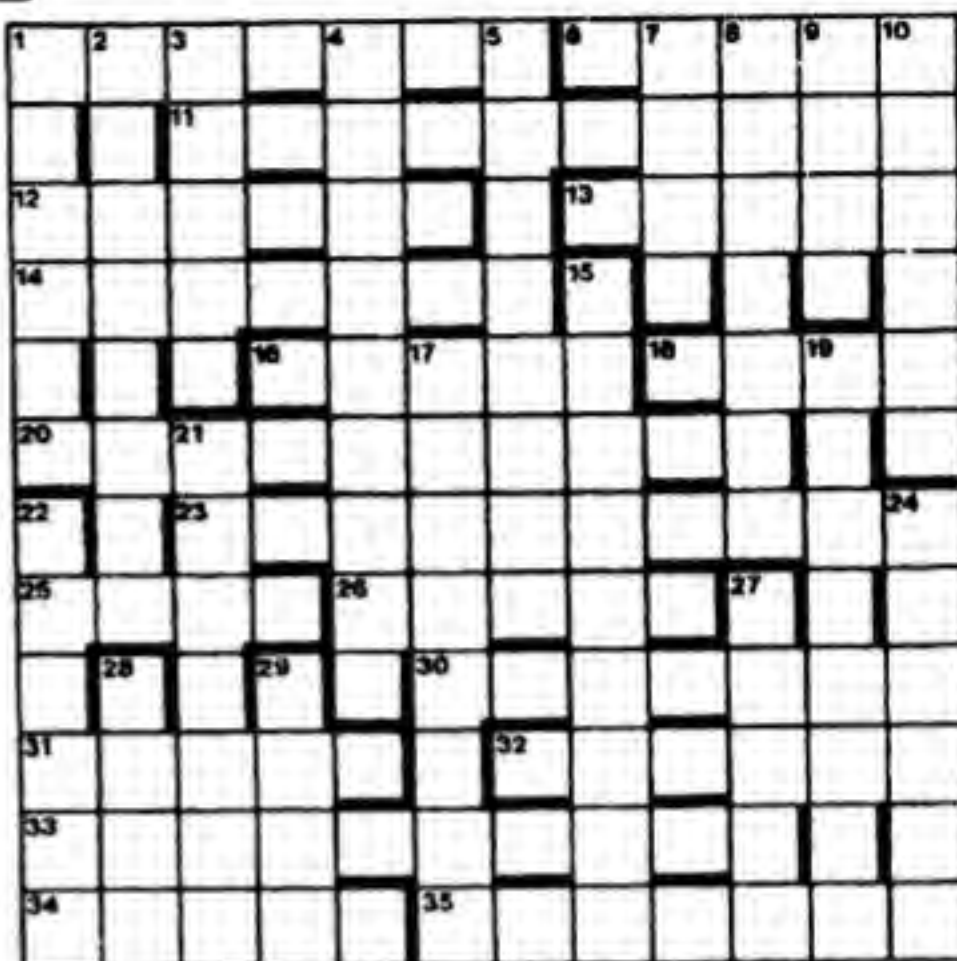
No. 6: PLAIN

ACROSS

- 1 I catch insects and quarrel about crooked one (7)
 6 Deserter deserts card game for something succulent (5)
 11 Was I only partly stupid, before nabbing guilty party with gold? (10)
 12 Get drunk: thus Shakespeare and Spenser (in the wrong order)? (6)
 13 Old Nick, perhaps, found nesting in USA (5)
 14 Screw man with crushed lilac (7)
 16 Individual turnth in the Round House and the Albert Hall (5)
 18 Homer was a man of taste, without previous practice (4)
 20 For us the custom is to be in seclusion without a drop of spirits (10)
 23 Destructive fly-by-night has torn hamlet in pieces (10)
 25 Put out tongue once - see piper finger it (4)
 26 It was bitter wine: I seldom imbibe it (5) ...
 30 Baas gets you tipsy - I love getting drunk imbibing that (7)
 31 Trumpeter, a school one (5)
 32 Fairy, perhaps, exploded by Isaac N. (6)
 33 Guides one like a skilful speaker (10)
 34 Bit of a kick in the bottom makes Jumbo move (5)
 35 Found in (Spooner's darkest?) Africa (7)

DOWN

- 1 Book that's lost upsets rajaha (6)
 2 Company, eastern, assembled in endless melody (8)
 3 Monks' vats (5)
 4 Chose malt well brewed; it's a distinctive smell (9)
 5 Reforms true and untrue things (8)
 7 I'm high, thanks, rising all right (4)
 8 O look, look, rising to top of charts, a folksong (7)
 9 Wound around one's ankle (4)
 10 Damaged crania - they're beyond my healing powers (6)
 15 What resists extremes of temperature? Solver, I'll be elusive about it (9)
 17 Died a hero. See, one's buried. Doesn't deserve this (8)
 19 It's natural when about to thunder (8)
 21 Lack cap? Wrong, here it is (7)
 22 Put an endless cover about the latrine (6)
 24 Animals longing to tuck into bears (6)
 27 Where tramps go for Sunday lunch? (5)



AZED No. 5

Solution and notes

Codeword: SCEUOPHYLAX
 ACROSS

5, Beau Nash, 10, s.v. Volta.
 12, Cra(b) in sel, 18,
 'Lycidas': 168-71, 18,
 Chypre (anag.), 21, Hyksos
 (so sky (dot)h rev.); 24,
 Mud (vb.), 26, Simple (vb.);
 28, Et tu B., 31, Anag. & lit.,
 33, Perse.

DOWN

3, etc H; 5, F(a)lange, 7,
 Tennyson: G and Lynette;
 12, First letters & lit; 19,
 Si(l)labub (rev.); 24,
 Dyrour, diver, 25, Due Ann
 (rev.) & lit.; 30, Ee in K-k
 & lit.

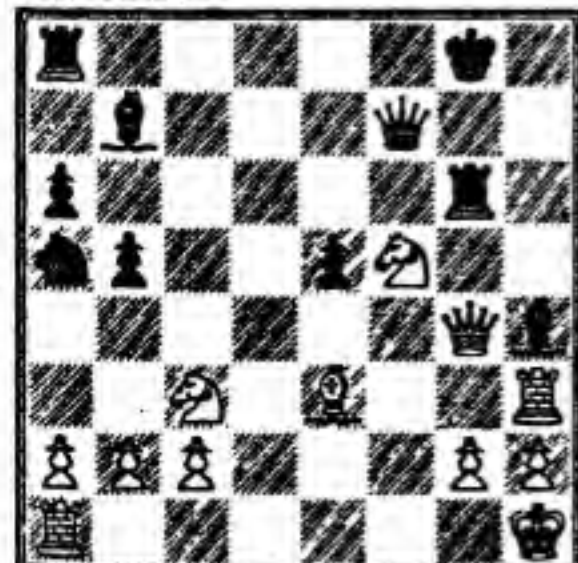
28 One old scheme Paisley's opposed to (4)

29 English baldmoney goes fast down under (4)

CHESS

by HARRY GOLOBEK

Position No. 6



White to play - how should the game go?

Continuation of Position No. 4

This occurred in a game played in Brussels last year between Boer and Macias: - 2g3k1; 6p1; 3p3p; 1B2prk1; RPP5; 4P2P; 6QK; 8.
 Black won by 1... R-B7; 2. QxR, QxPch; 3. K-K11, K1-B8ch; 4. QxK1, QxQ; 5. R-R3, P-K14; 6. B-Q7, K-B2;

7. P-K15, P-K15; 8. B-B6, Q-Q8ch; White resigns. All, however, that is needed for the entry is up to Black's fourth move.

A variable player

Robert Byrne, the American grandmaster, never seems to produce consistent form throughout even the space of one year. That he is a genuine grandmaster is shown by a large number of fine wins over great opponents; but he can have quite miserable results in one tournament and then achieve a fine result in another event at a few months' remove. Thus, for instance, he had a remarkably fine result in the Alekhine Memorial Tournament towards the end of last year after having poor tournaments earlier in the year.

Here is a most impressive win by him in the Alekhine Memorial over one of the best of Russia's younger grandmasters. White: R. Byrne. Black: Y. Balashov. Sicilian Defence.

1. P-K4, P-QB4; 2. K1-KB3, P-Q3; 3. P-Q4, PxP; 4. K1xP, K1-KB3; 5. K1-QB3, P-QR3; 6. B-K3, P-K4; 7. K1-K13, B-K3; 8. Q-Q2, QK1-Q2; it would have been better to have retained an option as to the development of this K1 on either Q2 or B3 and played 8... B-K2.

9. P-B3, B-K2; 10. O-O-O, R-QB1; 11. P-K14, K1-K13; 12. P-K15, K1-Q2; 13. R-K11, Q-B2; 14. K-K11, K1-B5; 15. BxK1, Qx8; 16. P-KP4, P-K14; 17. Q-K12, the point of this move is that after 17... P-K15; 18. K1-Q5, BxK1; he can recapture with a piece instead of a pawn since his QB2 remains protected.

17... P-K15, 18. K1-Q5, B-Q1, 19. P-B4, P-B4; this opening up of the King-side is most risky. Preferable seems P-QR4, threatening P-R5.

20. PxPep, K1PxP; 21. PxP, QPxP; 22. B-R6, P-B4, if 22... R-KK1; 23. QxRch, BxQ; 24. RxRch, K-B2; 25. R-K17ch, K-K3; 26. K1-K3, followed by 27. RxK1.

23. PxP, BxBP; 24. K1-Q4!, QxK1(Q5); or 24... PxK1; 25. QR-K1ch.

25. RxQ, RxP; 26. K1-B7ch, BxK1; if 26... RxK1disch; 27. K-R1, PxR; 28. R-K1ch, and White wins.

27. Q-R8ch, K-K2; he also loses after 27... B-Q1; 28. K-R1, PxR; 29. R-K1ch, K-B2; 30. Q-Q5ch, K-K13; 31. R-K11ch, KxB; 32. QxB, R-B2; 33. Q-B4ch, K-R4; 34. R-K15ch, K-R3; 35. R-KB5disch, K-K13; 36. Q-K14ch, 28. R-K17ch, K-B3; 29. QxR, resigns.

Tal Redivivus

A game from the 1971 USSR Championship at Leningrad.

White: Tal. Black: Krogus.

Ruy Lopez, Morphy Defence.

1. P-K4, P-K4; 2. K1-KB3, K1-QB3; 3. B-K15, P-QR3; 4. B-R4, K1-B3; 5. O-O, B-K2; 6. R-K1, P-QK14; 7. B-K13, O-O; 8. P-B3, P-Q4; 9. PxP, K1xP; 10. K1xP, K1xK1; 11. RxK1, P-QB3; 12. P-Q4, B-Q3; 13. R-K1, Q-R5; 14. P-K13, Q-R5; 15. R-K4, Q-Q2; 16. K1-Q2, K1-B3; 17. R-R4, B-K12; 18. K1-B3, QR-K1; 19. B-K15, K1-K5; 20. B-B2, P-KB4; 21. B-K13ch, R-B2; 22. B-KB4, resigns.



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DEBUT

PLAYBOY

NOTEPAPER
GENTLE PINK LINES

**BROWN
MAN'S
BURDEN**

NIRAD C. CHAUDHURI

TAUGHT LIVE AT THE
ON PLAYBOY CAFE

Sunday week

beginning with 29th April



ARIES (March 21 — April 20)

Time to reorganize your life. Watch out! Personal problems will crop up; you will face some awkward moments. You are also likely to be misguided by friends. Hard work at the office; no wonder you may feel tired. But it is not entirely a week of shadows; your efforts and initiatives in the social sphere will be crowned with success. For businessmen, this is not the right time for speculative deals; but there will be a trickle flowing into the till.



TAURUS (April 21 — May 20)

This week is of variable fortune for professionals and businessmen. But if you are in service, success and prosperity of work is assured, despite difficult situations created by superiors and colleagues. The health of your spouse will cause anxiety. Social activities will hold your attention considerably. The unemployed may land jobs after initial disappointment.



GEMINI (May 21 — June 20)

An unusually good period for love and romance. A great change ahead — happiness, success and good financial position will be experienced. Desires will be fulfilled. Your wife will bring happiness for your family and boost your social status. Some labour problems may keep you pre-occupied. This should be handled with tact.



CANCER (June 21 — July 21)

A week of gains. Improvement in business and in your career is indicated. A favourable change in your job is likely, but you will need restraint and a lot of common-sense to enable you to make the correct decisions for the execution of your plans. Some romantic events will keep your mind cheerful. The unemployed may get employment.



LEO (July 22 — Aug. 21)

This is not the time for dreaming. Problems need to be sorted now. Overconfidence in subordinates may lead to trouble. Industrialists! You may be bothered by minor labour problems! Several good changes in the offing. Your business innovations will be paying. If you are a bachelor, a marriage proposal from an unexpected quarter may make you happy.



VIRGO (Aug. 22 — Sept. 22)

Do not hesitate to take risks where new ventures are concerned, but if you have doubts, act calmly. You will find some lucky patches in speculative dealings. You will meet a person who will help you get an important work done. Good time for job seekers. Professionals should be cautious in dealing with associates.



LIBRA (Sept. 23 — Oct. 22)

This week will be marked by social and family happiness. Happy events at home, gain in business, increase in social status will keep you in good spirits throughout the week. Self-confidence will come to you with renewed vigour. For professionals, recognition is indicated. If you are in service, a pat from your superiors likely.



SCORPIO (Oct. 23 — Nov. 22)

Week of mixed results — but the good will predominate. For businessmen, good dividends from investments. Pressure of work for professionals. You will shift to a new home; the change will bring you luck. If you are in service, your financial position will improve. A trying time for persons in administrative jobs.



SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 23 — Dec. 20)

Romance may influence your personal life. The second half of the week holds out exceptional potentialities for progress and prosperity. Take advantage of favourable opportunities and move ahead. This week you may find more resources for your business or profession. Not an auspicious time for politicians!



CAPRICORN (Dec. 21 — Jan. 19)

A big assignment will knock at your door. Increase in income is indicated. Your friends and brothers will prove very helpful to you. If you are thinking of buying property, put it off. Your children may cause you worry. Secret enemies at work in your office. Health normal. Good progress in study and research indicated.



AQUARIUS (Jan. 20 — Feb. 18)

Moving to a new house! Decide — after careful thought! If you are in a creative job, recognition is assured. Control yourself this week — you will have light as well as heavy moments. Writers, journalists and artists will achieve many good things. May 2 & 4 are the better days for you. If you are thinking of a short trip, it is likely to materialise on the 4th.



PISCES (Feb. 19 — Mar. 20)

You are now entering a new era of your life. Change will be experienced in every sphere of your working life. Financial assistance will be forthcoming from unexpected sources. Difference of opinion with senior colleagues indicated — best course will be to avoid agreement. Guard yourself against theft.

This magazine is distributed
FREE with **sunday's**
Hindusthan Standard



STILL IN THE RACE

The National Gliding Championship is finally coming up this summer — forty-four years after the first Indian sailed across the skies of Aush. Modernity thus encroaches on India where bullocks are still bought for Rs. 6000 to participate in 'chariot' races. Arijit Sen visited a Punjab village to watch such an event. Jyotirmoy Datta gives a preview of the coming air fair at Kanpur.
 Next Sunday.

sunday

HINDUSTHAN STANDARD

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29 APRIL 1973

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Editor: A WEEK SARKAR

*The new India
into two forms. Both have same
different political
countries whose native inhabitants
and cultural development*

The Brown

*mainly in the British Isles but also
and Canada. Here they
definitely recognise they are on
level of Culture. b*

colonialism has to be divided
economic motives but
complexions. One of these is seen in
ire on a lower level of economic
the other form is seen

Man's Burden

in the United States
Indian colonialists
ower



TODAY, when European colonialism is not only dead, but is also being repudiated as a European crime against humanity, there certainly has emerged a counter-colonialism from Asia and Africa, of which a very important, if not the most important, element is the emigration from India, by which I, of course, mean the geographical subcontinent made up of political India, political Pakistan, and political Bangladesh, none of which has any separate geographical or cultural identity. I would make my rejection of the present political division of India categorical, though it seems irreversible. Anyway, that is a different issue.

This colonialism has neither the power nor the sense of mission of the old British imperialism in India, but it is in its insidious way assertive and self-righteous. It has something like the weed's capacity to spread into cultivation or horticulture. The formula — the White Man's Burden — has been transposed to make a new and a more specious formula — the Brown Man's Reparation. There is no readiness whatever to admit that the new Indian colonialism may be the cast off garment of European imperialism, only remade by turning inside out so that it might be worn by people who are called 'the developing nations.' We Hindus who used to boast under British rule that we were civilized when Englishmen were jumping from tree to tree, are now very proud to be regarded as a developing nation by the same English people and to receive money from them to reach a more developed stage.

This new Indian colonialism has to be divided into two forms, which have the same economic motive but different political complexions. In one of these it is seen or, to be more accurate, was seen in its most stable state in the countries whose native inhabitants were and still remain on a lower level of economic and cultural development than the people of India, and taken as a mass have not even yet emerged from the primitive stage of human development to enter civilization. In this form the Indian colonialism is the survival of European colonialism, of which it was, in a manner of speaking, the subsidiary ally. Overwhelmingly, this form of Indian colonialism is present in East Africa.

The other form of Indian colonialism is seen mainly in the British Isles, but also, so far as a very strict control of immigration allows it to flourish, in the United States and Canada. Here the old cultural relationship is reversed, for the Indian colonists definitely recognize that they are on a lower level of culture, especially in respect of the material standard of living. They want to be



Beautiful Katy Mirza works as a bunny in the London Playboy Club. Miss Mirza who is only 24 years old is the only Asian out of a total of 200 girls employed by the Playboy Club. She is Indian but born in Aden and was a model in India before joining the bunnies. Mr. Chaudhuri who regards this as an example of Indian colonialism writes: "The young Hindu women often imitate the fashion (or absence of fashion) of young English women. They do not shine in them. In young English girls their dishonest nudity often gives an idea of what their honest nudity is like, and that is not displeasing. But as young Indian women are either too lean or too plump they need adequate coverage to appear attractive."

CONTINUED

raised to the Western level. What that level is for them I shall describe later. Here it is only necessary to note that the new Indian colonialism in the West has no national arrogance, though it has a persistent sense of grievance. Paradoxically, after having come to a foreign country as an economic exploiter or in any case for economic opportunities which they do not get in their own country, they regard themselves as a people discriminated against and even persecuted in their efforts to become rich in Britain.

In this article I shall describe only these two forms of Indian colonialism, and leave out those Indians who go to Britain and other foreign countries for education and training, general or technical. But they are also colonialists in one sense, and that has to be pointed out. Not to make a mystery of it, these Indians go back to their own country to become colonialists there like the old British residents. They regard themselves as a superior breed of Indians, entitled to all sorts of privileges and special treatment in preference to those Indians who have not gone abroad to secure a piece of paper in support of their claim to be privileged. In brief, they are the contemporary representatives of the British in India during their rule, who in the absence of the Whites, have to be Brown-Whites bearing the defunct White Man's burden. Even more briefly, they may be called the half-caste offspring of British imperialism. However, I shall not deal with them, because, strangely enough in a politically free India, their superior status is fully recognized, and their exploitation has not yet brought into existence any problem of racial maladjustment.

Now, going back to the two categories which make up the Indian colonialism proper, and which are creating economic and political friction, I shall deal first with the development which is now foremost in the mind and has created a sensation. It also illustrates the character of the Indian colonialism in primitive countries. That is, I shall explain the expulsion of Indians from Uganda.

There does not seem to be a clear recognition of its basic cause, which lies embedded, first, in the tangled skein of Indo-British relations and, secondly, in the very outlook of the Hindus in regard to making money. After the disappearance of British rule in East Africa there could not be any hope for the perpetuation of Indian vested interests among Africans to their detriment. The expulsion has to be seen as a repetition on a smaller scale of the exodus or expulsion of the Hindus from those parts of the Punjab and Bengal which passed to the

newly created Muslim state of Pakistan in 1947. The widespread displacement of population which took place in both the regions then and also continued in Bengal for a long time was due primarily to the animosity created by economic circumstances, and not by the simple Hindu-Muslim hatred which had reached the boiling point.

In both the regions the majority of the population consisted of Muslim peasants, who were ruthlessly exploited by the Hindu money-makers — landlords, money-lenders, shopkeepers and the like, without any regard for fairness or even any regard of the longterm interests of



the exploiters themselves. No doubt these Hindus performed a necessary social and economic function, which in their state of evolution the Muslims of the regions could not. But these Hindus also belonged to the classes and castes which through birth, upbringing, and tradition were the most efficient money-makers in the world, and admitted no restraint on their pursuit of money. They considered the exploitation, to put it in Hindi, as *meri rotiki bat*, and in Bengali, *peter bhatar prasna*. These were very big bellies which never felt any loss of appetite, far less suffered indigestion.

In India they exploited fellow-Hindus as well, but this exploitation was softened by the outlook generated by the caste system which prescribed that *Svadharme nidhanam sreya*, *para-dharmo bhaya-raha*. The moneymaker's *dharma* was the moneymaker's *dharma*, and no Hindu could any more object to it than they could take exception to the tiger's killing of deer or of the deer's eating of grass. But those who did not belong to Hindu society and did not believe in the caste system were bound to feel themselves oppressed. And when to this economic antagonism was added a separate group consciousness, both social and cultural, the enmity was bound to be aggravated. So, when both in the Punjab and Bengal political power passed to the previously exploited masses in the parts given to the Muslims the exploiters fled in panic or were expelled. In its immediate results the displacement was terribly cruel, but it was also inevitable.

The same situation, inhuman and ineluctable at the same time, was repeated in Uganda. It is no use overlooking the inevitability by feeling the cruelty. The Indians who went to the former British colonies went there to make money more easily than in India because of absence of competition and also because of the incapacity of these primitive people to resist the exploitation by the kind of social balance or tolerance that has been built up in India through the caste system. As I have said already, the Indian colonists in these regions were allies of the British colonists and as such they also performed an economic function. But they did not do it wisely. They showed themselves to be, both by their normal habits of business and their greed for money and ever greater money, to be the oppressors of the simple native populations. They were as disliked in Burma, for example, as they are in Dark Africa.

8 But this was very much worsened by the persistent attitude of these colonists never to abandon their Indian identity by assimilating themselves to the society

into which they had moved. The same type of adherence to a group identity is seen in India in the form of provincial feeling based on language, culture, and social affinity. In every big Indian city one can see the separate life of every provincial group. This consciousness of 'We' and 'They' is, of course, infinitely magnified in respect of foreigners. Fraternization would then become apostasy. In the case of Dark Africans the Hindu colour prejudice and xenophobia are also at work.

Historically, this strong feeling of group identity is the legacy of the exclusiveness, based on colour and superior culture of the Aryan in India. The Hindus who migrated to Africa could take it with them in an almost identical form to their new places of business, and what was worse, there the attitude lost its defensive character, and became an arrogant display of racial superiority. Knowing this, since independence, the Government of India have never taken the same bellicose attitude towards the ill-treatment of Indians in Dark Africa as they have towards the ill-treatment of Hindu minorities in Pakistan, or of Indians in South Africa. On the contrary, they have again and again advised these Indian colonists to identify themselves with the native peoples, but, of course, without any practical effect. That may be why the Government of India have not been over-anxious to help the expelled Indians when they have been able to shuffle off the burden to Britain. I wonder if they thought that the subordinate agents of British colonialism ought to go to the country of their political affiliation.

If they did, that was thoughtlessness. In former days such treatment of the nationals of one country in another, as has been seen in Uganda, would have led to war without any reference to the merits of the case. The Boer War is a notable example of that. Great Britain put an end to the independence of the Boer Republic for a treatment of her subjects in Transvaal and the Orange Free State which was much less harsh than the treatment of Indians in Uganda. But, of course, such wars can no longer be fought. So, the natural and proper course for India was to have assumed full responsibility for her nationals, whether technically so or not. This was not done. Why?

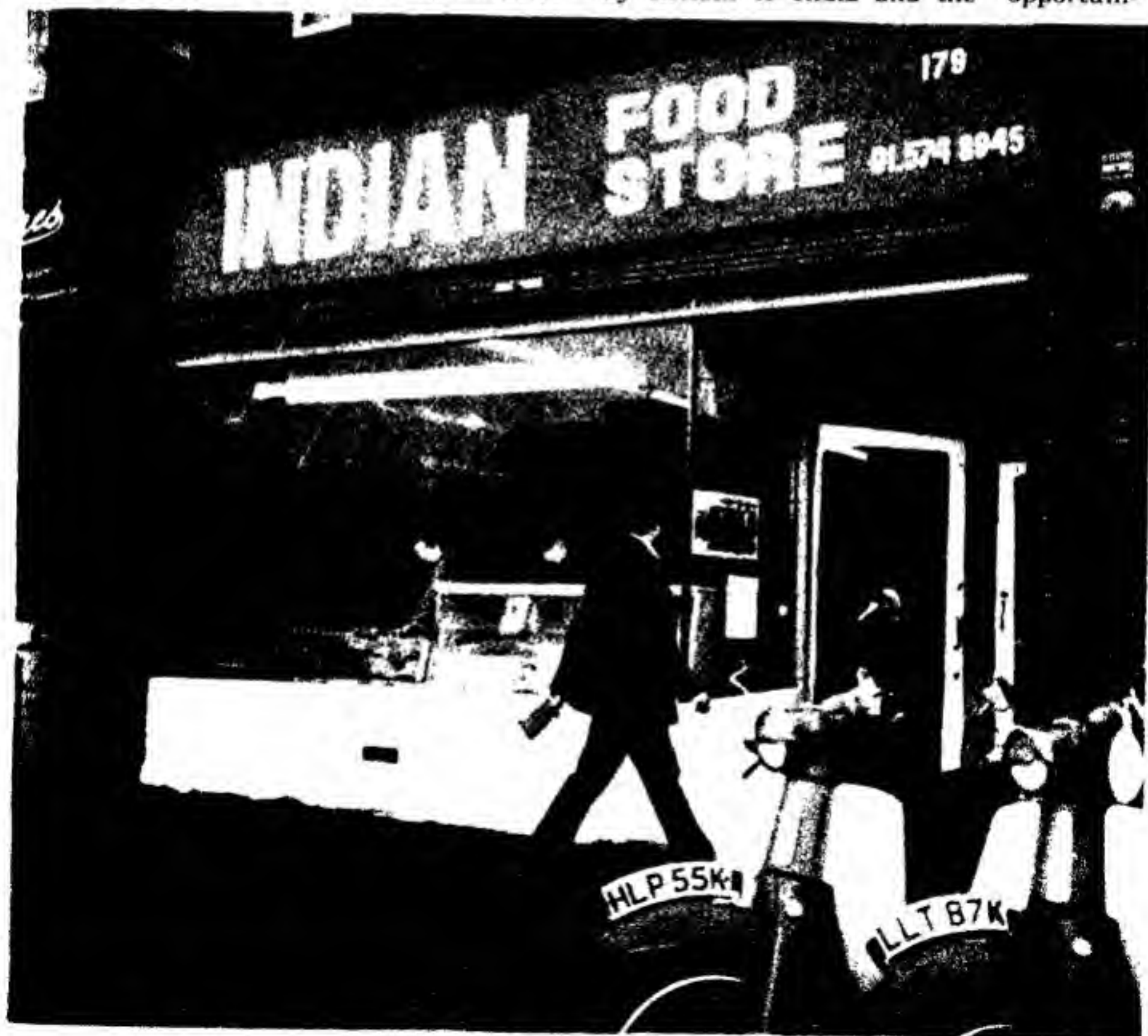
Basically, the attitude of convenient detachment is an extension from our family life. In Hindu families when after widowhood a mother was left without money (under the old Hindu inheritance laws), the sons had an indecent squabble about supporting her. She was entitled only to *Grasachchhadan* — her mouthful

and body-covering — and five rupees each from five sons would assure her comfort in a village or in Benares. But most of the sons (and the better off the more clamorously) bewailed their financial incapacity to bear such an additional burden, prompted by the wives and in abject fear of their lashing tongues, knowing, however, that the son who had more affection for the mother or a greater sense of duty would take up the whole burden in disgust, whatever his circumstances (normally the worst in comparison with those of his brothers). This game was played all the more resolutely because the sons who refused to make any contribution knew that the mother

was not going to starve on account of their refusal.

There is the Bengali proverb — *Garaj bara balai* (willingness or eagerness is a great evil), and since for Britain the idea of the Commonwealth had provided the *garaj*, India Government thought that the *balai* should go to the fondest member of the Commonwealth.

Over and above, this detachment is in line with the policy of exploiting Britain to the utmost limit which has been in operation since independence. Over this neither the people nor the Government of India have any bad conscience. They look upon the economic help given by Britain to India and the opportuni-





ties given to Indians to make money in Britain as reparations justly due to themselves for British rule in India. So, if I criticise the attitude, fellow-Indians retort: 'What's wrong with making money in Britain? The British went to India to make money.' I would not have objected to that argument if we could make money by making an empire in Britain. But to sneak into another country to do so is to my thinking a wholly different matter. But that is not admitted by my countrymen. On the contrary, they show considerable patriotic satisfaction.

It is the British infatuation with the new Commonwealth which has made successive British Governments acquiesce in economic concessions and opportunities for Indians in their country which no Sovereign State ever gives to the nationals of another country. But the infatuation is wearing thin, and there is growing disillusionment. The Indians from Uganda were not taken in willingly. Only the sense of moral obligation made it possible, but it will not bear any further strain, economic or psychological.

The coming of the Indians from Uganda has, however, only aggravated a situation which was already bad. I shall

consider later how much ill-treatment for any reason Indians have to submit to in Britain. Here I would only say that considering it without passion, i.e., rationally and coolly, the vast majority of the British people are against Indian immigration properly so-called. On this score I think they are right. I have yet to read about or see any good coming out of the influx of people with a distinct collective identity of their own into a country whose population has a different identity. If any economic competition and social antagonism arise out of that, the situation becomes infinitely worse. Everybody in India knows what ill-feeling such competition has created in India between the peoples of the different provinces, or even in one State — as in Andhra Pradesh. Are the Marwaris liked in Calcutta, or were Bengalees liked in Bihar and Assam even though they were only holding posts in the public services and pursuing professions? Yet one should have thought that the sense of Indian unity should have softened the antagonisms.

I would say that to bring in foreign labourers in large numbers as settlers even under a necessity — on account of a general or particular type of shortage, is



extremely risky. On this point the example provided by the United States is an awful warning. As far back as 1835 de Tocqueville wrote that 'the most formidable evil threatening the future of the United States is the presence of the blacks on their soil,' and he added: 'The Negro race will never again leave the American continent, to which the passions and vices of Europe brought it, it will not disappear from the New World except by ceasing to exist. The inhabitants of the United States may postpone the misfortune they dread, but they cannot now remove the cause.'

Tocqueville did not believe that the abolition of slavery would lessen the



antagonism between the Whites and the Blacks; because he had observed that the prejudice of the Whites against the Blacks seemed to increase in proportion as slavery was abolished. He wrote: 'In that part of the Union, where the Negroes are no longer slaves, have they come closer to the Whites? Everyone who has lived in the United States will have noticed just the opposite.' Nearly one hundred and forty years after Tocqueville, when slavery has been dead in the United States for over a century. I have noticed the same thing. Here one is up against elemental ethnic, social, economic, and cultural factors.

To be concluded.



One of the nicest things about Suman Hattikudur is her smile — it's like melted ice-cream. Add it to a warm skin tone and a dreamy gaze, and you have a sum total of a popular fashion and commercial model.

Suman has very definite likes — she's crazy about halter-necks, black and smocks.

Suman raves over the navy cotton top. "It's the cutest thing I've seen!" she said. The body is of cotton knit, the sleeves and tie-up of polka-dotted cotton; red against navy. The loose sleeves and wrap-over front gave it a look of unrestricted comfort. This top is just right for casual get-togethers, or for lounging at home (Rs. 55). Suman wears it here with the classic contrast, white, but if you want to sizzle things a bit, try teaming it with red, or how about navy blue pants — very French!

"This is striking", pronounced Suman, admiring a brown cotton knit full-sleeved gown, touched with "Kutch" embroidery at the yoke and sleeve ends. Very slight gathering at the yoke, and the gown looked stunning in its simplicity. Suman especially liked the contrast between fabric and embroidery. Here we have an outfit that is the answer to "what shall I wear" for the weekend party, the cocktail gathering, the gala premiere night (Rs. 135).

Talk about a swinger! Suman played geometrics with a mustard cotton knit top enlivened with ric-rac band in purple and green, and very unusual double-sleeves. A tip-off: double sleeves might be coming into the fashion scene in a big way, so hurry if you want to beat the rest of the crowd! Warning — this might not suit wide-shouldered girls, though. (Rs. 48).

As you can figure out, cotton-knit is THE fabric this summer. Suman also votes crepe cotton and voile highly suitable for the long, hot days ahead.

Suman plays the guitar (and sings beautifully too). So nails are short and unvarnished. Short nails are in, anyway, and if you've hung up on varnish, do try the rich, dark shades now in the market!

Footwise, Suman advocates clogs, platform soles, to go with pants, flat or slightly heeled slippers for saris and silver sandals for formal gowns. "Closed shoes are impossible in this heat," she said, looking (funnily enough) enough) very, very cool.

REENA SIRCAR

OUTFITS: Happiness Boutique, Bombay.

PHOTO: Taiyeb Badshah.



n our fashion



HAIR REMOVING

PART TWO

Last week I dealt with body hair. Facial hair has to be removed more carefully as the skin on the face is more delicate and sensitive.

There is an acute awareness of hair on the face with most people — more than is actually warranted. What we consider hair very often is merely down, the same soft covering that animals have to protect their skin.

But if the growth is heavy, there are many who thread their face. This is excruciatingly painful. The hair also grows back evenly, thus making it compulsory to thread the face almost every fortnight. I wouldn't recommend this method for obvious reasons.

There are others who wax their faces. Here again, remember that facial skin is delicate and should be treated so.

If you have only a soft down or a light moustache, don't worry about it, it isn't as apparent to the eye as you think it is. Many women, instead, prefer to bleach it. For this, take two parts of hydrogen peroxide and one part ammonia, mix with a little cosmetic bleaching powder (bought from the chemist) and a few drops of rose water to make a thick paste. Apply evenly on face and moustache. Wash off with water when dry. Bleaching is very drying to the skin. The face should be immediately massaged with a good nourishing cream to restore lost oils and to prevent wrinkles. Bleaching should be done once a month or a fortnight, depending on your kind of hair.

If your moustache is really thick, then waxing is a good method. But if it isn't, then use a facial hair removing cream at least once a week, not forgetting to first test it on your skin to find out if you are allergic to it or not. After removing hair with cream, wash off area with water, pat dry and apply a little cold cream.

The hair that really needs care on the face is on the eyebrows. Well-defined eyebrows add appeal to the eyes and lend personality to your face. Always give your brows an upward arch, otherwise your face would look as if it had a perpetual frown.

I personally believe that the natural arch of the brows should not be tamper-

ed with, but many women today wax or shave off their eyebrows completely to draw the line of their fancy. A friend of mine went for electrolysis of the eyebrows to retain a permanently arched look. But she could not complete the treatment as her eyes started throbbing every time the needle was inserted into the hair root.

Considering all this, threading, tweezing or waxing the eyebrows seems to be the answer, although waxing is tricky, since one has to achieve the exact shape for each eyebrow, and waxing does not remove hair one by one.

For the one who is getting her eyebrows shaped for the first time, it is best to go to a beauty salon and get the brows threaded in the shape most flattering to the face, be it a thin arch, a la the 1930 Marlene Dietrich style, or just removing straggly hair. Regular threading will dull the pain. Avoid plucking hair from the top of your brows.

Remove the straggly hairs with a tweezer as soon as they grow out. Make this as regular as the toothbrush habit. It is better to remove each new hair with a tweezer every morning, than to go to a salon once a week with a week's growth, making the brows look ugly and unkempt.

The first few times after threading or tweezing, you might find a greenish tinge under the brows, or a burst of tiny goose-pimples. This is because force has been applied to a delicate area. In time, this will disappear, but if it is severe, or if there is a reddish swelling, don't remove all the hair at the same time — phase it out.

The method of threading has already been discussed in a previous article. Tweezing is done with a pair of tweezers, which is either pincer-shaped or like scissors.

Apply talcum powder under the brows to facilitate the pulling. Now hold the eyelid taut between finger and thumb. Press the two ends of the tweezer firmly on the base of a hair and yank it swiftly in the direction of the hair growth. Continue till all hair is removed. Keep checking in the mirror to make sure that both your eyebrows are shaped alike! Apply a little cold cream under the brows to soothe the area.

Final
instalment from
Frederick
Forsyth's
novel

PETER MILLER, the reporter with a mission, has tracked down Eduard Roschmann, the Butcher of Riga, to his hide-out, under another name, in the Taunus Mountains of Southern Germany. What he does not know is that others are interested in the success, or the failure, of his self-appointed task: the Odessa, a clandestine organisation of former SS men, and Israeli Intelligence. . . .

THE ODESSA FILE

Roschmann looked at the photograph again.

"All right. So that was the man."

"That was my father," said Miller.

The colour drained out of Roschmann's face as if a plug had been pulled.

"Oh, dear God," he whispered. "You didn't come about the Jews at all."

"No, I'm sorry for them, but not that sorry."

"But how could you know, how could you possibly know, from that diary he was your father? I never knew his name, the Jew who wrote the diary never





knew, how did you know?"

"My father was killed on October 11, 1944, in Ostland," said Miller. "That was all I knew. Then I read the diary. It was the same day, the same area, the two men had the same rank. Above all, both men wore the Knight's Cross with Oak Leaf cluster, the highest award for bravery in the field. There weren't all that many of those awarded, and very few, to mere army captains. It would have been millions to one against two identical officers dying in the same area on the same day."

Roschmann stared at the gun.

"You're going to kill me. You mustn't do that, not in cold blood."

"I'm not."

Miller pulled the telephone over to him. "There's a lawyer in Ludwigsburg wants to have a chat with you," he said and put the receiver to his ear. It was dead.

"Have you cut this off?"

Roschmann shook his head.

Miller remembered the fallen branch of the oak tree and the telegraph pole lying in the snow across the track to the house. He swore softly.

Roschmann gave a small smile.

In the driveway Oskar pedalled towards the door, his errand to report the broken telephone line accomplished. He paused in surprise on seeing the Jaguar, for his employer had assured him no one was expected.

In the hall he stood irresolute. Miller swung open the door and found himself staring at the roll-neck of a pullover worn by a shaven-haired man a head taller than he was. Roschmann screamed. "Hold him!"

Miller jerked up the gun. He was too slow. A swinging backhand from Oskar swept the automatic out of his grasp and it flew across the room. Oskar crashed a right hand into Miller's jaw.

The reporter weighed 170 pounds, but the blow lifted him off his feet and threw him backwards. His feet caught in a mahogany bookcase. A trickle of blood flowed on to the floor.

Roschmann scribbled two telephone numbers on a sheet of paper. "Get back down to the village, as fast as you can" he told Oskar. "Ring this Nuremberg number and tell the man who answers what has happened. Ring this local number and get the doctor up here immediately. Now hurry."

TOLD TO HURRY

At the front door Oskar glanced at the parked Jaguar. He peered through the window and saw the ignition key. His master had told him to hurry. He climbed behind the wheel of the car, gun-

ed it into life, and spurted gravel in a wide arc.

He was boring down the slippery track as fast as he could take it when he hit the snow-covered telegraph pole lying across the road.

The shattering roar and the plume of smoke drifting across the sky told Roschmann what had happened. Time was running out.

From the wall safe he took a passport and several bundles of high denomination bank notes. If he had had time he might have paused to kick the unconscious body on the carpet, but he was a man in a hurry.

Twenty minutes later he was cycling down the track, round the shattered hulk of the Jaguar and the smouldering body of Oskar lying face down in the snow, towards the village.

From there he called a taxi to take him to Frankfurt international airport.

IT WAS ten past one when Mackensen's Mercedes turned into the drive leading to Roschmann's country house. He found it blocked.

The Jaguar had been blown apart from inside. Mackensen, who had planted the bomb in the car's front suspension, surveyed it with a grim smile, and walked over to the bundle of scorched clothes on the ground 20 feet away. Something about the size of the corpse caught his attention. He stooped over it, then ran up the rest of the drive towards the house.

In the hallway he listened. There was no sound. He brought out a long-barrelled Luger automatic, flicked off the safety catch and started to open the doors leading off the hall.

The first was the dining-room, the second the study. He saw the body on the hearthrug at once. He did not move from the door before he had covered the rest of the room. He had known two men fall for that trick—the obvious bait and the hidden ambush.

For several seconds Mackensen stared down at Miller, then bent to listen to the shallow breathing. The matted blood on the back of the head told him roughly what had happened.

He spent 10 minutes scouring the house, noting the open drawers in the master bedroom, the missing shaving tackle from the bathroom.

Back in the study, he glanced into the empty wall-safe, then sat himself at the desk and picked up the dead telephone.

He swore under his breath. He went back down the drive. It took him almost an hour to find the parted strands of the telephone line, sort them out from the entangling undergrowth and splice them back. He walked back to the house and

rang his chief in Nuremberg.

He had expected the Werwolf to be eager to hear from him, but the voice sounded tired. He reported what he had found, the car, the corpse of the bodyguard, Miller, unconscious on the floor, the absent owner.

"He hasn't taken much, chief. Overnight things, probably money from the safe. I can clear up here."

"He won't come back," the Werwolf told him. "He called me from Frankfurt Airport. He's booked on a flight to Madrid, connection to Buenos Aires."

Wearily he told Mackensen what Miller had stolen from the forger. "Those papers will be in the hands of the authorities in the morning. After that everyone on that list is on borrowed time. That includes Roschmann and me. Make yourself scarce. Before you go, finish off that bastard Miller, once and for all."

Mackensen looked across at the unconscious reporter. "It'll be a pleasure," he grated.

"Then goodbye and good luck."

Mackensen walked over to Miller. He held his gun at arm's length, pointed downwards.

Years of living like a predatory animal had given Mackensen the sense of a leopard. He didn't see the shadow

that fell on to the carpet from the open French window; he felt it, and spun round.

The man stood in the French window, dressed in the black leather leggings and jacket of a motorcyclist. In his left hand he carried his crash helmet, gripped by the short peak and held across his stomach. The man flicked a glance at the body at Mackensen's feet and the gun in his hand.

"I was sent for," he said innocently.

"Who by?" said Mackensen.

"Vulkan," replied the man. "My Kamerad, Roshchmann."

Mackensen grunted and lowered the gun.

"Well, he's gone."

"Gone?"

"Heading for South America. The whole project's off. And all thanks to this bastard reporter."

He jerked the gun barrel towards Miller.

"You going to finish him?" asked the man.

"Sure. He screwed up the project. Identified Roschmann and posted the lot to the police, along with a pile of other stuff. If you're on that file, you'd better get out too."





"What file?"

"The Odessa file."

"I'm not on it," said the man.

"Neither am I," growled Mackensen.

"But the Werwolf is, and his orders are to finish this one off before we quit."

"The Werwolf?"

Something began to sound a small alarm inside Mackensen.

"You're from Buenos Aires?" he asked.

"No."

"Where from then?"

"Jerusalem."

It took half a second to make sense to Mackensen. Then he swung up his Luger to fire. Half a second is a long time, long enough to die.

The foam rubber inside the crash helmet was scorched when the Walther went on. But the 9 mm. parabellum slug came through the fibreglass without a pause and took Mackensen high in the breastbone with the force of a kicking mule. The helmet dropped to the ground to reveal the agent's right hand and from inside the cloud of blue smoke the PPK fired again.

Mackensen was a big man and a strong one. Despite the bullet in the chest he would have fired, but the second slug entering his head two finger widths above the right eyebrow spoilt his aim. It also killed him.

MILLER awoke on Monday afternoon in a private ward in Frankfurt General Hospital. He lay for half an hour, and piece by piece recollected the events of the previous day until the middle of the morning. After that there was nothing.

He dozed off and when he woke it was dark outside and a man was sitting by his bed. The man smiled. Miller stared at him.

"I've seen you," he said at length. "You were in Oster's house. With Leon and Motti. You are Josef."

"That's right. What else do you remember?"

"Almost everything. It's coming back."

"Roschmann?"

"Yes, I talked with him. I was going for the police."

Roschmann's gone. Fled back to South America. The whole affair's over. Complete. Finished. Do you understand?"

Miller slowly shook his head.

"Not quite. I've got one hell of a story."

The visitor's smile faded. He leaned forward.

"Listen Miller. You're a bloody amateur, and you're lucky to be alive. You're going to write nothing. For one thing you've got nothing to write. I've got Tauber's diary and it's going back

home with me to Israel where it belongs.

"The file is gone. All that remains is your personal word. If you insist on talking nobody will believe you except the Odessa, and they'll come for you. Or, rather, they'll probably hit your girl Sigi or your mother. They play rough, remember?"

Josef stood up and prepared to leave. He looked down at Miller.

"You're a lucky bastard, though you don't seem to realise it."

He turned, hand on the door-knob.

"Take a word of advice. Claim the insurance on your car, get a Volkswagen, go back to Hamburg, marry Sigi, have kids and stick to reporting. Don't tangle with professionals again."

JOSEF'S PLANE from Frankfurt via London came into Lod Airport, Tel Aviv, as dusk was setting on Tuesday evening. He was taken by two men in a car to headquarters for debriefing.

"Well done," said the colonel simply.

"The danger's over," said Josef.

The colonel smiled. "The danger's never over. It just changes shape. This particular danger may be over. The big one goes on. You must be tired. You can go."

At the door the colonel looked at the agent with approval and shook hands.

"Welcome home, Major Uri Ben Shaul."

IT WOULD BE agreeable if things in this world always finished with all the ends neatly tied up. That is very seldom the case. People go on, to live and die in their appointed time and place. So far as it has been possible to establish, this is what happened to the main characters.

Peter Miller went home to Hamburg, married and stuck to reporting the sort of things that people want to read over breakfast and in the hairdresser's. By the summer of 1970 Sigi was carrying their third child.

The men of the Odessa scattered. Eduard Roschmann's wife returned home and later received a cable from her husband telling her he was in Argentina. She refused to follow him.

She still lives in Germany, but has retaken her maiden name of Muller, of which there are tens of thousands in Germany.

The Werwolf finally made his peace with his furious superiors in Argentina, and settled on a small estate he bought from the money realised by the sale of his effects, on the Spanish island of Formentera.

The Vulkan radio factory went into liquidation.

The rockets of Helwan never flew.

THE END



Kas baat

She says she's quitting films in '74. A fed up of working in 100 films by plans to settle down in Iran. There's nothing to the rumour about her marriage with the Ugandan millionaire Madhwan. In December. Over-heard her cooing in an overcas hour-long phone call to London. What's to do? We'll know soon! Remarked Producer N. C. Sippy about the impending '74 shortage of top-actresses. "I think we'll go back to the '30s where actors used to play the part of women. It might put Biswajeet in strong demand".

Lata Mangeshkar says she's sick of telling the composers to give her sensible sounds and better tunes. If the actors are fed up of the same ol' songs, you can imagine Lata's plight! She's getting the retirement mania too, help! Now, when that does happen, she should be able to give all her boyfriends the full-time attention they need!

Musician Lakmikanth had a party for his daughter's first birthday. Sis-in-law Bindu, lacquered, perfumed, in a low-necked top over harlems, kept getting caught by a dozen male nets, notably Yash Chopra's. (Mukesh's wife and Nitin Mukesh. Yash moved to Sharmila's PRO and said he was dying to meet her again, and had she forgotten him after which Laxmikant-Pyarelal threw "Daag" was finished? He was promised an early "meeting".

There's a new girl, sorry, oomph-girl called Asha Sachdev, always clad in figure-defining gharara-minikurta, who has a mother who's even more—prettier and dressed, the mamma's gets prize-catches even faster. Music director Shankar is not as dumb. Though it is said that his ego has made a balloon out of him, he manages to stay in the arena almost viciously! He was telling his court one day, after Laxmikant-Pyarelal had their party at Hotel Horizon: "Did you attend the party which Laxmikant-Pyarelal threw at Hotel Horizon?"

Director Asit Sen, with such merits and acclaim, hit it to the top of fame in Bombay. Now, his movies are as incoherent as his speech, mostly because of the twenty-four hour round of drinking. Pity, because he is so talented!

The screen's eternal rapist, badman Manmohan, decided to throw a party, to celebrate his Birthday. Last minute frantic 'phonecalls to all the names who matter, sounded something like this: "Hello, Hi, this is Man here." "Who? Man Who?" "Man, Man, Manmohan here." "Oh it's you!" "Look, I'm having a party and you must come, etc., etc." Well, the ladies must have been terrified or something because they did not turn up till well past eleven when they arrived. The initial trickle was only publicists and their breed. Manmohan, it seems, was the only monkey in a black suit. The rest preferred casuals what with all the heat of the Holi fires around and those coming from the cremation-ground in front of his place! Lousy party, lousier host — who told all the men present that the ladies will be coming any minute!

The brainy beautiful looking back and thinking ahead



RAAKHEE
KUMAR PUBLISHED

Raakhee, like Rajesh Khanna, was in a marriage-round-the-corner mood.

The post, which had just come in, brought a letter, an important-looking one. It was from a well-known association in the north, offering her an award for her performance in "Lal Patthar" — could she attend the function and collect her award? Acceptance should be given within a specified date.

Before one could say award, she had ripped the letter to pieces! "Money-making racket", she snorted. So began her pre-retirement reflections about her five-year-old career and the difference between the Bombay and Bengal film industries.

"After doing 25 films so far released, I can say, film-making and acting has become a rat-race". Raakhee is as decisive and quick-thinking as she is beautiful. She has acted with all the top-most heroes, including Shashi Kapoor, and given numerous guest performances, for the sheer scope the roles offered. In "Reshma aur Shera", in fact, she had no dialogue but hers was an unforgettable performance — "I took on so many guest roles only so that I would have an image created, no tag put on me", she said emphatically.

That's another of her qualities — with strong likes and dislikes, she is the most un-starlike star of them all — famous temper, tender heart, notwithstanding.

"The best award-giving association is the West Bengal Film Journalists' Association. Their awards go to the most deserving and reach the winners, irrespective of whether the star attends the function or not. Like the Oscar awards. All other functions are dazzling shows that exploit star-attendance", she explained.

"In Bengal, one is an artiste first, and gets star-status later on. But here, one has to become a star: the artiste in you is recognised only if you hit it as a star. Suchitra Sen and Uttam Kumar are two of India's greatest artistes, but when they came to Bombay, they had to turn

back in dejection, because they had not acquired star-quality. Isn't that proof enough?"

"In Bombay, because of the stultifying effects of the star-image, one gets typed. There's not much difference between one role and the next. Perchance a good role comes your way and you might prove your talent". Could 'Sharmilee' be an instance?

"Yes, one reason I have no qualms about quitting films after marriage is that I've no patience to wait for a role that calls for true acting rather than just my looks, in between the glut of cosmetic ones". At first, Raakhee had a number of roles only calling for her terrific good looks. 'Paras' was one.

"Conditions of working are so different in Bengal and Bombay. Here they are so unnatural, everything is done on an extravagant scale. In Calcutta, the artistes are very simple — they're all devotion for work under any circumstance. Take the case of one unit that was going on a swampy location, which suffered the mishap of camera-equipment falling in the water. But the stars roughed it out with the others, eating chillies and puffed rice for days till the shooting was over. An artiste does not become a God there, as chamchas make our stars to be here! No one can work here without hot, four-course lunches and refreshments through the schedules at the producer's cost.

Raakhee, who is very fond of cooking, does her own shopping and cooks lovely food for the unit, whenever and wherever on location — at her expense of course!

"This distinction between classes and masses", she switched to another difference, "only exists here. I ask: How are these two created — who gives the taste? This slow poisoning was given by our film-makers. Though there is no such distinction in Calcutta yet, the 'masala film' has made its entry there too — about 60% of them are such concoctions".

Never one to take falsehood lightly, Raakhee had once lashed out at Shatrughan Sinha, who had boasted that the Poona Institute gals had taken the industry by storm. The angrier she gets, the softer Raakhee becomes. She was cool now: "Storms are only momentary happenings. What you call a storm has not upset us. Hema Malini is standing even higher than she was, so are Mumu, Sharmila, myself. So far as we are concerned, your dusty storm has settled mighty fast. And we are still claiming merit-awards and demand".

Back to our tet-a-tete, she laughed and included the Poona Institute in her observations. "It is a departmental store



for the industry — where talent is departmentalised according to needs. I don't believe in the theory that talent can be drummed into students — most of whom come through 'sponsorship', which is an elegant phrase for influence, — and the industry just digs into the store and fishes out a graduate, for a film, where so many really talented people must be hovering around studios, in search of a break. Most great stars have never gone to an institute for training. Perhaps technical training can be given profitably here".

With the same naughty glint leaping in her hazel eyes, she dealt out another. "The Bombay industry has become a share-market — we are not stars, but 'shares'. Our market-value fluctuates film by film and we are bought as solid shares when our box office value is highest, but no one picks up a great actor or actress whose demand has declined, though his or her talent remains constant. Filming is a gamble, running on sheer speculation". She got lost somewhere within herself.

In company or alone, she gets these sudden thought lapses. How could one define this girl-woman? If she is a thinker, she is also a prank-player. Once, at the jungle-location of "Janwar aur Insan", to spite a moody Shashi Kapoor, she stole into the kitchen in the cook's absence, and doused half-a-kilo of salt into Shashi's very English roast chicken.

Yet this same girl today sat and bemoaned the sorry plight of studio technicians — the poor, daily-wage men sweating it out in the studios and at times, not being paid for months. "Why can't our producers look after their welfare? Only Atmaram has built quarters for his unit-technicians and is really helping them.

Raakhee has been a giver — and for all that she has given for so many needy, I asked her what she wanted most. "Happiness and children in my married life with the man I love, Gulzar", she said. This will be her second marriage.

After blazing the screen with her depth-acting and sophisticated sex-appeal, after all those innumerable warm, personal relationships she's made with people in the industry, in spite of all that she said, she will soon be the homemaker she wants to be — busy gardening (a passion with her), cooking, fabric-painting, dress-designing and mothering, perhaps.

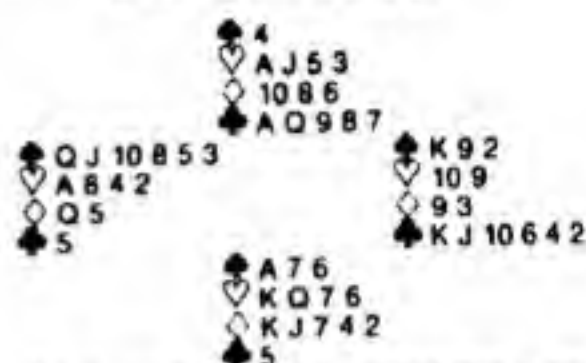
After "Daag" which is released shortly, "Blackmail", "Chehre" and eight other films, she'll be walking away from greatness in the cine-world, to greatness in a newer, truer world — the home.

VHAYA IRANI.

BRIDGE by TERENCE REESE

PART OF the Masters Pairs this year was played by candlelight and most pairs had a hard-luck story of some kind. I think ours topped the others because, oddly enough, it occurred when the lights were on!

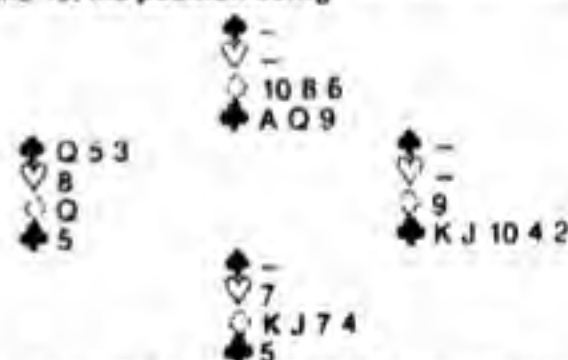
Dealer, South Game all



Astute readers will have noted that there are two Aces of hearts in the diagram. That accounts for the bidding, which went as follows

SOUTH	WEST	NORTH	EAST
1♦	1♠	2♣	2♣
3♥	3♣	4♥	No
No	No		

I led the Jack of spades (Roman lead) and the dummy went down as shown. After the Ace of hearts had been transmuted into the Ace of diamonds, the declarer made a good play by ducking to the first trick. I led another spade and dummy ruffed. The Jack of hearts held, I won the next heart and played a third round of spades. Declarer cashed the King of hearts, then led a diamond to the Ace and returned the 10, the position being:



When my partner played low on the 10 of diamonds time stood still. As I was marked with six spades and four hearts it seemed certain that South would eventually finesse the diamond, playing me for a singleton. I was poised to win with the Queen, draw the trump and display three spade winners, for four down. But after a lot of dithering the declarer went up with the King of diamonds and so made the contract for a complete top, as no other pair matched the score of 620.



THE CAMPAIGN to preserve the world's wildlife is supported each year in Papua New Guinea by the issue of a special series of four or five stamps. They show examples of the country's exotic flora and fauna. The series this year is devoted to reptiles, among them the Fly River tortoise (*Carettochelys insculpta*) on this 7-cent stamp. Salvador's monitor, the green python and Godeffroy's rain-forest dragon appear on the other values. The series has been designed by an Australian artist, Richard Bates.

Previous wildlife series since 1967 have featured beetles, frogs, orchids, birds of paradise and forest animals, while long definitive series for ordinary use have depicted birds, butterflies and sea-shells.

AZED CROSSWORD

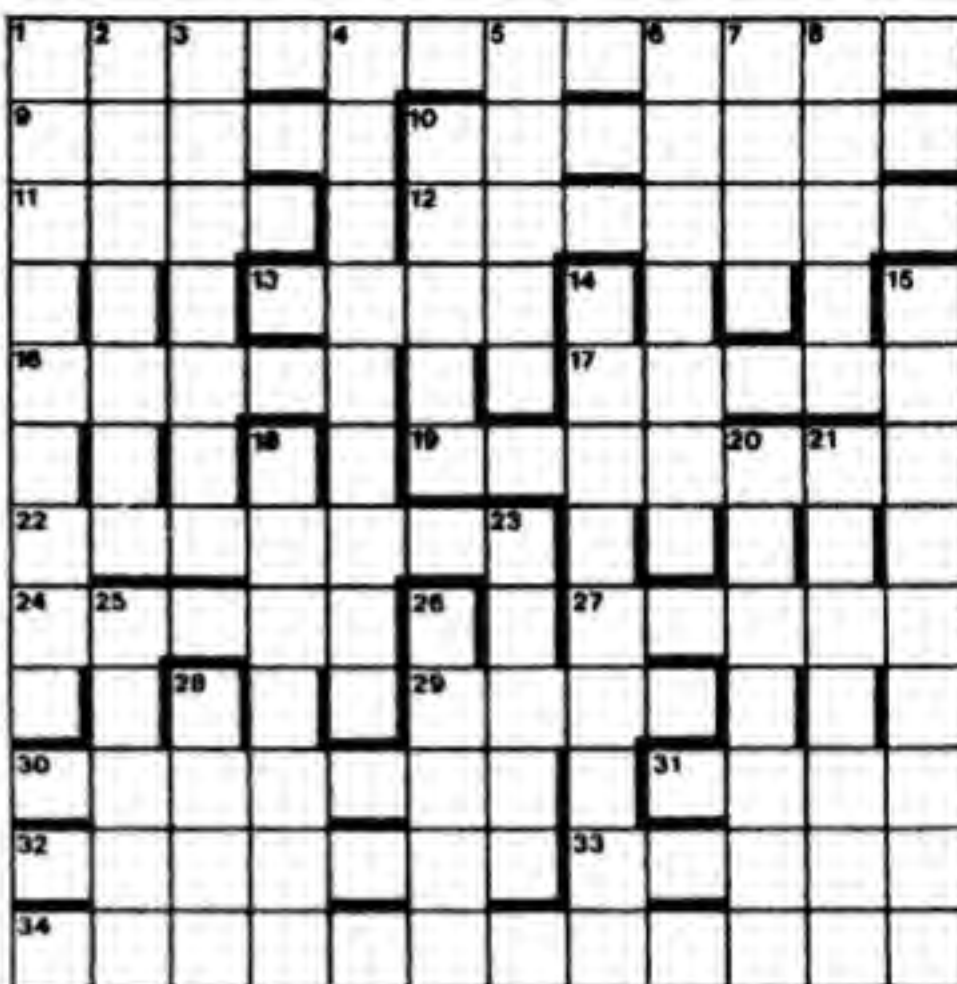
No. 7: PLAIN

ACROSS

- 1 Take something neutral dividing north and south: cherry brandy (12)
- 9 Elaborate sari, Eastern get up (5)
- 10 Scoff's almost finished before you note the cheese (7)
- 11 Drain mill-stream in Inverness (4)
- 12 He's smitten with a dey? (7)
- 13 Old company — one gets in with it (4)
- 16 They make a contribution to noise tumultuously? The reverse (5)
- 17 Bit of gristle in bed, we hear (5)
- 19 When child's got the reach, see TV tube, smashed, — (7)
- 22 Have ideas on getting tarted up (7)
- 24 Train's incomplete somehow — needs a cowcatcher (5)
- 27 Dance that's out of place in Burma (5)
- 29 Bear? Grizzly's one (4)
- 30 Watch endless gossip; it's a drug (7)
- 31 I oppose endless grotesquery (4)
- 32 What one gets in bumpy bus-ride (7)
- 33 Rushes? Too idle, we hear, for them (5)
- 34 You'll find wild 'erraticism' usual, first and last, in me (12)

DOWN

- 1 Dyeing method produces a strange mark in carpet (9)
- 2 Cross one part of SA containing copper (7)
- 3 Public dance — fox trot — I'd love joining in (7)
- 4 Chinaman from the east I mistakenly put in prison (9)
- 5 Snatches: initially wrong, rest all perfectly sound (5)
- 6 Silly (but not incorrect) fashion column arrangement (7)
- 7 Blind happiness (4)
- 8 Knock up before getting caught (5)
- 10 Slayer of infidels has setter half submerged in cooking oil (5)
- 14 Mountain climbing at old Indian capital. Espadrille needed (9)
- 15 In new rendering I'll get recast as Antony, perhaps (9)
- 18 Begin endless cold and fever (7)
- 20 Turkish dynast, so upright and brave, it's said (7)
- 21 Fights for old novelist changing first name to David? (7)
- 23 Ogle Artemis, head to foot (5)
- 25 Harden old brand (5)
- 26 Victim of murder admitted by Joab, nervously (5)
- 28 Jock's face, one in rising flush (4)



AZED No. 6

Solution and notes

ACROSS

1, s v kam, 11, half ass, nocent (n), 12, So W S E S (rev) & lit; 13, See names in C, 20, Reces(s) & lit; 32, Fairies have no shadows, 35, i.e. no lights

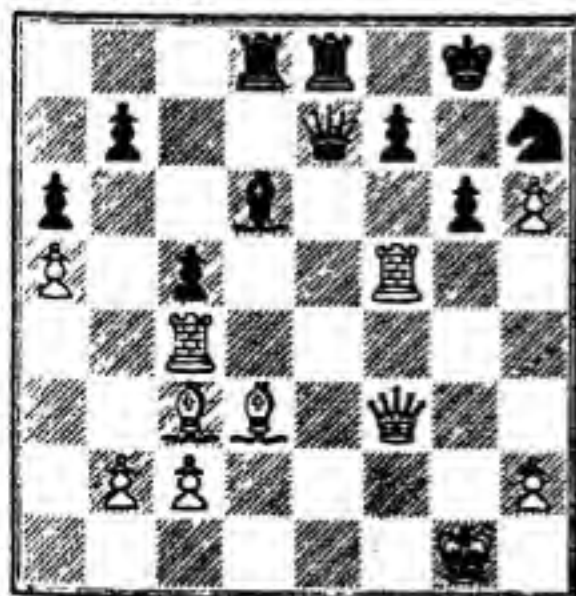
DOWN

2, co E met in ai(r) & lit; 7, high-smelly, 17, ob lion round v l; 22, Cloa(k) ca; 29, meu

CHESS

by HARRY GOLOBEK

Position No. 7



White to play — how should the game go?

Continuation of Position No. 5

A remarkable finish from the 1971 Sarajevo International Tournament between Matulovic and Bogdanovic: — 1. k 1 r 3 r; 3 b 1 P 1 p; 3 k t p 3; q p 2 Q 3; 1 b 1 K t K t 3; 1 K 3 R 2; 2 P 4 P; 3 R 1 B 2. White won by 1. R — R1, Q x R; 2. K1 — B6 ch, B x K1; 3. Q x Q, B x K1; 4. P — B5 — Q, KR x Q;

5. R x R, R x R; 6. K x B, B x P; 7. B — Kt2, R — B5 ch; 8. K — B5, K1 — K5 ch; 9. K — Kt6, never was such an attacking King, after a few more moves (9. ... K — B1; 10. Q — R7, R — B2, 11. Q x R.) Black resigned.

The Sicilian Defence

From time to time someone writes in to inquire what I have against the Sicilian — why, it is asked, do I publish so many victories against this defence. Let me make it clear once and for all that I have no prejudice against this noble defence. Indeed I play it myself with the conviction that it is much the best counter-attacking defence of all the half-open defences and when I lose it is not the fault of the defence.

I do in fact publish games in which Black wins with the Sicilian but probably more with which White wins. And this is only to be expected seeing that White has the advantage of the first move and therefore the initiative.

Here, then, from the 1971 Alekhine Memorial Tournament in Moscow, is a game which Black wins with the Sicilian. White: B. Parma. Black: V. Tukmakov.

Sicilian Defence.

1. P — K4, P — QB4; 2. K1 — KB3, P — K3; 3. P — Q4, P x P; 4. K1 x P, K1 — QB3; 5. K1 — QB3, P — Q3; 6. B — K3, K1 — B3; 7. B — QB4, P — QR3; 8. B — Kt3, K1 — QR4; 9. P — B4, P — QKt4; 10. P — B5, P — K4; Bad is 10. ... P — Kt5 on account of 11. B — R4 ch. 11. K1(Q4) — K2, K1 x B; 12. RP x Kt, P — Kt5; 13. K2 — Q5, K1 x Kt; and not 13. ... K1 x P; 14. B — Kt6. 14. Q x Kt, R — QKt1; 15. O — O, B — K2; 16. K1 — Kt3, R — Kt4; 17. Q — B4, O — O; 18. QR — Q1; B — Kt2; 19. Q — K2. He would

have done better to prepare for doubling on the Q file by 19. R — Q2.

19. ... P — B3; 20. P — B3, P x P, 21. P x P, Q — R1, 22. Q — QB2, P — Q4, 23. P — B4, R — B1; 24. Q — R2. Not a good move, better is 24. KP x P, R x QP, 25. R x R, B x R, 26. R — Q1, with chances for both sides. 24. ... P x BP; 25. P x P, R — Kt5, 26. R — Q7, B — B1, 27. P — B5 dis ch, K — R1, 28. Q — B7, B x KP, 29. R — B1. It is Black who has the attack after 29. K1 x B, Q x Kt, 30. B — R6, Q — Kt5, 31. P — R3, Q — Kt6.

29. ... Q — B3, here Black falters, correct was 29. ... R — Kt7.

30. P — R3? for now White could have played with effect 30. R — Q6. Black hastens to repair matters.

30. ... R — Kt7, 31. B — B2, B x KtP; 32. K1 — R5, B x RP, 33. Q — Q5, Q x Q; 34. R x O, B x KBP; 35. P — B6, B — K5; 36. R — Q7, B x P; 37. R — Q3, K — Kt1; White resigns.

Mastery of the Black squares

A game played on board Two in the 1971 Anglo-Dutch match in London.

White: Ree, Black: Hartston.

Queen's Pawn, King's Indian Defence

1. P — QB4, P — KKt3; 2. P — K4, B — Kt2; 3. P — Q4, P — Q3; 4. K1 — QB3, K1 — KB3; 5. B — K2, O — O; 6. K1 — B3, P — B4; 7. P — Q5, P — K4; 8. O — O, QKt — Q2; 9. K1 — K1, K1 — K1; 10. K1 — Q3, P — QR3; 11. R — Kt1, P — B4; 12. P — QKt4, P x KtP; 13. R x P, Q — B2; 14. B — R3, Kt(K1) — B3; 15. P — B3, B — R3; 16. Q — B2, B — K8 ch; 17. K — R1, K1 — B4; 18. R(Kt4) — Kt1, K1 — R4; 19. K1 x Kt, Kt — Kt6 ch; White resigns. He is mated after 20. P x Kt, Q — Kt2; 21. R — B2, B x R; 22. B — QB1, P — B5.



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REVEREND
MARTIN LUTHER KING, JR.

BROWN
MAN'S
BURDEN
STILL
IN THE
RACE

Beginning with May 6, 1973



ARIES (March 21 — April 20)

This is a week when you can benefit through your associates and colleagues. Your imaginative mind will solve intricate professional problems and expand your field of work. Peace and harmony will be experienced at home and in your social circle. Be cautious about property matters. Those in service may expect heavier pay packet. Do not get involved emotionally. Executives may have to face certain intricate problems on 7th.



TAURUS (April 21 — May 20)

Now you are in a position to cross the barrier around you. Unexpected financial gains in professions and business may accrue. Health will improve. Brothers may keep you worried first half of the week. Auspicious for taking important decisions. In office additional work load compensated by increased emoluments will keep you cheerful.



GEMINI (May 21 — June 20)

Except for emotional troubles a fine week for you. Your innovations will be aptly rewarded. Encouraging note from foreign friends and success from your work will bring happiness and good dividends. In social circle you may be honoured. Time to take special care of your spouse's health. Avoid travelling. Be cautious in money matters.



CANCER (June 21 — July 21)

Take snap decisions to avoid embarrassment. Special attention to your health should be paid. If there is an unexpected change at work, take it easy. Finally you will gain. Businessmen and professionals may expect freedom from financial obligations. For speculators, success indicated. Cardiac complaints may keep your spirit in low key.



LEO (July 22 — Aug. 21)

An active period ahead. Industrialists will experience a lull in labour problems. Businessmen should not worry, financial assistance will be forthcoming from your banker. Co-operation from professional friends and colleagues may be expected. Partnerships, new ties will give you impetus. Business executives may receive encouraging notes from their employers.



VIRGO (Aug. 22 — Sept. 22)

A week of romance and thrills. Before the week is over you will find your moorings. Service conditions will improve, professional interests will bring new opportunities. Businessmen may start a new venture on the 10th. Handsome profits from speculative deals may be expected. Avoid hasty decisions.



LIBRA (Sept. 23 — Oct. 22)

Have a practical approach towards your domestic, social and official problems. Transits may make you impatient and reckless and it will not be wise to allow official matters develop complications. Your dear ones may fall ill on the 8th. You may encounter difficulties in your financial matter. Foreign travel indicated. If you are in need of foreign exchange, that will be forthcoming.



SCORPIO (Oct. 23 — Nov. 22)

Some ups and downs — if you are not much involved you will come out successful. Move cautiously and take care of your health. Yield from investment will be good. Financial gains indicated on the 9th. Chances of promotion bright. Conflict with seniors should be avoided. Your desire will be fulfilled on the 11th.



SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 23 — Dec. 20)

A week of romance. Desirable ties will contribute to a better career. Industrialists and businessmen will experience suitable climate for expansion. Mental depression likely to go by the 10th and all doubts will be cleared. Those who are in service may get new assignments with transfer. Happiness in domestic life.



CAPRICORN (Dec. 21 — Jan. 19)

Congenial atmosphere for creative jobs will develop. Job satisfaction and devotion to work will bring name and fame. You will find a patron on the 9th and an offer of assistance can come. Financial gain from unexpected sources indicated. Plenty of fun is in store for you on the 12th.



AQUARIUS (Jan. 20 — Feb. 18)

Do not expect easy success. Unforeseen changes indicated. Secret enmity from colleagues will keep you worried. Your courage may bring good dividend. Avoid exhaustion, otherwise no health worry. Those in politics may face certain knotty problems. Important decision concerning your career may be taken on the 11th. Journalists may get desirable assignment.



PISCES (Feb. 19 — March 20)

Remarkable possibilities of success at work, if you employ a little tact. Do not count too much on your colleagues at office. Social activities will give you much pleasure. Investment should be made after scrutiny. Improvement in status is certain. Your wife will bring happiness for you.



**DIARY ON A
MINDBENDING**

"My name is Felix Kallman. And I was appointed Secretary to an embassy in London early this year. I shall make this report in some detail because it is the last one I shall send. I begin with excerpts from my diary which I write in English to gain fluency in the language."

"Diary on a Mindbending" a short story by Robin Maugham appears next Sunday.

sunday

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SUNDAY WEEK 2

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The Brown





Lovely Persis Khambatta has often been described as India's most beautiful export to Britain. A former Miss India, she was her country's most sought after model. She now lives in London where also she has established herself as a leading model. Mr. Chaudhuri concedes that Indian women are immensely admired in England when they go about in their natural clothes but warns: "I would say that to bring in foreign labourers in large number as settlers even under a necessity — on account of a general or particular shortage, is extremely risky."

INTERPAPER
CANADIAN PUBLIC LIBRARY

The British people have been forced by their belief in the Commonwealth to create in their country a similar situation in embryo. The scale of the coloured immigration is smaller, but it is there, and it has been brought about, not by any British passion or vice, only by their imperialism in sackcloth and ashes. Nonetheless, the practical prospects are so serious that the tenuous ideal of a regenerate empire is not likely to make the British people ready to encourage further Indian immigration.

On this point there should be no illusions in India, and the talk of the anti-racialists, as they call themselves, should not be taken seriously. They are mostly people who are not practically affected by Indian immigration, and belong to two doctrinaire groups. The first of these consists of the old liberals and humanitarians, the do-gooders as they are called today. The second group contains the so-called revolutionaries or rebels against the establishment. These latter support Indian immigration not only as a matter of justice, but also as a means of enriching British life. But they are also the people who think sexual promiscuity desirable, homosexuality natural, who are incapable of getting angry over the rape of six-year old girls followed by their murder or even the increasing gangsterism, and who think that the most dangerous criminals must not be punished harshly but only treated medically. These are the men who uphold that a

Man's Burden

piebald Commonwealth is better than a single-colour Commonwealth. As an Indian I should not like to make money in Britain under the patronage of these revolutionaries, and as to the liberal do-gooders they are ineffectual.

The dislike for Indian immigration as a combined economic, social, and cultural phenomenon is inherent in the very situation. Its practical and vocal expression can be softened, but its existence cannot be done away with. The resentment against it is most strongly felt in the industrial field, perhaps less strongly in retail trade but, it is also present in the professional employment of Indians, even in education. In this sphere the antagonism does not make its appearance so long as the employment of Indians in small numbers can be regarded as patronage, but as soon as it shows signs of being competitive the hostility appears.



This dislike, latent or vocal, taken in its impersonal and collective aspect is aggravated by two other reasons. Firstly, it is most strangely felt when the right to earn money in Britain is claimed as a matter of right, and not as a privilege. Indians in Britain are in the habit of saying that they are in this country to provide a service to the British people, and they get angry whenever any step is taken to control or check the immigration. The truculence and self-righteousness which their Indian advocates show in defending Indian immigration is both unintelligent and harmful to the Indian cause. The national dailies in London give a good deal of publicity to their bad-tempered statements. I am not sure what their motives are, but there is no doubt that they irritate the British public and show us as a nuisance.

Next, there is the feeling that the Indians are not making money fairly. Of course, it is not possible for Indians to underbid British labour substantially. But it is felt that their earnings are converted into capital gain in a manner which the British workers cannot adopt, and also that most of this gain is being exported. They see plainly that the Indians do not feed back part of their earnings into the British economy by way of expenditure and in experiment, which all British wage-earners invariably do either from compulsion or choice. So the Indians can acquire more property or capital than the natives of the country.

It is impossible that such a collective situation should not generate personal antagonism and prejudice in addition to the disapproval of Indian immigration as an economic evil. But the notion that Indians are generally ill-treated in Britain as Indians is completely unfounded. My wife and I, in our fairly long stay in Britain, have mixed with all classes of people from the upper middle-class to workmen. Not to speak of discourtesy, we have not come across any aloofness even. We have lived in a village, and now we are living in the town of Oxford. We are surprised by the neighbourliness that is being showed to us. Our neighbours have called on us before we have done so. We see a friendliness in them which I have not found in Delhi, and still more missed in Calcutta. Sometimes it is a British person who takes the initiative in opening a conversation in the most friendly manner. I would set down my deliberate opinion that there is no predisposition to take a gratuitously hostile or prejudiced attitude to us in any class in Britain.

But I have to set down with regret that it is the Indians who are creating the dislike and hostility by conducting themselves personally in such a way that

it is becoming impossible for the British people not to feel that their presence is not desirable. They give offence both by their manner of living as such, and by their behaviour, and the worst part of the matter is that they are most often unaware how offensive they are, both actively and passively. If this is pointed out to them they take up an air of injured innocence.

Let me first consider their standard of living by which alone they create a real, though passive, prejudice against themselves. At every level of income an Indian in Britain or the United States has a standard which is lower than that of a British or American family of the same means. There is, first, overcrowding, which is easily observed from the outside, and is noted with amusement as well as disapproval, for this alone is an illustration of the unfair competition from Indians. Even those Indians who are in the professions in Britain live in accommodation meant for workers. There are usually six to eight Indians in a flat or semi-detached house meant for a couple with one or two small children.

The interiors are bare and shabby, and, in some, distressingly untidy and even squalid. Even when they have relatively high incomes Indians do not show any taste in regard to furniture, furnishings like curtains and carpets, china or glass, not to speak of pictures or artistic objects. Expenditure on these they regard as waste of money. They look upon the houses they buy only as property, to use like a dormitory for themselves and to let out to others. I know one owner who lives in one of his houses, and lets out the other to six or seven tenants with one or even two persons in each room.

Now, all this has a serious implication for the status of these Indians. To have external possessions appropriate to each level of income is a sort of creed with the British and American people, and they will never treat as equal those who have these. But the Indians not only skimp in these things, they even make offensive remarks when they see these in the houses of other Indians. In England or in the United States I have to live very simply, but I try not to go below a man of my position. But a Bengali young man who invited himself to dinner to my house, pointed to the things which were on the table and said: 'People here will laugh at you for these.' I could only say: 'What sort of people have you been living with?' Others are not so offensive, but they do not look as if they were pleased. All of them forget that in living decently in a foreign country we have duty to our own country. When the British or Americans see us living



meanly they will not say that this man is a miser, but that Indians are like that.

It is the same with clothes. With rare exceptions it is almost impossible to come upon Indians who are neatly dressed. Most of them are in cheap and shabby clothes. One fellow-Indian boasted to me that he had bought a made-to-measure suit for only £ 18. I could only wonder what sort of bespoke suit it was.

The men justify this shabbiness by citing the example of young English yahoos. But in doing so they forget two things: first, that with these young people this is often a pose, and they quickly outgrow it; secondly, that their fair complexion makes up partly for their clothes and unkempt hair. Dark-complexioned Indians when they affect these fashions look like gorillas.

Indian women who are immensely admired in England when they go about in their genuine clothes, lose a good deal of their natural elegance of appearance by a wrong kind of supplementary Anglicism—that is, on account of the coats, cardigans, and shoes that they add to the Indian dress. These are always cheap-looking and shabby, and those who wear these things do not seem to know what they should really put on. Among Indian women I have also noticed an interesting contrast. The Muslim women from Pakistan (it should be remembered

that when I speak of India I mean the whole sub-continent) generally stick to their own costume. The young Hindu women, on the contrary, often imitate the fashions (or absence of fashion) of young English women.

They do not shine in them. In young English girls their dishonest nudity often gives an idea of what their honest nudity is like, and that is not displeasing. But as young Indian women are either too lean or too plump they need adequate coverage to appear attractive. Altogether, in their physical appearance in Britain, Indians are not impressive, and when in their filial piety they bring over their aged parents, especially from Bengal, they seem to create an atmosphere of the suburbs of Calcutta in England.

Their standard of eating is not higher. In fact, most of them eat in England what they ate in India, and this they consider a duty to their country and palate. But unadaptability in respect of food is a real obstacle to social intercourse. In most cases they do not try to find out what good food in the West is. Even after a long stay in England they do not know what the Western cuisine can be. Their idea of drinking is even cruder. Some of them, including even Indian women, really think that drinking means going to a pub in the evenings and drinking at best the stuff which



some of them pronounce as 'wichki'. They call it English practice, and no doubt it is for some English people; but it is not one which ought to be adopted by any Indian who respects himself.

Thus, in their incapacity as well as capacity to adopt Western ways, the Indian immigrants tend to repel Englishmen and Americans of the corresponding class. They do this even more decisively by their behaviour, in which their mental life is reflected. To take the very first thing which has struck me. Both in Britain and in the United States I have never seen faces which are more unfriendly in their expression than those of my countrymen, and the higher their social status in India appears to be, the more arrogant it is. Normally, it is gloomy or sullen, but they become positively hostile for fellow-Indians. Some Indians affect to ignore the presence of their countrymen, others glower as if they are resenting the presence of rivals. The first attitude is mostly seen in the better class Indians. In the old days we used to think that the British people were stand-offish, but I have yet to come upon any Englishman or American who is as stand-offish as the Indian abroad.

In their behaviour, they always show a lack of poise and confidence, and seem always to be on the defensive, with either a sneaking or a defiant expression. This kind of behaviour, as is well-known,

always provokes a hostile reaction. Connected with this attitude is an overreadiness to take offence and imagine grievances where none were meant.

At its extreme this defensive behaviour develops into a persistent resentment against the British and American people, and in some it takes the form of a burning hatred. This feeling is always latent, but it is also very often expressed passionately and in unrestrained language. Very curiously, the longer an Indian stays in Britain, the stronger does his resentment grow. It seems to me that the old hatred of the British when they were ruling India has not disappeared with that rule, but is continuing with the same intensity in Britain. But I have also heard the same kind of running down of Americans and complaints about their behaviour. When I hear such language I sometimes say: 'What keeps you here if you feel that you are so ill-treated? If I felt, anything even approaching that I would take the first plane back to India.' There is no reply to that. Obviously, these Indians want to keep their love of money and their patriotism in watertight compartments. I have noticed that the less willing an Indian is to leave Britain, the more vicariously patriotic he becomes.

The effect this dichotomy has on their social life here does not worry them because they have no desire for it. They





keep to themselves, even sticking to their narrow provincial loyalties. A Bengali will drive fifty miles to meet a fellow-Bengali for companionship rather than cultivate an English neighbour or colleague. Yet he will indulge in unrestrained backbiting of the same Bengali.

This unwillingness to mix with the people of the country they are in, is partly the product of their ignorance of the people, of their life and their civilization. But this ignorance is in its turn the product of a complete lack of interest in the life and civilization of the British people. Many Indians even go as far as to say that the British people have no civilization and never had any, compared with the Indian. Nonetheless, they know so little of the latter that many Englishmen could tell them more about that. In practice, they admit that. Otherwise, Indians would not come to the British universities to study Sanskrit and Indology.

It seems to me that the indifference which the Indians show to their own history and civilization, except in bragging about it without knowing anything, is only extended to the life and culture of the British people. Yet some knowledge and interest in these is the surest means of building up friendly relations with them.

Altogether, Indians in Britain, taken in the mass and in their presence as immigrants, give an impression of total unassimilability, and I must say that an unassimilable ethnic element in a society is even less tolerated than indigestible food in the alimentary canal. It is the feeling that the Indian community in Britain is not only unassimilated now, but will remain perpetually unassimilable, which is the most serious factor in creating hostility to the coming of Indians. Their presence in the country as mere money-makers is bound to be looked upon as something like parasitism.

As I see the matter, the Indian immigration is going to harm Indo-British relations in two ways : first, by damaging the economic and cultural exchanges, and next by creating political friction.



I attach even greater value to the cultural relationship than to the economic. Economic transactions with Britain are only residual, and they can survive or even dwindle with the growth of economic ties with other foreign countries. Yet it is the cultural relationship which is being threatened by the immigration. At present the majority of Indians who come to Britain are not those who can receive and give most in what I call the mental trading. The Indians who are entering Britain are being received on account of a political obligation gratuitously created by the British people, but the maladjustment this is giving rise to will have a backwash on the cultural exchange. The coming of Indian scholars, literary men, scientists, and artists, and even tourists is becoming hedged in with so many difficulties that it may cease altogether.

On the other hand, any check on the Indian immigration is bound to create political difficulties. I must say that today many Indians incline to the view that it is unnecessary for India to have close cultural or political relations with Britain. Against that, I would say this about the cultural relationship that the mere fact that India has not been able to dispense with English in spite of clear constitutional provisions to do so, and additional fact that in India those who know English are regarded as the *herrenvolk* of the country, would make a case for the continuation of that relationship. As to the political relationship, at the back of which there is today only opportunism on both sides it must be improved or put an end to. But no Indian should fail to see the implication of the abandonment of the political tie. It is bound to alienate India not only from Britain, but also from the United States, driving her to rely more and more on the friendship of the Soviet Union. If India did that out of a deliberate choice of policy, recognizing all its possible risks, I should have no complaint to make about intellectual failure. But to be driven to that situation by thoughtlessness would be unpardonable.

Concluded.






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in our fashion



'Bird' watching can be rewarding in a variety of ways. For Gosto Kumar, his eye for (or his eyeing of, if you will) the fairer sex invests his sarees with a certain beauty of line and form that makes each sari a craved for piece. This dapper artist creates each sari with the same involvement as he would a painting. On the face of it this would sound like a commercially unviable proposition, but a recent exhibition of 1500 handprinted sarees was an eye-opener to the fact that sarees churned out apparently by the dozen can still retain more than their share of individuality.

He uses the same blocks, but positions them in a hundred different ways, with different colour combinations. Sometimes they can even look like paintings — with actual brush strokes — the effect derived from using impressions of chopped up pinewood straight off a packing case. The particular sari was a white chinon with these woodcut impressions in black and large red simplified flowers to soften and at the same time, dramatize the mottled effect.

Gosto Kumar has been utterly successful for two reasons. (Success sometimes is 1400 sarees sold in half a week). The obvious seller is his classical design adapted to to-day's mood, keeping in mind the numerous tastes of all Indian communities. You can never go wrong when green meets purple in a riot of paisley and tendrilled borders merge into bursts of flower in turquoise and yellow and royal blue, or when patches of classical design alternate with trendy polka dots. Bird-watching comes in handy here, as the prints and borders never lose sight of the small-made Indian woman. The other successful aspect of creations is his adaptation of designs to the material in a way that doesn't interfere with the texture. His silks blossom in the boldest colours and designs, his kotas get a more delicate treatment, while chinons are created in jewelled colours, and his woollen sarees are given the warm colours and prints of shawls.

Dressed in a diaphanous chinon polka-dotted shirt in black and red on a white background, long-haired, diminutive Gosto Kumar talks at length on fashion adaptability. It is not for everyone, he feels, and the main thing is for a person to know what suits him. He makes the suitability range wide. It also helps to have a pretty wife with a pretty figure to be clothes-dummy.





Just as clean, well-defined eyebrows and defuzzed arms, under-arms and legs add to your total personality, it is equally important to maintain soft, well-cared-for hands, for they speak many languages and a clawlike, wrinkled hand can easily put people off.

We in India are exposed so much to the elements that our neck and our hands are the first to fall victims to the ravages of the weather. Since we do not wear gloves, all the household chores are done with hands that soon turn rough and calloused.

Let's start from the tip of your fingers... brittle yellowed nails, sometimes with white patches, indicate calcium deficiency and excessive dryness of the nails. Mawala is a good lotion to strengthen nails. If your nails are too soft and peel off easily, mix a teaspoonful of gelatine with either water or fruit juice and drink it every day. There should be a definite improvement in condition in about three months. Keep the nails clipped short and smooth around the edges to avoid nail biting.

Heat a little olive oil, soak nails in it for five minutes. Massage gently for 10 minutes and gently wipe dry. This should be done every alternate day if your nails are very brittle, then reduce it to a weekly routine.

Frequent washing of clothes and utensils can play havoc with your hands because of the detergents. My mother has a simple remedy for this. She massages her hands with coconut oil and washes it off with channa ka atta and milk after five minutes. The whole idea is not how much oil or lubricant you apply, but how long or how well you massage it for your pores to absorb it.

If you can afford it, keep a bottle of hand and body lotion in the kitchen or bathroom and use a little every time you go through a washing session. Lotions cost anything from Rs. 3.50 to Rs. 10. Choose yours according to your budget and stick to it. These lotions are non-greasy and will not upset your work schedule. If you do no household work rub in a little lotion after your bath and before retiring to bed at night.

It is a good idea to invest in a pair of rubber gloves. Surgical gloves cost as

little as Rs. 1.50 a pair. Wear these when you do your washing up, they are invaluable protective agents.

If your hands have got haldi or raw banana stains, rub in a little oil, then wash off with shikakai and water. If there are spots, massage hands with sour curds and oatmeal, let it dry then wash it off. This also bleaches the skin slightly.

What about stubby, ugly fingers? Their shape, alas, cannot be altered; but smooth, hairless fingers (just wax or thread them once in a while), the jagged uneven cuticles clipped neatly, will definitely improve the appearance.

One irritating habit is knuckling the finger. Apart from giving the impression that you are a nervous, disorganised, fidgety person, it can get on the nerves of the person sitting next to you. Imagine yourself with your favourite date. Just as he starts telling you something seriously, crack, goes your knuckle. I wouldn't be surprised if he doesn't call you for quite some time after that!

Apart from being an irritating habit, knuckle-cracking over a period of time can ruin the shape of your fingers and give them a 'barrel' shape.

Are you a good pianist? Then you probably have beautifully tapered fingers. Playing the piano is an excellent exercise for the fingers.

Next time you go to the beach, dig your fingers deep into the sand and try to open and close your fists and spread and close your fingers.

A good wrist strengthener is to flap your hands backwards and forwards as often as you can. Open and close your fist, now try to rotate each finger clockwise, then anti-clockwise, as often as you can.

As you can see, keeping your hands supple and slim is easy, compared to keeping the rest of your body trim. Working girls can do these exercises under the table, housewives can do them while lying down during the afternoon siesta.

Clean, well-kept hands, that's the base to work on. Now manicure your nails, you can show them off with pride.

INDRANI KAMATH.



the race still in

With the National Gliding Championship finally coming up this summer — forty-four years after the first Indian sailed across the skies of Aundh — old sky sailors are in the mood to reminisce about those early days of shola hats, launches powered by Rolls Royce motorcar engines, and lunches on the grass served by dandy *khansamas* and washed down with champagne.

A veteran aerosailor, who enjoys being towed to four thousand feet by a power plane, said he still felt nostalgic about manual launches. The glider would be pulled up some convenient hillside by half a dozen trainees; the instructor would hold on to the tail of the craft and shout instructions at the trainee-pilot and the tug-crew; the craft would be catapulted into the air when instructor-shahab shouted "chhor do!" But this he wouldn't do till he felt the wind to be strong enough. Usually, he waited till the wind was strong enough to blow his shola hat off of his bald head.

Sky sailors know that the world looks at them as a rather eccentric and quaint set. They have to land at all kinds of surprising places: guava orchards; farmyards where wheat is being threshed; right beside funeral pyres on river banks; sometimes even right beside the fire in the kitchen. It takes a lot of explaining. The entire village crowds around the glider; children press their fingers into the canvas wings of what

only a little while ago was the most elegant albatross of the air; the old men ask to know why can't the pilot just get into it and take off again, so that they can resume threshing. It may take a lot of nerves to fly into the middle of a storm cloud; but landing on a river bank with women bathing at the ghat requires lots more.

And then there is the supreme humiliation of rally flying! Beware, championship aspirants! If the buffets of the rude wind now force you down on a haystack, there are only the nameless village women to laugh at you. But at the championship rally, you have to set out in high-altitude clothing, your helmet in arm, your flying goggles pushed up above the hairline, all set for a climb to 10,000 feet. The dignitaries cheer you; the beautiful women gape at you worshipfully. But failing to locate a thermal, down you come again only a few minutes later. You will long shudder to think of that walk back across the field, in harsh view of the silent stands! Who would have braved such risks had it not been for the fact that if you are in luck, all that winter clothing will be more than necessary as snow forms on your cockpit shield, and you soar higher and higher. Now Dhaulagiri and Annapurna appear like paper boats on the horizon. Your spectator is Himalaya; let all those fashionable women and fat important men roast on the plains of Kanpur!



the race still

TWO REPORTS ON 'ODAY'S INDIA

A little boy scampered to the safety of his mother's arms as our bus screeched to a stop. Through the billowing waves of dust, raised as much by vehicles as a cool, incessant cross-wind, one could discern the thick-set forms of the sturdy Sikh variety — nameless and indistinguishable in their many-splendoured turbans and *urnis*, but a good 50,000 of them. Loitering around the many ramshackle stalls stuffed with frail trinkets and inviting food after leaving their tractors and bicycles in neat rows, these peasants of India's granary were those who could not gain entry to the main arena of the Kila Raipur stadium, where the 39th Grewal Sports Festival was on its final day.

It was not a stadium, really. Make-shift stands round the 220 by 70-metre ground bore the weight of about 50,000 boisterous villagers who had been crying hoarse from morning as event followed exciting event. We saw only half the activities scheduled for the day, the other half having been completed before our arrival.

It was interesting to watch the encroachment of modernity on an essentially rural atmosphere as Handball — a brand new game in India — was being played even as a burly Piara Singh Dhariwal strained every sinew to lift a rock weighing 236 kilos. Both were parts of the festival and while one was new and, therefore, interesting, the other sport

had probably come down from the days of the caveman.

It really did not seem to matter who won on this hard, rocky playground. Sometimes, the man who lost seemed to draw more applause than the one who was victorious, simply because he had more friends in the stands! And this was as it should be. The Grewals of Kila Raipur had started this festival in 1934 to get their kith and kin, spread all over the world, together once a year, without imagining the extent of its popularity — which was soon to get all of Punjab involved. And now, when about 150,000 throng the dusty village 12 miles from Ludhiana, it is quite a job for the 7,000 locals to accommodate them for the four eventful days in March.

The gaiety did not cease with the sports activities. The pick of folk dancers entertained the spectators with variations of the robust Bhangra. And the spectacle of girls running in shorts in the conservative atmosphere of a village — without a wolf whistle or a catcall!

An interesting aspect of the festival is that it started with modern games like hockey, extended to volleyball and athletics and only then did rural sports appear, which makes it difficult to decide on priorities. On the one hand there have been at least 15 hockey and athletic "stars" of India from this village. On the other, it is now the recognised centre of rural sports in Northern India.

The Sohaga Race, the *picce de resistance* of the festival, represents the age-old tillers' competition, with rivals astride flat wooden planks tied to a pair of bullocks racing across the ground. One was struck by the speed of the animals one normally associates with, at most a lethargic walk. The clouds of dust the competitors raised would have done an old Roman chariot race proud.

But there were more surprises to follow. Mohinder Singh Jolithan emerged a comfortable winner in the bullock cart event, his prize pair proving too good for the rest of the field. But it was an expensive win. Only one of the animals was bought from Rajasthan for Rs. 6,000 — just for the race!

Tent pegging was a more military sport and it was fitting that the BSF team from Jullunder should win, though a local team did well and naturally so because Kila

Raipur has produced several brave warriors, including two who have won Vir Chakras. But while the more common events like tug-o-war and weightlifting were in progress, eyes were fixed on Swaran Singh Sivian and Harvinder Singh, both engaged in picking up an iron object that was constantly being made heavier with additional weights. The former ultimately won with a lift of 112 kg. Hardly had the cheers died down when Darshan Singh and Bopa Rai emerged with Bhima's weapon, the Mudghar. The ease with which they lifted and wielded it made one think it was made of wood, but the weight announced, was a staggering 150 kg.!

While these two were engaged in a trial of strength, a kabaddi team from England faced a field of tough-looking Sikhs. Although most members of the "foreign" team were also Sikhs, sympathies naturally lay with the home team, which did not disappoint. Their rough tackling and acrobatic holds proved too much for the slimmer England team (the rules were modified greatly to allow fisticuffs and wrestling grips). And one had to go all the way to this obscure Punjab village to learn that there were 170 kabaddi clubs in England!

But the last event of the day was perhaps the most interesting — the camel race. One learnt what was meant by "winning by a neck" after seeing these beasts of burden belie the good-for-nothing connotation to their name.

One will not find Kila Raipur on the map. Nor any mention of it in history. But contemporary sports activities there entitle it to recognition — and in a big way. That it is already a familiar name in Government circles became evident whenever the President of India consented to preside over the final day's proceedings. It was unfortunate that his plane could not land at the nearby Halwara airfield necessitating a takeover by Punjab Governor, Dr. D. C. Pavate, with able assistance from the Chief Minister Giani Zail Singh, and Education and Sports Minister Umrao Singh, himself a well-known athlete.

It will be in the fitness of things if the demand for a sports school and college in the village, together with a permanent stadium with a capacity of 100,000, is acceded by the Government. The Grewals of Kila Raipur deserve these.

ARJIT SEN

Shatru says he's planning to marry Simple Kapadia — professionally, it would help him to cultivate the affection of Supersatar Rajesh Khanna. But then, it seems, Simple gives that come-hither call to most young heroes!

Director B. R. Ishara, of "Zaroorat" fame, lives on tea and fags. Travels third class and wears chappals. For location to Simla, he said, "I'll travel third class, but please see that my camera-equipment goes in the first!"

Vinod Mehra says he is not marrying Rekha. Is it only her attraction that's keeping him stuck to her? Yes, says his chamchas. He is too decent a man to live a life with a girl of Rekha's breeding! He'll tolerate her for some time more. And then — who knows? Rajesh has sure set a trend for the younger chaps!

Yogita Bali has a jazzy brother called Jaijaikar. Hipple hairdo, leather jacket and a wild look biting his face, this odd-named youngster races down roads noisily in his car. Constant co-pilot is no other than songstress Hemlata, whom he has quietly married. Hard to believe, dumb ol' Yogita has a fast-paced brother like this one!

Mumtaz has filed a suit against a film periodical and the writer of an article, for allegedly defaming her. In the article, it is stated, there were open, brash statements published about Mumtaz's past and her upbringing, which sought to show her in a shameful light. Now, especially, when Mumtaz cannot afford to have such adverse publicity! For, it is believed that she is shortly to retire and get married.

Contrary to the prevailing marriage mood, one couple has split. Mehmood and Aruna Irani, the comic-duo, who also made quite a duet in personal life, till lately. After neglecting her career, which really had promise, Aruna was given the professional bum's-rush by a seasoned Mehmood when he found that Anjana, whom he cast in his "Do Phool" was greener pasture-land! Aruna is back nursing her bruised career.

Rekha and her mother must have a lot of fascinating ideas on home decoration and its related uses. It seems that Rekha's new bedroom is going to cost no less than Rs. 85,000. A producer, of very decent and honourable standing, went to her house to discuss a contract. He was taken into her mother's bedroom, since the hall had not been completed. Going in, he was embarrassed to find no chair to sit on, with Pushpavalli, the mother, telling him to "go ahead, use the bed". They talked price preliminaries

— she on the dressing-table stool, he on the bed. Then he was taken to Rekha's bedroom to finalise the deal. Once more the same thing faced him. The Rs. 85,000 room had only a gigantic circular bed. No bedside table or chair for reading. Apparently, the family doesn't read at all... it's all beeline for the bed in the Rekha household. No wonder, Pushpavalli used to introduce her daughters as "meet Rekha, my daughter, by Gemini Ganesan, meet so-and-so, my daughter, by so-and-so, etc". Colourful lady, that one-time South Indian leading star!

Khaas baat



es, I do recognise that I have an off-screen and on-screen image.

"Even though I have never resorted to the normal practice of role-wrangling so as to create an image on-screen. An actor 'arranges' a plum commercial role with a top producer when he is in high demand, in order to maintain his so-called image".

This was news to me, complete with the unprintable illustrations he gave to prove his point.

"But what is my image, on-screen? My first role was that of a newly-married man, flat-haired, kurta-pyjamaed and awkward. My brothers, Rajsaab and Shammiji, fired me for doing such a blunder, as they warned it would 'type' me. Surely enough, I've been getting only Mr. Right, Mr. Virgin roles ever since, putting on years of useless maturity to my young life and on-screen face. Now, slowly the process is reversing — I have the yahoo-roles which I should have got when I started out!"

Frank reasons for so many bad films

"Has your on-screen image also hampered you from popular roles?"

"Off screen, I am a normal, married man. Jennifer, the kids and my lovely home with its normal problems, normal proceedings, are my life. I don't have scandals to put me in hot headlines, nor do I have midnight bust-ups at parties to do ditto!" It was not a complaint but a proud thing to say for oneself.

"But star-image interferes with my personal life. I haven't taken my daughter to the zoo, though I am dying to — I can't. I can't do the long suburb trek with the kids which I want to. Also, my habits clash with the profession. I don't like parties — giving or attending — because I hate 'boozing in a boisterous crowd'. I hate premieres, and never hang around a producer's grounds, pulling dramatic stunts, to wrangle that sought-after role, even after I find I have been replaced by someone else. You see, I cannot go with the accepted style of star-behaviour and the result: I've

missed a lot of image-boosting roles".

"But you have done a lot of real good films here and abroad, like 'Householder' and 'Shakespearewallah' and now 'Siddhartha'.

He corrected this — "I have always gone for the goodness not the commercial potential of roles!"

"How do you account for the popularity apart from the success or failure of films?"

"I really wouldn't know. Popularity has no basis. With my number of flops, I should have been extinct, if films were any criterion. But I do not know how to react to the success or failure of films. Papaji (Prithviraj) advised me always: 'To start with, never take them seriously. If a film failed, look into a mirror and ask yourself why, you'll get the answer. If a film does well, avoid the mirror and don't credit, this will help you to be neutral. In a 14-hour day of work, if one shot is good — I feel well-rewarded, boosted', he finished off.

"What makes a bad film?" I asked rather expectantly.

"The reason why our industry makes so many bad films is that it attracts so many rejects from other walks of life. A mere cook worms his way up to becoming a producer. Whereas, brilliant and aspiring academicians stray into films from the top rung (acting directly) and slither down quietly, after many flops and finally remain nonentities — hangers-on, neither here nor there".

"What about you, did you have other ambitions?"

"From the age of six, I knew no other ambition than wanting to act, that's the way it should be (Rajsaab did, too, from a very early age.) I did exactly that — graduating from world-travelling Shakespeare shows, where I met Jennifer, headed by her father John Kendall, I entered films, carrying with me the style and instincts of true, dramatic acting!"

"Any other reason for the excess of bad



Frank reasons for so many bad films

films?"

"When an actor thinks he is a better director, which turns out to be untrue in many cases, we get bad films. Why should an actor direct or produce or dabble around? Laurence Olivier is the world's greatest actor and he says, ever so humbly, 'I feel I was born to act'. Acting has to be directed, I tell you. I believe in having a director. I like being directed, even if some of them are not so good. I am enthralled when working for a good director".

"So you have no wish to direct films at all?"

"Absolutely not. My only ambition is to be directed by world-renowned directors. Most of all, I'd love to be directed by my elder brother Rajsaab and Dilip Kumar, who are fantastic actor-directors". His famous long-lashed brown eyes and charming smile gave him the innocent look of a boy at the brink of the world at large.

This is perhaps why Shashi is so well-liked: He puts himself at one's eye level, though he may be greater, and creates rapport with the humblest of men. His English discipline and gentlemanliness are added charming features.

He looked very tired at 8.30 in the morning. "Is it the hectic double shift shooting, for so many days together?" I asked.

"That, plus having got up at six to take my boys riding. I just got back and tidied up" — so that was the clinical Dettol waft I had been getting all along!

"How do things stand at present?" I asked, in conclusion.

"I have, now, a good crop of directors. Raj Marbros, Prayag Raj, are two of them. Today, I may not have achieved much in terms of those who came later than I. But truly, there is nothing else I want to do or hope to achieve, than act, act, act!" How many later or earlier ones would get up courage to announce this? Candidates anyone?

VIJAYA IRANI.

BRIDGE by TERENCE REESE

WHEN BOARDS have to be preduplicated for several sections the American Contract Bridge League uses a random-dealing computer. So random was this deal during the Nationals that the spread between top and bottom score touched a record 6930.

Dealer, North. Game all.

		AKQJ97642	
		KQ5	
		AKQ7543	
		84	
		6432	
10862			
103			
53			
J10987			
		J9	
		85	
		AKQJ10862	
		A	

At one table the bidding went:

SOUTH	WEST	NORTH	EAST
3	No	2	2
6	No	4NT	5
7NT	No	7	No
redble	No	No	dbie
		No	No

East's Five Spades blocked the normal exchanges and North-South had not devised a method to deal with the intervention. South transferred Seven Hearts to 7NT as he could not believe that his partner had opened a Two bid with only one Ace.

East, no fool, led the King of spades against 7NT redoubled. West just managed to avoid blocking the suit, and the penalty was a round 4000.

This was the opposite end of the scale:

SOUTH	WEST	NORTH	EAST
4NT	No	2	3
7NT	No	6	No
redble	No	No	dbie
		No	No

When South introduced a Blackwood 4NT North bid Six Hearts, closing the fan, but South read this as the void-showing convention whereby a bid at the Six level shows the same number of Aces as a response at the Five level, plus a void. He assumed that his partner held the major-suit Aces and a void in diamonds.

Should East's double in this sequence be interpreted as a Lightner double, asking for an unusual lead? Such was West's conclusion.

"Send for the computer again—to add up the score", said South, when a club was led. The answer was 2930, making the swing, as compared with the other table, 6930.



THE NEWLY-ADOPTED national flag of Papua New Guinea is shown on a new 7-cents stamp which marks recent stages in the Territory's progress towards internal self-government. Designed by Susan Kanike, the flag features the Southern Cross in silver on black and a yellow bird of paradise on an orange-red ground.

A se tenant stamp, also a 7-cents value, shows the new crest, a bird of paradise perched on a spear and a kundu, a wooden drum shaped like an hour-glass. In the same series are two 15-cents stamps in symbolic designs to celebrate the twenty-fifth anniversary of the South Pacific Commission, whose members include Papua New Guinea, the United Kingdom and the United States.

AZED CROSSWORD

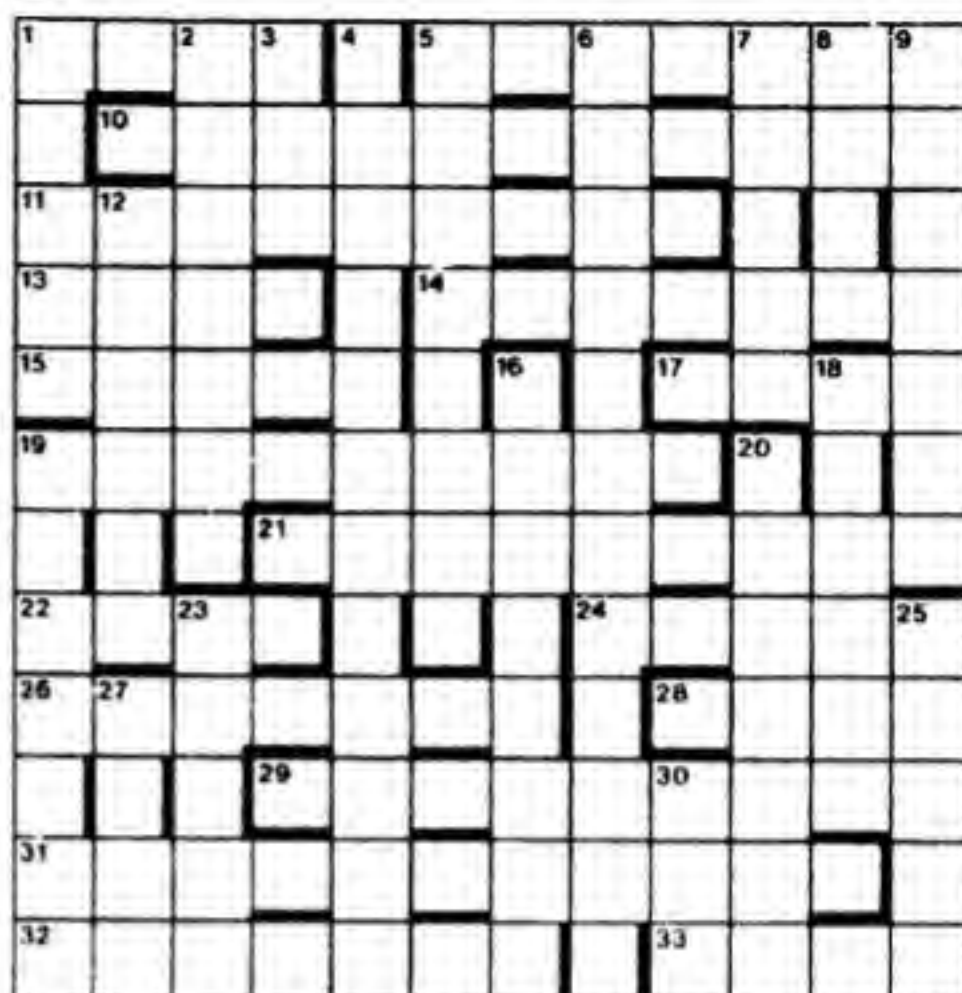
No. 8: PLAIN

ACROSS

- 1 We resist taxman's letters (4)
- 5 Miss in a favourite petticoat (7)
- 10 What's unpleasantly loud about orange dye l ape (11)
- 11 I'm dry, dry one seized by constable (9)
- 13 Ligature rewound in case (4)
- 14 Perish in awful rush, sat upon at Rangers-Celtic match (7)
- 15 Scrofula could be singularly severe (5)
- 17 He escapes injury in collapse (4)
- 19 Alarm going off - thereabouts prepared something for breakfast (9)
- 21 Argue loss disgracefully - it was monstrous (9)
- 22 Desire to ruin, according to hearsay (4)
- 24 I give it to babies (5)
- 26 What's amiss with echoing strain? Orsino commanded it (7)
- 28 Small valley's name incorporated in that of river (4)
- 29 Three times I tag L.S.D. misused as a drug (9)
- 31 Make weak endless record with Beatle, losing head (11)
- 32 In toto a film up north's good-for-nothing there (7)
- 33 Row back, one knot (4)

DOWN

- 1 Chaos in itself is pungent (5)
- 2 Second helping, we hear? Certainly, one's not enough (7)
- 3 All? Doesn't sound like it (3)
- 4 For a change a tall girl or a leggy bird's needed (12)
- 5 Suffers in Grampians following river - down these? (8)
- 6 They house parasites put up in island (America) with nothing to do, worthless (12)
- 7 Original lettering of Koran, usually found in coins, is (5)
- 8 A feature of Winchelsea, except that mentioned (4)
- 9 P.T. tires out - I'll give you a nap (7)
- 12 Inflate a small English estimate (6)
- 16 One's glimpse of God, lying in part of hieland carcase (8)
- 17 Lumens? What should that be, rewritten? Our Latin's rusty (7)
- 19 Goodness! Old shillings and pence, look, going up a lot (7)
- 20 One tucks into f-fruit that's big and round (7)
- 23 Private encounter, once (5)
- 25 Thor and Loki arise in turmoil (5)



AZED No. 7 Solution and notes

ACROSS

- 1, 11 schwa (q v) in kisser, north and south - mouth (rh. slang), 12, Anag. & lit.
- 13, Hep (v. Suppl.)
- 19, Imp-lode; 29, Big G
- 33, Too late

DOWN

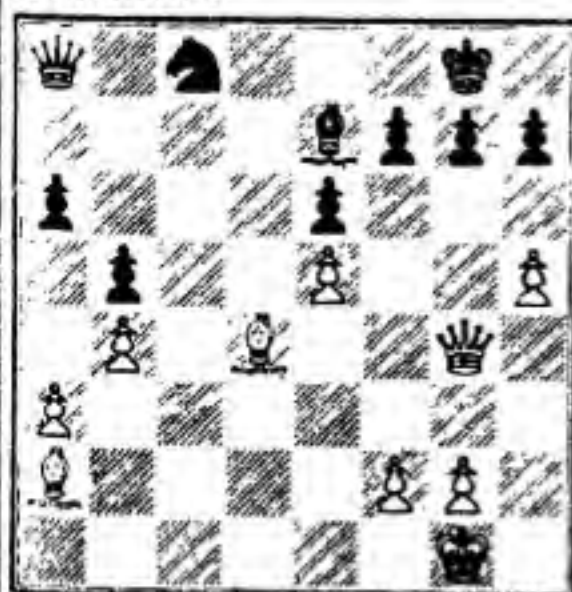
- 2, Rand; 3, Fox - battle, confuse
- 5, initials & lit.
- 10, Az(ed) in ghi; 21, H. E. Bates
- 23, (D)elia, born on Delos
- 26, 2 Sam. iii (& lit.)

- 27 Bolton's to play Windermere, we hear? (4)
- 30 Proclaim a sun king (3)

CHESS

by HARRY GOLOBEK

Position No. 8



White to play - how should the game go?

Continuation of Position No. 6

The finish of a game played at Nikolaev in 1971 between Slobodeniuk and Resnizki: - 1. K1-K3; 2. B3-Q2; 3. P5-R1; 4. K2-P2; 5. Q2-B; 6. Q2-B; 7. K1-B2; 8. P3-P; 9. R6-K. White won by 1. R x B, R x Q; 2. R x R ch.

K-R2, or 2. K-B1 3. B-B5 ch. K-K1 4. K1-Q6 ch. 5. R-R4 ch. K-K13. 6. R-R6 ch. K x K1. 7. R-B1 ch. K-K15. 8. P-R3 ch. K-K16. 9. K1-K2 mate

An old rivalry

Two world champions, Tal and Spassky, were almost exactly contemporary, with the result that their early chess careers seemed to be a constant rivalry in which, for the first part at any rate, Tal got the upper hand. So much so that he won the world championship some time before the world was even thinking of Spassky in terms of world championship candidate.

However, as time went on and Tal became afflicted by ill health so he went into the background and Spassky came to the fore so that now Spassky is world champion with his chief rival, no longer Tal, but the American Bobby Fischer.

All the same, Tal is still a force to be reckoned with and the occasions on which these two meet are always full of dramatic moments; witness the exciting game they played in the 1971 Alekhine Memorial Tournament at Moscow.

White: Spassky, Black: Tal.

Sicilian Defence.

1. P-K4, P-QB4; 2. K1-KB3, P-K3; 3. P-Q4, P x P; 4. K1 x P, K1-KB3; 5. K1-QB3, P-Q3; 6. P-B4, B-K2; 7. B-Q3, K1-B3; 8. K1-B3, O-O; 9. O-O, K1-OK15; 10. K-R1, P-QK13; Black plays the defence in an original and boldly aggressive style typical of Tal.

11. B-K3, B-K12; 12. P-QR3, K1 x B; 13. P x K1, P-Q4; 14. P-K5, P-Q5, he sacrifices a pawn so as to open up the diagonals for his Bishops

15. K1 x P, K1-Q4; 16. B-K11, K1 x K1, necessary otherwise White consolidates his position by K1-K4

17. P x K1, R-B1; 18. P-B4. The alternative was 18. Q-Q2 and this may have been better

19. R-B2; 20. P-KB5, R-Q2; 21. Q-K14, and here preferable was 20. P x P, R x K1; 22. P x P ch. K-R1; 23. B x R, Q x B; 24. P-K6, Q-R5; 25. R-B3, B x R; 26. Q x B, Q-B3; 27. R-K1, Q x Q; 28. P x Q, with advantage to White - a line suggested by Furman in '64

29. P-KR4; 30. Q x P, R x K1; 31. P-B6, P x P; 32. R-R2, P x P, the alternative was P-B4, which would also lead to a probable draw

33. B x R, Q x B; 34. R-B3, B x R; 35. P x B, B-B3; 36. R-K12 ch, B-K12; 37. R x B ch. K x R; 38. Q-K15 ch. drawn

It is an old, old story

Played at Budapest, 1971. White: Tabor, Black: Rejna. Three Knights' Game.

1. P-K4, P-K4; 2. K1-KB3, K1-QB3; 3. K1-B3, P-B4; 4. P-Q4, BP x P; 5. KK1 x P, K1-B3; 6. B-QB4, P-Q4; 7. K1 x QP, KK1 x K1; 8. Q-R5 ch, P-K13; 9. K1 x P, K1-B3; 10. B-B7 ch, K x B; 11. K1-K5 ch, K-K3; 12. Q-B7 ch, K-Q3; 13. K1-B4 mate.



If you've got the taste

Mohmeaks

got the drink



BIRDWATCHING IN INDIA

HARTMAN
WILSON PUBLISHERS



جنگل شاهي
در نيلو و کاه صرراو

Beginning with May 13, 1973.



ARIES (March 21 — April 20)

A sure boost in service. Women under this sign may well expect gains, pleasures and betterment of social status. Health should not cause worry. There is little scope for peace at home. Businessmen may have to incur heavy expenses. Industrialists should watch out for labour trouble. Pleasure trips for those who are single. Control the temptation to be temperamental.



TAURUS (April 21 — May 20)

You are in the midst of changes. Success in enterprise and relief from ailments indicated. Expenditures will increase towards the second half of the week. Professional situation takes on a favourable note and creativity will be of a high order. Business will expand and sizeable gains can be had. The unattached are likely to enter wedlock this week. Jobless youths may find some footing on 15th.



GEMINI (May 21 — June 20)

A pleasant surprise for you on the 14th. From the 15th a period of affluence will begin. The week will become progressively better for financial matters. Businessmen and industrialists may feel pressure for ready money. Artists and litterateurs may have bright moments and a pleasant short trip. Those in service should carefully deal with superiors. Peaceful climate in domestic sphere likely.



CANCER (June 21 — July 21)

Your talent will find recognition in all your endeavour. In service you may incur displeasure of your superiors. This week is likely to be eventful and memorable for romance. Businessmen and professionals may expect a better position in their own circles. The jobless may find some footing in the second half of the week. Domestic peace may be affected.



LEO (July 22 — Aug. 21)

Desired success in social activities anticipated. For bachelors romance will mature in matrimony. Top executives may have very important assignment on the 15th. In office, promotion or special pay is indicated. Brothers will prove helpful. Industrialists are likely to be in monetary difficulties but these will be over on the 17th. Financial assistance will come from your banker. Doctors and Surgeons will experience a busy week.



VIRGO (Aug. 22 — Sept. 22)

Entertainment and hosts brighten the social atmosphere. But love affairs or dealings with the opposite sex are not at all favoured. A trying time for persons in service. For businessmen it is not advisable to invest money in speculative deals. Industrialists should give special attention to personal problems. Executives may get a jolt in executing their plans.



LIBRA (Sept. 23 — Oct. 22)

You will experience the beginning of a successful and happy period. Warm letter from a foreign friend will keep you cheerful. In domestic sphere there may be an addition. You may have to entertain unwanted commitments. Financial prospects moderately favourable if you are in business — publishing, paper or printing press.



SCORPIO (Oct. 23 — Nov. 22)

Domestic, social and financial problems should be carefully handled. This week is likely to be very expensive. The second half of the week promises better luck. For politician this is a bad time. To businessmen and industrialists income tax problems may become nerve-taxing. If you are in P.R. job — patience and courage should stand you in good stead.



SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 23 — Dec. 20)

A challenging assignment awaits you. Recently started work and enterprises should be completed before the 16th. Health of your spouse will cause concern. Businessmen and professionals may experience delays and setbacks in their undertakings. Industrialists should stick to their routine.



CAPRICORN (Dec. 21 — Jan. 19)

Time to push ahead full steam. The week begins on a happy note and the warm currents may carry you right through. Financial gain in business indicated. In society admiration from the opposite sex can be expected. Encouraging letter from friend or patron may make the job-seeker optimistic. Persons in administrative jobs will have much working facilities.



AQUARIUS (Jan. 20 — Feb. 18)

Avoid procrastination. Expand your hobbies and social activities. Businessmen dealing in iron or steel may expect good dividends. Industrialists may experience rough time due to labour trouble. Speculative deals should be avoided. Planning trip to a hilly station? Postpone it for a week. Favourable changes will materialise for professionals.



PISCES (Feb. 19 — March 20)

This week will bring a new life or happiness. Recent acquaintances may bring you personal gains. Help will be forthcoming from them unexpectedly. Domestic harmony is assured. You may be happy through performances of your dear ones. If you are in business think twice before investment. Good news on the 16th. Health of your sweetheart will cause anxiety.

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Hindusthan Standard



TURMOIL IN SHANGRILA

Sikkim used to be regarded as a dainty fairytale kingdom, a tullifratti topped by the ice-cream cone of Kanchanjanga. In its 2,800 square miles are found 550 species of birds, that is 27% of all the birds of subcontinental India and Ceylon. Its human population is no less varied: it is the home of the Lepcha, the Bhotiya, and Sikkim-Nepalese. They have long lived together in peace. Is the recent trouble a passing crisis? Will Sikkim return soon to its dreamy langour? Jyotirmoy Datta reports from Gangtok next Sunday.

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Birdwatching

The Emperor Jehangir was, as far as we know, one of the first Indian birdwatchers in the modern sense. His journal carries many entries about the different birds and animals he saw on his hunting expeditions; whenever he shot or caught any wild creature, he always "caused it to be weighed and measured" and he recorded the weights and sizes in his diary. If the animal was caught alive he "ordered the painters to draw a likeness of this animal". At the same time, it must not be thought that Jehangir was a mere arm-chair naturalist. He was a careful and accurate student in the field. Once, when the shikaris could not decide whether a partridge was a male or a female, Jehangir said that it was a female because he knew that "the end of the beak in the female is shorter than that of the male. This dexterity came from frequent observation and comparison".

It is interesting that the next lot of naturalists, the British officers who came to India to serve in various capacities, also used to hire artists to paint the strange animals and plants they found in this rich country, so that their relations in England might share their experiences. This was in the days before the camera; and incredible as it may seem, it was probably cheaper to hire a full-time artist in those days than photography is for us today. All the native animals, birds, plants and insects were a fascinating subject of study for the Englishmen who came out to India. And it is their work which forms the basis of our knowledge of the natural history of our country today. We have continued to build and add to the information which they left us.

Whether a man's special interest is botany or zoology, he is sure to be interested in birds as well. Partly because they are really such beautiful creatures, and partly because birds are present in every kind of locality; from deep jungle to big city, bird watching is an attractive hobby, even when it does not happen to be one's main interest. Many of the most famous naturalists have laid the foundations of their career by watching birds in their boyhood.

Like everything else in this technical age, bird study, too, has acquired a great many mechanical aids. Professional naturalists now use telescopes, tape-recorders, a battery of sophisticated cameras, and even radar, to record the habits and movements of birds. But for the amateur bird watcher, a pair of good binoculars, and a couple of good books for identification are the only necessities, apart from a pencil and pocket note book. This humble item is a great "must". Unless the simple facts about an unrecognized bird are noted on the spot, one is unlikely to be able to track it down later on. This is specially true in the beginning, when one has to

In India

LAEeq FUTEHALLY
IN COLLABORATION WITH
SALIM ALI.



remember the colours of the legs, beak, plumage, as well as the overall shape, size and movements of the bird. Later on, with practice, it is easier to remember the details, as one can compare the unknown species with other familiar ones, and note only the differences. Still, the habit of making field notes of whatever one happens to see is a very valuable one throughout life. As we saw earlier, even the Emperor Jehangir cultivated this pedestrian habit throughout his life.

For the beginner, one of the most irritating facts about birds is that in many species the male and the female of the same species have different colouring, the male usually being more colourful. Or sometimes they have different colouring only during the breeding season, changing back to the same dress later on. The young



birds, too, often do not get into their adult plumage for a year or so, so that they can easily be mistaken for another species. Again, some birds are migrants, spending only the winter months in India, while others remain here throughout the year. So that if you think you have seen a certain species, and later discover that it ought to be in its summer breeding grounds at that season, you can be pretty sure that you have made a mistake in the identification. These are some of the hazards that beset the novice. And perhaps it is the same hazards which make bird watching so interesting. The normal difficulties of studying a timid, restless, darting creature deep among the leaves and branches, whose colours seem to change with the light, are magnified by the extra hazards of changing plumage.








Once again, Jehangir put the case exactly when he said that 'this dexterity came from frequent observation and comparison.' It is, indeed, only "frequent observation" which will give one the ability to recognize and identify many different species. Without accurate identification it is difficult to move forward and do any work of real ornithological importance.

By now it is assumed that all the bird species on the Indian sub-continent have been described and named. In other words, it is highly unlikely that an amateur will be able to produce a bird which has not been recorded. But apart from this, we know very little about our birds. We have some information about the types of nests they build, and the type of country they inhabit. We also know very little about their life histories. Even the life history of a bird like the house sparrow, familiar though it is, is shrouded in mystery. What is the life span of a sparrow? How often does it nest, how many broods does it raise in a year? Exactly what does it eat, and how much? Does it stay in one locality all its life, or does it move about? Again, crows are so ubiquitous and so common, that we tend to assume that we know all about them. In fact, our knowledge about them is quite poor, and there are plenty of things we want to find out about them; but no ornithologist has been able to undertake a full scale crow study yet. Part of the problem is that crows are very difficult to catch. In any bird study, it is important to be able to identify individual birds by marking them with a plastic ring around their legs. This is usually done by trapping or netting the bird, and releasing it after ringing. In the case of crows, they usually seem to be more intelligent than the trapper, thus causing many problems. For, unless the birds are ringed, it is difficult to collect data about their movements, their family relationships, their age and life span.





There are, then, innumerable ornithological problems which need to be studied. One of the most important problems is the food habits of the various species. We know that some species feed on grain, and are, therefore, considered to be the farmers' enemies. At the same time they bring up their chicks on a diet of worms and insects, thus keeping down the number of pests which damage the farmers' crops. Exactly how much good do they do to the farmer, and how much harm? Many species of birds are essential in the cross pollination of trees. Some of our important indigenous trees could not multiply without the help of certain species of birds. It is important for us to know the exact role of birds in the propagation of trees and forests.

All these questions can only be studied by careful and well-trained ornithologists. Unfortunately, we have very few trained ornithologists in India. Our universities have no facilities for teaching ornithology; and we have very few good amateur naturalists, who could undertake serious studies in their spare time. This is not to say that amateur observers cannot play a useful part too in solving many of these problems. All studies, whether from professionals or amateurs, provided they are reliable, can contribute greatly to increasing the sum total of our understanding the part birds play in our lives.

WHAT THE BIRDWATCHER OBSERVES

T. V. JOSE

Early in the morning at about 7.30 on 11 April, 1972 in our garden I saw a common house crow (*Corvus splendens*) sitting on a branch of a cashew tree busily engaged in preening. As I saw it pecking at something each time, I moved towards it to know what it pecked at. I saw it pick up a red ant (*Oecophylla smaragdina*) in its beak and briskly rub it against its primary feathers. The process continued for about a minute. This is the second time I saw a bird anting, the first was a Magpie Robin (*Copsychus saularis*) on our house roof; but I was not sure which ant the bird used.

The above piece is from Bombay's monthly Newsletter for Birdwatchers. Its editor Mr. Zafar Futehally added the following note:

Anting is widely and regularly

practised by many species of birds. Among those recorded using Red Ants (*Oecophylla smaragdina*) were Jerdon's Chloropsis, Common Myna, Song Thrush and the Drongo. In most cases it is found the bird eats the crushed ant after rubbing it into its feathers. The purpose of anting may be to rid the bird of the ectoparasites. Formic acid was first distilled from red ants (*Formica rufa*) as early as 1670 and is known to be a powerful antiseptic. Hence ants rubbed into the feathers would effectively rid the bird of such noxious parasites; when swallowed after rubbing may have the effect of ejecting the endoparasites with which birds are commonly affected. In addition formic acid also contains a small amount of formaldehyde and may be acted upon by the gastric secretions of the bird and converted into glucose, a very essential food material.



FOOT CARE



No person is perfectly groomed if she has cracked heels and chipped nails, but matches her lipsticks and nail polishes to perfection. It is well known that most Indian women prefer dark red nail polish for their feet to hide dirty toe nails. Surely a little care can give you smooth, neat feet to be proud of.

Well-fitting shoes come first in the list. Very often, we are born with pretty feet, but spoil it by getting our little toes disfigured by wearing too tight shoes. Similarly, loose chappals give you pigeon toes.

Very high heels will give you a 'duck walk'. During pregnancy, it can even cause backaches. Very high and very flat shoes are both bad as they are primarily meant to give support to the legs, which carry the full load of your body. Try to keep shoes of varying lengths if you can afford it, but never change suddenly from very high to very low heels.

These days, it is the fashion to wear Scholl shoes abroad. These have a wooden base that gives good support to the leg muscles. The imitations are available in Bombay for less than Rs. 25. Another popular favourite is cork-heeled shoes, where the length of the heels is more or less evenly distributed, and therefore, does not strain the heels. These are very comfortable, and are somewhat like the traditional Japanese sandals.

If you have a shoe bite, consult a doctor immediately. Remember, it can become septic if left unattended and infections in the leg have very often been the cause of tetanus. Similarly, corns are not meant to be dug out with a razor. A chiropodist will remove them safely and painlessly, nor is he very expensive.

Cracked heels are very often treated with a haldi-and-salt paste. For athlete's foot — another common infection, where fungus grows in-between the toes — avoid this from happening by taking care to clean in-between the toes and never leaving them moist. The doctor will probably ask you to dust the area with boric powder and not use other people's towels. Avoid swimming, as this infection very often spreads from the swimming pool.

Varicose veins, another ailment that makes the legs look ugly, are seen most in people whose work is sedentary or those who have to keep standing for a long time. This is also best treated by the doctor.

What you could do at home is to keep

the feet clean and smooth. Rub a piece of leftover lime peel briskly on heels and all over the feet whenever possible, it will lessen the leathery feeling and also act as a mild bleach.

On hot days, use a little deodorant on the feet. Otherwise, dust shoes and feet with talcum powder for that fresh feeling. Another good relaxer is to lie down and literally put your feet up!

Clean your feet and especially the heels with a *loofah* or a pumice stone. Do this as often as necessary. Some people do it even every day. This will remove dead skin from your feet.

There is nothing as relaxing as a foot bath. On specially tiring days, put a little boric powder or bath salt or a few drops of eucalyptus cologne in a basin of warm water. Now put your feet in the basin and relax for 15 minutes. Wipe dry with a soft towel, not forgetting the area in-between the toes.

A weekly scrub is also a must. Rub in a generous amount of cold cream or hand lotion over and under feet and massage gently for 15 minutes. Soak in a basin of warm water, wipe dry gently.

Do a few exercises to keep leg muscles trim. You can do them while having your foot bath or even in bed.

If your floors are clean, walk barefoot at home. Run or walk barefoot in the sands. Apart from invigorating you, it is a good exercise.

Rotate on the ball of your feet, alternating with each leg.

Walk on tip-toes across the room, breathing deeply in and out all the while.

Spread open toes as wide as you can, then close them.

Do figure eight with your legs under the table, if you are in the office.

As you can see, most of these exercises can be done anytime, anywhere.

With smooth, unlined clean feet, use 11 them as a canvas to do your pedicure for a totally stunning effect.



While girls who wear glasses are now seldom ignored by the men of the old adage, they are definitely not looked upon with any great admiration by the optician in India. To him the multihued monstrosities (call them glare, sun or dark glasses, goggles, sun-specs, what you will) are the cheapest and most harmful forms of eye protection ever created. This, however, does not preclude their ogling at women adorned in the prettiest shapes and colour to match clothes, moods, etc.

Sun-glasses in India are made either of glass or plastic. Of the glass variety, 90% are nothing but coloured window panes in grey or green. As such, the cost of a pair of such lenses can be as nominal as between Rs. 4 and Rs. 8 a pair (frames extra). These panes have all the waves and watermarks in creation and can give rise to severe headaches if worn over a long period. The imported variety, made from rough blanks of special glass, have a mere 2% sale in this country, costing anywhere over Rs. 35 for a pair of lenses only.





The variety in plastic are equally unscientific. They are made of cheap commercial plastic blown up to the zaniest proportions. They do not absorb colour and hence do not keep out the ultra-violet rays which are harmful to the tissues of the retina.

But for that matter, the outrageously expensive photochromatic lenses made mostly in Germany and costing upto 20 pounds a pair, are now going out of fashion in the United States because their chameleon-like quality of changing with the light (you can wear them at night) are supposed to cause tissue irritation.

Even the good old clip ons worn over prescription glasses are supposed to create chromatic aberration because of the gap between the two.

But the optician will be a trifle hard on fashion.... The 73 look is not to hide half your face with huge round or square glasses. Shapes are back, so bring out your catseyes of the fifties. Wear them wrap-around in the style of Catherine Deneuve. It's all a question of finding a place in the sun.

He was a secretary at a Communist

ROBIN
MAUGHAM

Diary on

MY NAME is Felix Kallman. And I was appointed Secretary to our embassy in London early this year. I shall make this report in some detail because it is the last one I shall send. I begin with excerpts from my diary which I write in English to gain fluency in the language.

April 15

I think I have solved the problem.

When first I took up my appointments as First Secretary to our embassy in London, one of my concerns was our young son, Antol.

He is only 11 years old, and we were unwilling to leave him behind in our homeland. Nor did we wish to send him to a boarding school in England. The boy is still young. Divorced from the influence of his parents, he might well become a victim of capitalist propaganda.

So after my wife Katzl and I had taken up residence in our embassy in Kensington Palace Gardens, we made inquiries from the few other friendly embassies as to the possibility of sending Antol to a day school in London.

We learned from our comrades that there were no good day schools in London. But there is one school with some international flavour which at least does teach the children such useful subjects as arithmetic, writing and geography and which seems to operate on no particular system of capitalist indoctrination. This school which is run by a middle-aged couple, a Mr. and Mrs. Glover, is situated in the neighbourhood of Queen's Gate — not so far from our own embassy.

The school caters for some two hundred children from the ages of seven to fourteen. And several of our comrades have sent their children there for want of any better institution.

April 16

This afternoon my wife Katzl and I drove round in our Embassy Cadillac, together with our son Antol, to make the acquaintance of the Glovers.

Mrs. Glover is a tall and well-made woman of about fifty with a lean, ascetic face and a kind smile which filled my wife with confidence. Mr. Glover is a large, red-faced man who looks as if he could enforce discipline.

My wife and I noticed a copy of the



New Statesman and *Nation* lying on their study table. Evidently the Glovers are petit-bourgeois liberals and are probably intellectually harmless.

The formalities were made, the entry registration fee paid, entrance forms completed, and my wife departed together with young Antol to order the uniform which the school deems obligatory, while I returned to my work.

April 30

This evening my son Antol came into my study to say goodnight to me. He looked very smart in his new green cap and blazer. (I only wish that it could have been a different colour.) Proudly he handed me a printed list of the children who are due to attend the school this summer term, which begins in five days' time.

I was gazing vaguely through the list, gratified to see that the names of several

Embassy ... but he was a father too **mindbending**



children of comrades were included, when I noticed the name 'Michael Fulton,' the son it was alleged, of a Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Fulton. The name rang a bell. I telephoned immediately to the Intelligence Service of our comrades next door and confirmed the awful truth.

The child is indeed the son of the alleged Arthur Fulton, who, as we know without consulting our files, left our beloved country ten years previously. He was then named Arpad Fulop.

This degenerate Fascist managed to escape the iron hand of Proletarian Justice which certainly would have grasped him had he remained. Not only did he manage to escape from our country but, by devious methods, he had previously succeeded in removing from our ports his three cargo-vessels and had placed his capital in Geneva, converting it astutely into Swiss francs before the

necessary devaluation of our currency. Having gained himself an international position, he decided to settle down in England purchasing a large mansion in London and an estate in the country where, after a few years, he and his wife became more and more English and finally ridiculously transformed their names from Arpad Fulop to "Arthur Fulton," and from Iona Fulop to "Helen Fulton."

Their son Misha, whom they called Michael, is a child, I have ascertained, of eleven and of uncertain temper. But for my vigilance he would be entering the Glovers' school this very term.

May 2

This afternoon my wife and I drove once again in our Embassy Cadillac to Queen's Gate to see Mr. and Mrs. Glover. We were shown into their study, where I refused Mrs. Glover's invitation to a drink of whisky and immediately began to speak my mind about the matter in hand. I explained that it was utterly impossible for my son Antol to mix with the child of such scum as the Fultons. I revealed the fact, together with documentary proof, that their real name was Fulop and that they would, but for their furtive ingenuity, be doing useful work in a cultural indoctrination camp, instead of bolstering up the crumbling edifice of capitalist "democracy." To my surprise, Mr. and Mrs. Glover seemed singularly unimpressed. Their reactions were typically bourgeois and emotional.

"But little Mickey did look so sweet in his new school uniform," said Mrs. Glover.

"We think he's got the makings of a fine lad," said Mr. Glover, as he settled himself on the sofa with a copious whisky.

I then had to show the strength of my hand. I explained that unless they were willing to give me a guarantee that the Fulop child would not attend their school I would be forced to withdraw Antol. Once again I thought Mrs. Glover's reaction extremely stupid.

"But we love the look of your little Antol," she said. "And wouldn't it be nice for two boys from the same country to be at school together? I'm sure they'll have so much to talk about."

...a conflict adroitly resolved by

Coldly, and I trust with precision and determination, I explained that they would have nothing whatsoever to talk about, because I could trust my son Antol not to address one word to the son of a proclaimed and registered traitor.

Mr. Glover at this stage intervened — in a manner which I found lacking in courtesy and intelligence.

"We don't know much about politics," he said, "and quite honestly Mr. Kallman, the political views of our parents are no concern of our. If anything we welcome the chance of our children meeting those of other nations. But our business is to teach our boys the main essentials, and hope to heaven they get a scholarship to Winchester."

The end of the meeting was equally unsatisfactory. The Glovers could not be moved from their obstinate standpoint.

"If you want to take your son Antol away," Mr. Glover said, "you can. There's nothing to stop you. And naturally we shall refund your fee."

"But we hope you won't," said Mrs. Glover. "Because he is such a sweet boy. I love the way he cocks his head on one side when he's talking."

This is a habit about which I have constantly been forced to rebuke Antol. Evidently Mrs. Glover is a thoroughly stupid woman.

May 3

This morning in this matter of Antol events took a new turn. First, both my wife Katzi and Antol came in to me to persuade me to change my mind about withdrawing the boy. This, of course, had no effect on me.

Secondly, however, through the good offices of our comrades next door, I was introduced to a valuable potential agent, one Joe Swale, who has recently taken the post of chauffeur to the Fulop or Fulton family, after having been dismissed for some reason or other by his recent employer who was a bookmaker.

Joe Swale is a small alert fellow, who comes from the people and speaks unashamedly with the accent of the people of London. He has informed me that in view of a slight consideration (which will be only of fractional importance in our monthly estimate for Counter-Intelligence), he is prepared to inform me about the Fulops' movements and in particular about all things relating to the child Misha Fulop's behaviour at the school.

16 This he will be able to do because one of his tasks will be to drive the boy to school, deposit him there and collect

him again. He also revealed the extraordinary valuable information that on learning from the school list of the fact that Antol Kallman, son of Felik Kallman, First Secretary of the Embassy, had been enrolled, the Fulops immediately drove in their car (a Bentley) to the Glovers' school with the intention of making a serious protest and with the hopeless endeavour of persuading Mr. and Mrs. Glover to refuse admission to Antol.

Comrade Swale does not know what passed during their interview because he could not gain admittance into the phonic system that he has fitted into school building. But over the microphonic systems that he has fitted into the back of the glasspartitioned Bentley he was able to overhear the entire of the Fulops' conversation on their return journey to their house in Mayfair. It seems that Mr. and Mrs. Glover were as stupid and obstinate as usual, and in their political ignorance still do not appreciate the undesirability of the two children meeting.

The result of my interview with Swale has been to persuade me that no harm can come to Antol if I allow him to remain at the school, even if the Fulops do not withdraw their son Micky — as Joe Swale informs me is most likely.

May 4

I am seriously concerned with the behaviour of my chauffeur Harrington, who was engaged by my predecessor Zaroucha Klauski because of his excellent references.

On my way to attend a meeting where an enlightened Church leader was due to speak, the car stopped and Harrington complained of trouble in the carburetter. (On looking back through my diary I find that this carburetter trouble has occurred on every occasion that I have been to attend a meeting organised by the British-Soviet Friendship Society.)

When I questioned Harrington during the period of time that he took to repair the carburetter on his views about the dean, he replied: "You can have him," in a manner which I did not consider showed respect or sympathy.

Can Klauski have committed an error?

May 9

Antol has now been four days at school and finds it very strange.

This evening, after Harrington had driven him back from Queen's Gate, I questioned Antol about his lessons. I learned that the last lesson, which had been taken by a young master called

Master of the art of the short story

Ponsonby, consisted in the geography of England totally irrespective of its strategical importance or industrial or even agricultural output. The lesson was only concerned with matters such as the most important town in Radnor or Somerset.

The young master, it seems, did not show great knowledge of his subject and was reduced by his ignorance to such childish questions as: "What is the northernmost part of Britain" — the reply being, "John O'Groats" "What is the westernmost village in England" — the reply being "Land's End"

The master, Ponsonby, it seems, digressed from the subject of Land's End to the Armada, which he claimed was "a jolly fine British victory."

The master Ponsonby has said that he will demonstrate a model of a galleon on the Round Pond during the boys' afternoon exercise tomorrow.

May 10

I am most worried and annoyed. This evening Antol came back from school with his eye contused and a front tooth missing.

It appears that the master Ponsonby did indeed show such of the boys as were not engaged in football a model of a Spanish galleon which he floated on the Round Pond. When Antol perceived it was an obsolete and inefficient craft, he walked away.

Hardly had he left the group by the pond, than he was approached by the boy he calls Micky Fulton but who we know to be Misha Fulop. Antol, is not clear as to precisely what words passed and as to how the conversation began. But scarcely had a few desultory remarks been exchanged when Micky (as Antol calls him) accused me (Antol's father) of being a "cold-blooded murderer" and a "slaughterer of priests."

Antol at this insult, without hesitation, I am glad to say, struck the boy a violent blow. Incensed, the Fulop child retaliated and a battle ensued. Immediately a gang of boys formed a ring around the two combatants. And it was not until the master Ponsonby, encumbered as he was by his heavy wading-boots, managed to get out of the pond, that he could stem the ruffiantly onslaught of the boy Micky who, although he is of the same age is taller and weighs more than Antol.

May 11

Today I drove round with my wife to see the Glovers to deliver a firm protest.

I found both Mr. and Mrs. Glover extremely unco-operative. It appears that they are not altogether convinced

that the fight was instigated by the Fulop boy. Mr. Glover even suggested that Antol had called Micky a "bit of Fascist scum" before Antol defended himself. Once again I repeated that unless the Fulop boy was removed I would be forced to remove Antol. This seemed to make little impression on them and I was left in the air.

It appears that the Fulop boy has not been punished any more than my Antol, because they do not approve of corporal punishment and consider that the black mark which each boy has received together with the humiliation of being made to walk separate and alone in the middle of the homeward defile of two-by-two's which is known as a "crocodile" has been sufficient punishment.

I discussed the matter at length with Katzi, who agrees with me that for the time being there is no advantage of



removing Antol. I agree with Katzi that it might damage our embassy's prestige if we now withdrew our boy from the school and the Fulop child remained. But I am still worried.

May 13

Comrade Joe Swale came round to see me this afternoon.

He informs me that the Fulop boy was seriously damaged in the fight. His nose was fractured, and he lost two teeth as against Antol's one. Swale further informs me that the Fulops also went round to the school the following day to make a complaint. He thinks that they may be on the point of removing their son.

May 27

This evening Antol came back from school with his face gravely bruised, his knuckles grazed and his school blazer torn. When I inquired the reason, he was for the first time curiously evasive.

But I gathered that a senior boy, the child of the American Cultural Attache, made aspersions: not only against the Government of our country, but also against the dark complexions of many of our countrymen, comparing them to Egyptians.

"Wogs," Antol says — a term of opprobrium — was the word used. This occurred at the end of a history lesson after the master Ponsonby had departed.

Antol immediately stood up for our glorious Government and to his surprise, when he was outnumbered, found the boy Fulop by his side.

Evidently, Mick Fulop had thought that only the complexion of his skin was being criticised, and ignorant of the political realities had joined the fight on the side of my son Antol. It seems that Antol, with the slight aid lent him by the Fulop boy, held his own in a corner for the space of several minutes before they were rescued by the master Ponsonby, who had returned from washing his hands.

May 28

This morning came the great news. I have been appointed First Secretary to our embassy in Washington. At last I have got the chance I have always wanted. This promotion may mean all the difference to my career. Little Katzi, was in a hysteria of joy. We cannot wait to see the look of excitement on Antol's face when we tell him the news, for he has always longed to visit America. And he will have to leave in three weeks' time.

This evening I was purposely writing in the Reception Room of the embassy when Antol came back from school, so that Katzi and I could together break him the news. To our astonishment Antol did not seem pleased. But then, such is the way of children. And how can he be expected to appreciate that his father has now greater responsibility? . . . How can I expect a child to understand the widened opportunity I now have for serving our glorious Socialist Motherland?

June 2

This morning I received curious information from Swale. It seems that last night he saw Antol give Micky Fulton, as he calls the Fulop boy, a piece of toffee when they were leaving the school building.

Katzi thinks this may have something to do with Antol's reluctance to leave the school. But I cannot believe that Antol would ever make friends with the son of a traitor.

18 June 5

This morning we drove out to the British-Soviet Society for Cultural Rela-

tions' rally in Bognor Park. Once again the Cadillac broke down, and we arrived late. I am beginning to suspect that our chauffeur Harrington is not sympathetic to The Cause.

After the highly successful meeting was over I had a long talk with my son Antol, who for the first time seemed — I regret to have to put this down — definitely evasive. He denied that since the episode in the Par he had ever discussed politics with Micky Fulop. And when I taxed him, he denied that he had any friendship for the boy. But I was not wholly satisfied.

However, it is now only 10 days to half-term, when we are removing the boy, as indeed we must because we fly to Washington the following Monday. Katzi considers it is a ridiculous leniency on my part to allow him even to stay for the next 10 days.

June 9

This evening Katzi was most annoyed because of a message that Mrs. Glover has sent to her by way of Antol.

Antol has been desired to ask her whether she has an old hat. This is obviously some sly joke of Mrs. Glover's at Katzi's expense — because why should Katzi, of all people, have an old hat?

June 11

This morning Mrs. Glover telephoned Katzi about the matter of the old hat.

It appears that — in typical bourgeois fashion — before half-term the boys of her school have a party at which they play a ridiculous game of "Musical Hats." Each boy dances round wearing one of his mother's old hats. Then, when the music stops he has to jump down to the ground, seizing the hat of the boy next to him. There is one hat short. Thus one boy is hatless at the end of each brief time. Gradually the field is narrowed down to two boys. This may have some political significance, but at the moment it escapes me.

The half-term party is to be next Friday evening, and since Katzi does not possess an old hat, I have asked her to buy one from our chauffeur Harrington's wife.

June 14

Only two more days to half-term. Only five more days before I leave this obstinately incomprehensible country for the greatest moment of my career.

Last night Antol seemed curiously excited. He spent a long time alone in his bedroom and when his mother went in to say goodnight to him, she found the door was locked. When she knocked it was opened, but she had a feeling that Antol was hiding something.

To be concluded.



khaas baat

Simi Garewal is not busy as a star. But common complaints are that her folks make her unapproachable. Her Mamma even tells phonecallers that she was not likely to meet her that day! I'd believe it! With all those late-late night-parties she is so busy with — rest of the day, she is busy sleeping it off!

The First Lady of the Indian Screen, Nargis, is not always so ladylike in real life. Some of her slang, is so vivid and descriptive, it would make a trooper blush! She and friend Shammi Rabadi, landed at Anju's house to console her. All they did was call Rajesh names starting from the second letter of the alphabet, a favourite with Nargis. Shammi's input was "Don't worry, Nicky (Anju), he'll still come back to you. Prem Chopra rang me up on his wedding and I told him to shut up and go to sleep!" That's the line of conversation, just before both went to the beauty-parlour for dolling up to attend Rajesh's wedding, to kiss and bless the couple.

But there's one star who's happy that all the others are dropping from the race — Sharmila Tagore, anti-woman and pro-male-oriented-society. She bugged Dev Anand's life right through the North-Eastern location of Atmaram's film, setting down choice whisky and sending for Saab, every evening, after work. But Saab had had his thoughts in the planning of his own film and in any case, is not a boozier?

What was the reason for the tiff between Manoj Kumar and Jaya Bhaduri? They avoid each other like a Bangladeshi and a Pakistani! Something apparently, happened on the sets of "Shor" and they've declared Cold War. Mr. Bharat could not stand the contaminating influence of the Guddi, says one Know-all!

No casualties reported at Vijay (Goldie) Anand's party to mark the opening of his distribution office — Navketan Films Pvt. Ltd. The Lion's Awards function stole most stars since Rajesh-Dimple were making the scene there. Two things happened at Goldie's. Nephew Baba got high and pinched all the glamour-gals and made them yell. Present were Hemu Malini, Raakhee, Rekha, Rinku Jaiswal, Asha Sachdev pushing up prominently in front of Dharmendra and Ambica Johar, Bab's girl-friend. Other thing was Rekha's whispered false news that Anju had taken sleeping-pills! In parting, she asked a stunned Gulshan Rai! "When is Uncle Dev coming?" She came sans Vin-Cin.

The retirement-bug are biting everyone — certainly the female stars. Saira Banu is the latest victim. She has bided her time, now she says: "Security mil gayee hai, aur kya chahiye?" Wasn't it Dilip, at the height of glory who said that no wife of his should act after marriage ("I won't play secretary, keeping dates and diaries for her!"). In Saira's case, it seems, he let the long-rope policy wear itself out before she was convinced of quitting, herself.

Dev reminds me. Zeenat has caused quite a little storm here in Bombay, when she stripped down to her foundation garments for a scene in F. C. Mehra's "Manoranjan". Remember she was a model? She has the right type of figure for such show, I am sure. And what was her idea of the scene? "I play a downright ordinary call-girl, for whom stripping is livelihood. In the picturisation, there was nothing to provoke indecency. In fact, I think it was shot very subtly, in near darkness, when the neons flicker off and on, and this girl is actually getting ready for her lover. They captured the scene with this reddish glow, followed by just my silhouette in the dark. Why are they making such a cry about it — it is really a fine scene!"

For showing of the legs I cover myself well



10 A.M. at Juhu to interview the reportedly cold, unfriendly Rehana Sultan. Not a very bright way to begin the day, I brooded. The appointment itself had been given to me in a manner I liked — very business-like and prompt; no dilly-dallying as in the case of other stars — but at 10 A.M. I sat in her drawing room with tea and biscuits and papa for company, waiting for madam to put in her appearance. Naturally, the more she delayed, the less I looked forward to meeting her. Some 15 to 20 minutes later, a kind of 'Thou shalt now enter' beckoning was sent to me. I stepped into her bedroom and took stock of the situation. A young, straight-haired girl, not beautiful but charming, with the sunniest of smiles, clothed in stretch pants and kurta, got up from a divan bed and apologised for the delay. Rehana's secretary had muffed up the timing and hence the wait.

Frankly, I was taken aback. To find such a warm person where I had imagined a tight-lipped cold star — I mean to find such a nice human being when I had had visions of a touch-me-not statue, was a real cool surprise. I opened the conversation by telling her what I'd thought and heard about her. "Cold? You know how many people visit our sets daily. Obviously I don't remember all of them. If it is some 'khas' personality then of course, I'll recognise him. I think it's the case with all humans. But because we are public figures, people tend to misunderstand and (mis) publicise our intentions."

I elbowed Sajjid Khan and B. R. Ishara — reportedly her two affairs — into the talk. A sensible answer came from her. "I'm talking to you now for a long time. We've become friends. The next time I meet you, naturally we'll be friendlier. With each consecutive meeting we'll hit it off better. It's like that with Ishara and me. We've worked together so often that we're bound to be very friendly." Rehana's father is producing a film with Ishara directing the venture. Rehana laughed and said that she had talked him into taking as many Institute graduates as possible in the

film. Rakesh Pandey leads the male cast opposite Rehana. Sulochana, "a favourite of mine", some others ("The Institute people deserve a break. They've put in so much sweat and toil and money, and have so strongly striven towards a film career, that they should be given preference over the raw aspirants" and music-director Madan Mohan — "another favourite. I love light classical music and Madanji's 'Baiyan na dharo' from 'Dastak' is beautiful," — form the rest of the unit.

About Sajjid Khan. "At least Ishara and I have worked together often enough for tongues to wag. But Sajjid," she laughed, "I was so surprised that I asked him if it was part of his publicity campaign for 'Savera' and even offered to go along with his plan if he wanted it!"

Whose idea was it to join the Institute? "Entirely mine. In fact, even now my dad often says, 'enough of films, let's pack and go back.' When I was in school in Allahabad I wasn't even allowed to see films. I once bunked and went with my friends to the local theatre. Because drinking tea was prohibited by our elders, we drank tea in an adjoining cafe. Of course, I was caught and after that I never had the guts to try the adventure again."

"When I passed out of the Institute I went back to Allahabad. Later I heard that Rajinder Singh Bedi wanted me to work in 'Dastak' after seeing an Institute shot of mine. So back to Bombay I came. I was lucky to get such good films in the very beginning. Few people have got chances like me. Meena Kumari, Nutan, Waheeda, now Jaya and I. But I think Jaya isn't choosing her roles well. Even if the stories are different, her character has been the same in all her films. I've become very choosy. The banner doesn't interest me. If the story's good and my role is different I'm ready. The director doesn't matter. You see, only a sensitive director will come up with a good story."

Rehana is known for putting heart and soul into her work. She'd just returned from a shooting spell in Kashmir. There, while the onlookers wrapped themselves in two or three blankets each, Rehana had to face the camera from 5 A.M. to midnight in meagre clothing sans footwear! Amidst the howling winds and in biting cold, she naturally fell ill but had to report to Mahabaleswar within two days for another shooting schedule — and she finished her work satisfactorily!

Isn't it disheartening when a film doesn't come up to expectations? "In the beginning I watched the progress of every release of mine. But films like



For showing of the legs I cover myself well

'Man tera, tan mera', which I didn't like at the very first trial show don't disappoint since I don't expect them to do well. I've learnt to take everything in my stride."

One principle Rehana follows is to give due credit where necessary. "In the beginning I signed a film with Dilip Raj who then was in demand. I insisted that his name precede mine in the titles. Similarly, in another film, I refused to let my name precede Ashok Kumar's."

What about the fight with Radha Saluja over the titles of 'Haar Jeet'? "There was no such fight. But the matter has been printed so often," she mentioned a mag., "that our relationship has been strained."

As she had received a lot of publicity for her 'bold scenes', I had to ask her about them. "If they are demanded by the story what's wrong? But I can never face the camera completely in the nude. People don't realise that we have our ways of performing certain scenes without actually stripping. Like the hair covering my front when I'm supposed to be in the nude in 'Chetna'. For the showing of the legs I had covered myself well, exposing only the legs. But the effect on the screen was realistic enough for people to come to the conclusion that I was completely naked."

Unpretentiously, Rehana talked about her other interests. Music held the first place. "My dad gets ragged when I switch on my music at night." She adores dolls and showed me a suckling one that screamed when the nipple was removed from its mouth! Unlike other stars who pretend to be wizards in the kitchen she said she didn't care much for cooking. "But I prefer bossing about in the kitchen and eating well." To watch her figure she skips dinner. With that she extended two very warm invitations — one to stay for lunch and the other to come that afternoon for the recording of the first song for her dad's film. I declined both and rose to go. Rehana came to the door and added, along with her 'good-byes', "I hope I haven't been too cold!"

N. BHARATHI.

BRIDGE by TERENCE REESE

SOMETIMES it seems as though the declarer has simply made a wrong guess; but if one looks more closely one finds that the defenders have contributed by clever discarding. Here are two examples on that theme. The first occurred in Canadian trials for the recent Olympiad.

Dealer, East. N-S vulnerable.

♠ 7 6 4	♥ K J 9 2	♦ Q 8 5
♥ 10 9 8 7 6	♦ K Q 3	♠ A J 4
♦ A Q 7	♣ 5 4	♥ J 6 3 2
♣ 8 7	♠ J 9 3 2	♦ 8 5 4
	♥ A 10 3	
	♦ 5 2	
	♠ K 10 9 8	
	♥ A K Q 10	

The contract was 3NT by South and the 10 of hearts was covered by the King and Ace. The Jack was returned, dummy winning the third round. When four rounds of clubs were played off, West discarded a diamond and a good heart, East a spade. It looked very much as though West was guarding the spades, so South finessed the wrong way and was two down when the smoke cleared. It was shrewd play by two veteran defenders.

The next hand was played in an exhibition match between Scottish and American teams:

♠ 10 6 3	♥ 9 5 2
♥ K 10 6 4	♦ Q 8
♦ A 6 3	♠ Q 8 7 5 4 2
♠ K Q 2	♥ J 4
♠ 8 4	♠ A K Q J 7
♥ 7 5 2	♥ A J 9 3
♦ J 10 9	♦ K
♠ 10 8 7 5 3	♥ A 9 4

North-South bid their way to Seven Spades. South won the diamond lead and played off four rounds of trumps. It was clear to everyone that the hand was going to depend on the hearts, and Scottish international Willie Coyle gave the declarer a push in the wrong direction by letting go a diamond. The effect of this was that when the declarer played off three clubs, followed by Ace of diamonds and a diamond ruff, West showed out and South had a complete count. Knowing that West had three hearts and East two, he took the finesse in the wrong direction.

Good defenders usually aim to conceal the distribution as much as they can. South should perhaps have reflected that what you discover is one thing, what you are told is another. One changes the odds, the other does not.



A REFERENDUM which split the Australian Labour Party is recalled in this new 7-cent stamp portraying William M. Hughes, Prime Minister of Australia from 1915-23. The referendum was to decide whether Australians should be conscripted during World War I. Billy Hughes advocated conscription but the Irish and the trade union vote turned the scales to give a majority of 72,000 against him in a total poll of 2½ million.

Born in Wales in 1864, Hughes was educated at Llandudno Grammar School and emigrated to Australia at 20. He was called 'the Australian Lloyd George'.

AZED CROSSWORD

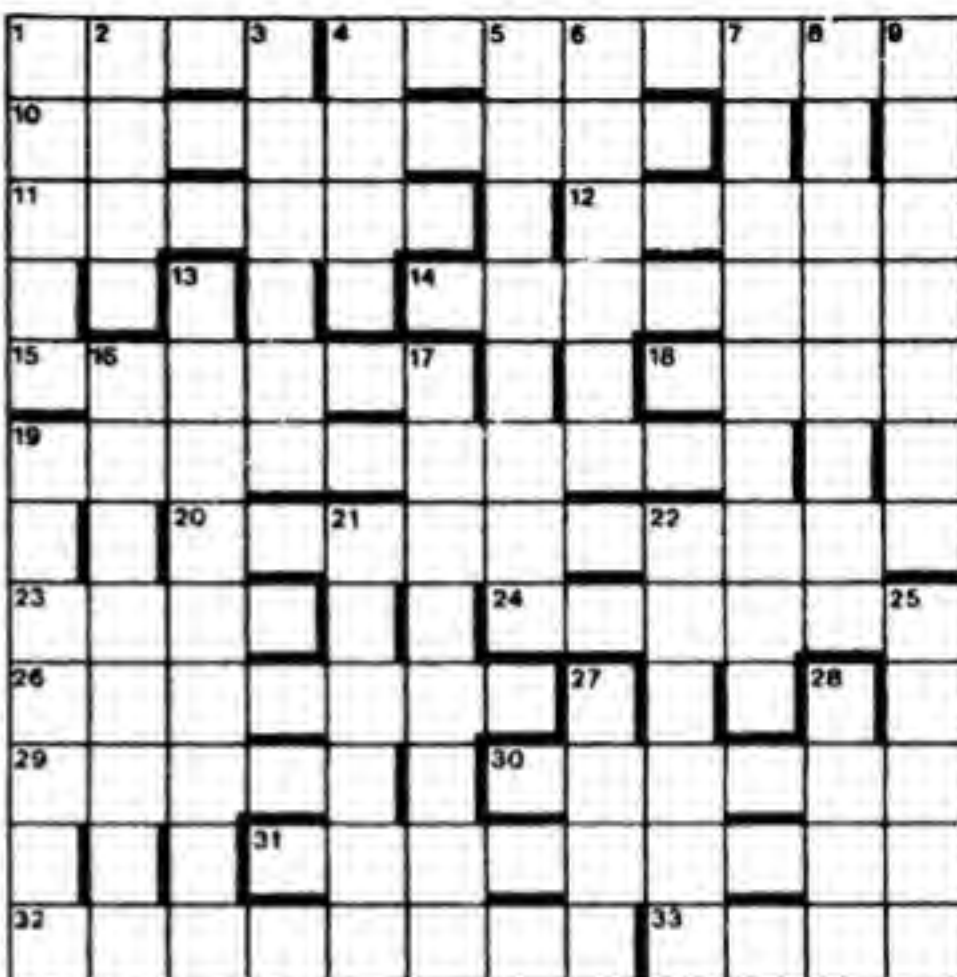
No. 9: PLAIN

ACROSS

- 1 The wild ivy-bunch (4)
- 4 One treated to pint, we hear? That's ominous (8)
- 10 Free period (English) for walk by river? (9)
- 11 Take in broken nag or small horse (6)
- 12 Turkish silver, what Herodotus began with (5)
- 14 What, with right extract of whey, can be made to catalyse? (7)
- 15 Dress one's got finally to wear out (6)
- 18 Girl hugs one - come again (4)
- 19 E.g. M.G. ton, in love with sweetheart, is often fatal (10)
- 20 I discharge one initially embroiled in foul sin - more than one (10)
- 23 Prominent in powerful navvies (4)
- 24 Rioted in disharmony, having several conductors (6)
- 26 Heath's pompous ring, showing excessive party zeal (7)
- 29 Be about weightless? It's intoxicating (5)
- 30 Old liberal arts courses; they're of no importance (6)
- 31 Characteristic fruit crop, cooked with cream (9)
- 32 Note in Wisden wrong; stop subscribing (8)
- 33 I've sharp edge - what I sound like should have too (4)

DOWN

- 1 By implication cannons etc., covering about half an acre (5)
- 2 Burmese leader confines a sluggard (4)
- 3 Carriage; lady's on driver's seat without key (6)
- 4 What'll goad Sandy to contribute to it? (4)
- 5 Mast sailor climbs round about time without end (8)
- 6 Heartless girl Galatea's friend gently declines (6)
- 7 Great age embracing Ximenes and turbulent Spain's growth (9)
- 8 Episcopates, in terror, rose and fell (8)
- 9 Heard at the Globe, disturbed by hornets? (7)
- 13 Compositions for viola, perhaps, rarely get off the ground (9)
- 16 Track big game, one providing coat (8)
- 17 What the Red Queen might be called in Spenser (8)
- 19 Spoon, perhaps? Bottom beaten (7)
- 21 Inwards in need of a friend? Here's a surgeon (6)
- 22 Bit of a throat; I get unwell with that (Shak.) (6)
- 25 At St Andrew's chip up can be venomous (5)
- 27 Flemish lady, perverse but not 'arsh (4)
- 28 Kaffir's club often has knob on (4)



AZED No. 8 Solution and notes

ACROSS

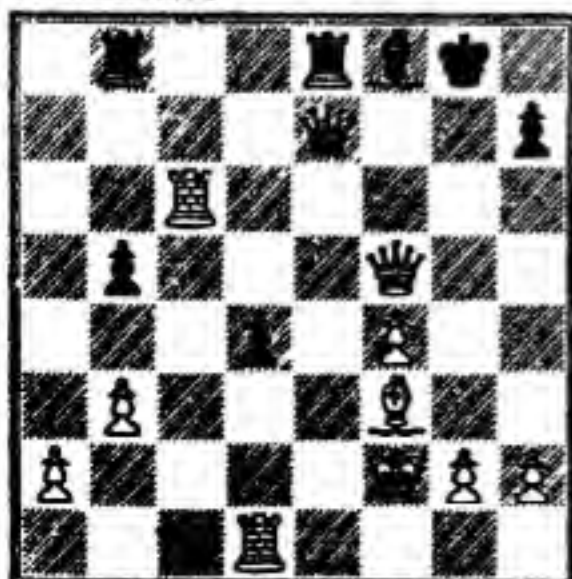
1, O.H.M.S., Income Tax, 10, Rouscou, 17, Scal(he), 24, 2 meanings, 26, Iily 'Twelfth Night' 1: 1-4, 31, Dis(c) G (Harrison)

DOWN

3, Some, 5, Po-tholes, 6, Air-Am O do-raca (rev), 8, nap lip, 16, A G(od) in thairm & lit, 18, Lumina (anag), 19, Myl s d, air (rev.)

CHESS by HARRY GOLOMBEK

Position No. 9



White to play - how should the game go?

Continuation of Position No. 7

This came from a game played at Budapest 1971 between Makarov and Szekely: - 3rr1k1, 1p2qp1kt, p2b2pP; P1p2 R2: 2R5; 2B B1Q2; 1PP4P; 6K1. White won by 1. R-K4, Q-B2; 2. R x P, Q x R; if 2... Kt-K4; 3. P-R7 ch, 3. Q x Q ch, K x Q; 4. B-B4 ch, resigns.

The exchange

We are taught to believe as beginners that

the Rook is worth much more than either a Bishop or Knight, and in consequence winning a Rook in return for a minor piece is known as winning the exchange. As a general rule this is all quite true but it is interesting to note that certain great players, notably of the Soviet School, constantly give up the exchange, usually with success. Such a player is Petrosian and the number of times he has sacrificed the exchange with success in tournament and match play must run into well over a hundred. Once he has given up the Rook it is intriguing and instructive to observe how he wrings the utmost value out of the Bishops with their raking power. An excellent example is the following game played in the Alekhine Memorial Tournament at Moscow last year.

White: Parma. Black: Petrosian.

Sicilian Defence.

1. P-K4, P-QB4; 2. Kt-KB3, Kt-QB3; 3. P-Q4, P x P; 4. Kt x P, Q-B2; 5. Kt-QB3, P-K3; 6. B-K3, P-QR3; 7. P-B4, P-QK4; 8. Kt-Kt3, P-Q3; 9. B-Q3, Kt-B3; 10. O-O, B-K2; 11. Q-B3, B-Kt2; 12. P-QR4. The direct 12. QR-K1 looks more aggressive here. 12... P-Kt5; 13. Kt-Kt1. A retrograde step; preferable was 13. Kt-K2, planning to bring this Knight to Kt3 after an eventual P-KK4. 13... P-QR4; 14. Kt(Kt1)-Q2, O-O; 15. K-R1, Kt-Kt1; 16. Kt-Q4. If 16. Q-R3, QKt-Q2; 17. QR-K1, P-K4 with a good game for Black.

17. Q-R3, and only after 17... Kt-B4, 18. Kt-Kt5.

17... Q-Kt1, 18. QR-K1, R-B1 19. Q-R3, Kt-B4, 20. B x Kt, R x B, 21. Kt-Kt3. The move that gives White the most lasting initiative is 21. Kt-B4. 21... R-R4; 22. Q-B3, P-K4, 23. P-B5, P-Q4; 24. Kt-Q2, R-R5. Black makes admirable use of the Rook; now he threatens R-B5. 25. P-KKt3, P x P, 26. Kt x P, R x Kt, 27. R x R, Q-Q1; 28. KR-K1. A critical moment. It seems better to get the King off the diagonal by 28. P-R3, followed by K-R2. 28... R-B1; 29. R(Kt1)-K2, Q-Q4, 30. P-Kt3, P-R3; 31. K-Kt2, Q-Q2; 32. P-R3, B-B4; 33. P-R4, P-R4; 34. K-R3, B-Kt3; 35. K-R2, P-Kt3; 36. P x P, Kt-Kt5 ch, 37. K-Kt2, P-B4 and White resigned.

The loose piece

From the Masters section of the IBM Tournament at Amsterdam, 1971

White: J. C. Kort. Black: H. J. Hecht.

QP Nimzowitch Defence.

1. P-Q4, Kt-KB3; 2. P-QB4, P-K3; 3. Kt-QB3, B-Kt5; 4. Q-B2, Kt-B3, 5. Kt-B3, P-Q3; 6. B-Q2, Q-K2; 7. P-QR3, B x Kt; 8. B x B, P-QR4, 9. P-Q5, Kt-QKt1; 10. P x P, P x P; 11. P-KKt3, Kt-B5; 12. B-Kt2, P-K4; 13. O-O, P-R5; 14. Kt-Kt5, O-O; 15. P-B4, Kt-Q5; 16. Q-Q3, B-Kt5; 17. QR-K1, P-B4; 18. P x P, P x P; 19. P-R3, B-R4; 20. B x Kt, B-Kt3; 21. Q-KB3, KP x B; 22. Q x P, Q-K4 ch. White resigns.



If you've got the taste

Mohmeaks

got the drink



**TURN
MOIL
IN
SHANGRI**

Beginning May 20, 1973



ARIES (March 21 — April 20)

Quite a conducive week in many a respect. Refined entertainments and new friendships looming up. Businessmen may expect increased profits and relief from debts. Those who are in service may better their position at the office. For the bachelor, a successful romance is indicated. And for industrialists, this is the moment to plan expansions. New contacts will prove paying.



TAURUS (April 21 — May 20)

Chances for social and professional contacts are really bright. Your desire may be fulfilled. At the office, take special care to curb your tongue. Businessmen ought to be cautious in their transactions. This week may not prove rosy to the professionals. Auspicious week for wedding matches. Avoid arguments at home. Health of your children may bother you.



GEMINI (May 21 — June 20)

Take a realistic view of your problems. Some of your associates may cause you concern and in certain cases you may have to shun their company. Industrialists dealing in printing and paper ought to be very cautious in investing money. Sudden spurt in paper price may dampen the spirit of industrialists and businessmen. Those who are dealing in steel may expect good dividends. Do not incur the displeasure of your seniors by making hasty comments.



CANCER (June 21 — July 21)

Right time to make your position secure at the office and in society. Recovery of loans and improvement in health indicated. Happiness at home; wage rise at the office likely. Businessmen will enjoy freedom from certain commitments. Industrialists will experience inconveniences caused by government. For bachelors, setback in love.



LEO (July 22 — Aug. 21)

Benign influences indicate success in the expansion of your undertakings. If you are contemplating taking up a new project, this will prove a lucky week. One of your closest friends may misunderstand you. Travelling in connection with official matters will bring success. Brother's and sister's health may cause anxiety for the entire family. Conditions are not favourable for persons in service. Monetary assistance from unexpected sources indicated.



VIRGO (Aug. 22 — Sept. 22)

You need utmost caution in your profession and business. Persons in service may have to face angry bosses; in certain cases, even departmental enquiries indicated. Industrialists should keep important decisions in cold storage till the end of this week. Domestic life will be quite humdrum. Success of your spouse may bring happiness to your family. Finance will become the flash-point on Saturday.



LIBRA (Sept. 23 — Oct. 22)

A good time to make ready for your proposed journey abroad. Advancement in profession, family prosperity and happiness assured. Welcome change in your outlook is indicated. Be on your toes to avoid misjudgments and getting on the wrong side of any important personality. If you are in the paper or printing industry, be ready for a sudden spurt in the prices of raw materials. Good prospects for persons in service.



SCORPIO (Oct. 23 — Nov. 22)

Setbacks appear almost unavoidable in the first half of the week. There is a lurking danger of conflicts with superiors. Losses by theft indicated. A bad run in speculative deals. Professionals may find a pleasant change. Journalists under this sign may incur displeasure of the authorities and it is advisable that they should think twice before



SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 23 — Dec. 20)

Things will be better out home, than abroad, in society. If you are in service, you will fare well during the second half of the week. In the first half, you may find it rough with your bosses. Deterioration of health and loss of prestige likely. Industrialists may find congenial atmosphere for industrial expansion. On Friday a friend will come forward to help you.



CAPRICORN (Dec. 21 — Jan. '9)

Prosperous week for your professional activities. Those who are in service may find an additional source of income. Improved status and responsibilities are also indicated. Industrialists may be freed from certain past commitments. If you are single you will be inclined to give greater attraction to your appearance and to your surroundings. Take a hopeful view of new proposals that turn up unexpectedly.



AQUARIUS (Jan. 20 — Feb. 18)

A busy, varied and expansive week. Your actions may cause some serious trouble in your professional work. Differences with your wife and other members of the family are likely. If you are in business, you may develop a feeling that an attempt is being made to get at you. For industrialists there is unusual scope to make money. The unemployed will be able to find a footing. Business executives may expect promotion.



PISCES (Feb. 19 — March 20)

Desired changes in your life indicated. Promotion or increased income is assured. Happy family life, recovery from illness, gains from speculative deals. More: a happy romance coming your way. If you are a journalist, get ready for an important assignment — this will bring recognition to you. If you are in police service, trouble with

This magazine is distributed
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THE TAGORE INDUSTRY

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... figures of Tagore in clay
... and other materials and so on.
...at Sunday.



sunday

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COLOUR MAGAZINE
20 MAY 1973

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TURMOIL IN

JD : It is marvellous to be in Sikkim and see you again, Your Highness. I am delighted to see that despite the politics, Sikkim and its Gyalmo are as beautiful as ever.

THE GYALMO : The weather has been kind.

JD : I was in Gangtok Bazar yesterday morning. No place in the world like Gangtok Bazar on a Sunday morning. Oh, the variety of real food in Gangtok Bazar — the mushrooms, the beans, the squashes. Guess what I breakfasted on yesterday morning? Twenty paise worth of mulberries!

THE GYALMO : We too had some mulberries for the children a little while ago.

JD : What an ethereal fruit. At the bazar, I was stuck by the faces. They were not suspicious, or sullen, as one might have expected, after all this *golmal*, but beaming with happiness.

4 THE GYALMO : You know, one of the old Tibetan names for Sikkim is *Khusi-Lampu*. *Khusi* is the Hindi *khusi*. *Lampu*

is land, *Khusi-Lampu*, that is, the happy land. Through the ages people have come here in search of this happiness.

JD : And they found it?

THE GYALMO : They did. Sikkim is a happy land, though not in the sense of travel literature or newspapers. The newspapers say that we are a sleepy Shangrila. Then they are made at us for the turmoil in this paradise. But it was they who made up the sugary Shangrila in the first instance. Sikkim is a real country. We have a real problem making a living. You see, we don't have much usable land. Sikkim is lots of hills and no real valley.

JD : Breathtaking views.

THE GYALMO : But there is not much land to till. After you have dug up the stones and put up the walls and terraced the hillsides, you still have only penny-size fields.

JD : You have also only a small population. Seven Lakhs.

THE GYALMO : Small, for India, perhaps, but large for Sikkim. With the



The present turmoil in Sikkim is only a minor ripple of the advance of a standardizing democratic, global movement. One can lose one's perspective if one concentrates too closely on the rights and wrongs of the current goimol. The fears that grip the two sides, the rumours of murder lists, the charges against the palace, the accusation of partisanship against the Indian Political Office, are straws and rags that are blown around by the confusing wind. Clearly, the Sikkim Nepalese have a strong case for electoral reform. Evident too is the fact that when the heat was on the JAC, the Indian Political Office gave the leaders of the agitation its protection. But of far larger significance than all the immediate manifestations of this particular scene of this particular act is the inexorable denouement of the great Himalayan drama: here was a style of life different from that of Confucian China and Hindu India, here was a world remote from the European Common Market and the devaluation of the dollar and the building boom on the Costa Brava, and this uniqueness is now in danger. This is fated to be, — and this is wholly tragic.

Of course, there is kingship, and the Chogyal is the Chogyal because he is the former Chogyal's son. But, granted the system, one notices that it is not a boxed or a honeycombed structure;

SHANGRILA

best husbanding of resources, we still don't have enough for all. And the number keeps increasing.

JD: Would you say, that Nepalese immigration makes it worse?

THE GYALMO: There is a natural rise in population the world over. And there are large movements of people.

JD: The Bhutiyas seeped into the folds of these hills from the north. The Nepalese have been expanding from the east and south in more recent times. I must say its bigger neighbours have treated little Sikkim most wantonly. The Deb Raja of Bhutan, the warlike Gurkhas, the British, even your ancient friends, the Tibetans, have all helped themselves to bits and slices of sweet Sikkim.

THE GYALMO: That is the aggressiveness of States. But the people who came to Sikkim were real people. I may be misunderstood in Nepal, but if you look at the records you will see that the Nepalese came here to escape the turmoil and bad government at home. They were looking for peace. The Tsong

there is room around for everyone to expand. The Chogyal is a real person; he is frank and extrovert; he doesn't have to hastily hide his wineglass when photographed. Any Head of State is, to varying degree, a prisoner of his palace, a sacrifice to the collective frustrations and yearnings of his people, more a symbol, a token, than a man who can lead his own beautiful existence. I cannot imagine why should anyone wish to be a chief executive or a Head of State; but one can at least say of a Prince that he inherited those fetters at birth, while the politician is such a pervert that he seeks and embraces his chains.

These conversations took place in Gangtok on April 24 and 25, when the Himalayan Kingdom was still very much in the middle of the recent political crisis. The setting was the library of the palace; later the scene shifted to the lawn; very remote and idyllic; far indeed from the tumult of the market place and the football stadium which had been the epicentres of the recent troubles. The royal family had not let the passing confusion ruffle its great courtesy, or dim its vision of timeless values. The fiftieth birthday of the Chogyal of Sikkim falls on May 22. Palden Thondup Namgyal is the 12th consecrated ruler of Sikkim; his dynasty has held sway longer than the Romanoffs and the Bourbons; the Namgyals have held the turbulent kingdom together since the 13th Century. This interview is a fiftieth anniversary birthday tribute to the ageless Sikkim, and only incidentally touches on the recent political crisis.

term for Sikkim stands for a *new house*. They made it their home. They came to belong to this place. They found happiness here. A friend who had taught Harlem children and who did a spell of teaching at our Tattanzchen school never tires of saying how open, how happy, how eager to reach out are our children, be they Rais or Lepchas or Bhutiyas, they are all mountain people, unlike the hurt and the indrawn and wilted children of the big cities.

The Chogyal came in, he was in an ordinary *bokho*; the spectacular silk robes that he is seen wearing in portraits are ceremonial ones that he wears far less often than a republican Indian Judge puts on his wigs or a Lt-General his stars. There were no loud blasts of the bugle, nor a smashing together of military boots by any guard, as Chogyal Palden Thondup Namgyal — described by *Himalayan Observer* of Kalimpong as "that bloodthirsty tyrant" — sauntered into his library. JD had laid the scarf for presentation to the Chogyal beside him on a table, but the 12th consecrated Namgyal greeted him so lightly and affably that JD was still fushing with his hands for the scarf when the Chogyal lowered himself into a very modern, very Scandinavian chair, and the moment for the scarf-ritual was gone. The Chogyal is chubby; looks many years younger than fifty; has the ruddiness of the outdoorsman. He jumps up and waves his arms and paces around when the conversation is congenial, as when the talk veers to, say, of the bravery and patriotism of the Swiss, or the cunning and enterprise of some Chinese or Indian trader in getting around the customs.

JD: You have had a most interesting childhood, Your Highness, having been a prince and a monk and a —

THE CHOGYAL: Yes, I have been a boy in his house under an Irish nanny and a monk in the monastery at Enchay. Although the monastery was only up there, I was rarely allowed to come into the house. Then I was in a monastery in Tibet; there we novices could go out once every fortnight for a bath in the park.

THE GYALMO: Do tell Jyoti about the time you tried to come into the house saying it was your birthday and they sent you back.

THE CHOGYAL: They did not send me back.

THE GYALMO: I thought you said they did.

THE CHOGYAL: Oh, no. I had come to the Tsuklakhan (the palace chapel) from the monastery and when they asked me what was I doing there, I said I have



LONG LIVE
THE
CHOGYAL



come because it was my birthday.

JD : Poor monk-prince ! They ought to have let you stay.

THE CHOGYAL : They said : "it isn't your birthday." It wasn't. But they let me visit the family.

JD : Do you think the monastery has left its imprint on you ?

THE CHOGYAL : Oh, yes. I was moulded by the Buddhist way. My love for truth, love for asceticism, I mean I am certainly not an ascetic or anything of the kind now. (He looks at the red wine he is sipping and shrugs.) I sure lead a full life. But you see I don't go about dropping diamonds and rubies and I.

THE GYALMO : I think he picked up his detachment from the monastery. He is a true Buddhist in his non-attachment.

JD : I would say you do have a rather homely style of ruling. Everyone can come into the palace and speak to you. I am stuck by the absence of great economic disparities in Sikkim ; there are very few beggars, there are no millionaires. You seem to be the father of a cheerful and, despite the recent troubles, happy family.

THE CHOGYAL. (huskily) : You really mean that ?

JD : Indeed, everyone I have spoken to, including very frightened Nepalese, think their Chogyal is warmhearted and fair. Only, there are some who think that the Chogyal is surrounded by a coterie of narrowminded advisers.

THE CHOGYAL. (moved to tears) You think they love me ?

JD : Yes, Sikkimese of all communities do love you.

THE CHOGYAL : I don't know what to say.

(He goes out and returns with a large white handkerchief.)

THE GYALMO : Just before April 4, before the official birthday, there were special issues of two magazines, *Navjyoti*, published by the Youth Library of Gangtok and another magazine, I will give you the name in a moment, with touching poems on the Chogyal and all this is by Nepalese kids. And you ought to be here at three in the afternoon. Children from the school below swarm all over the place, run about in the bedroom. On the National Day, we have to take out all the furniture to make room for the children. And adults too. Nobody in Sikkim thinks of races.

JD : National Day ? When is it ?

THE CHOGYAL : The full moon that falls in the second half of August or the first half of September.

JD : What does it commemorate ? The coronation of the first Namgyal ? Some famous victory ?

THE CHOGYAL : It is in honour of Kanchendzongha.

JD : In honour of Kanchendzongha ? I would like to join the celebration. I had thought the National Day might be in honour of your legendary Khye-Bhumsa, the first of your line, who came here in the 13 Century.

THE CHOGYAL : Khye-Bhumsa, or "the man with the strength of a thousand". He was called that because he set in place the four immense pillars of the Sakya monastery. He didn't do it with his bare hands. I am sure he used levers and pulleys.

JD : In the Thirteenth Century. The Namgyals have been around longer than the Hapsburgs, the Bourbons, the Romanoffs. And you have held together a most turbulent country. Sikkim used to be quite big, but everyone had been nibbling at it, the most recent loss being the Chumbi valley. Have you any special feeling about it ?

THE CHOGYAL : It is a beautiful valley, wider than Yuchthung. Go north, have a look at the Lachung Valley. You will get a fair idea of the valley on the other side of the pass. You know, the Chumbi meadows were ours, but the Tibetans too had certain rights on them, and there was to have been a hearing of a dispute over our rights presided by the Chinese Amban. The Tibetans saw to it that we did not get word of the hearing in time, so that the Amban decided it, or, as you would say these days, *ex parte*.

JD : Poor Sikkim. It seems your claims have been overlooked whenever your big neighbours divided the spoils. Sikkim took part in the Sino-Tibetan invasion of Nepal but she got no share of the booty. Then she was an ally of the British in the Anglo-Nepalese war of 1814, but in the treaty of Titalia not only was the Sikkim-Nepal boundary fixed contrary to Sikkim's wishes, but the British kept the Sikkimese land around Titalia that they retrieved from the Nepalese. And how often has she been overrun by outsiders ! Compared to, say, Switzerland, which resembles your situation rather closely, your history has been crowded with wars and excursions.

THE CHOGYAL : Do you think Switzerland has had no trouble ? Do you think the Swiss are pacific ? Do you think they do not have to pay a price for their seclusion and independence ?

JD : They have managed to keep out of wars.

THE CHOGYAL : How did they do it ? Have you ever driven through Switzerland ?

JD : I haven't even been there.

THE CHOGYAL : You ought to go to see how prepared they are to defend their country. There are guns sunk into the



The Gyalmo.

sides of mountains. There are anti-tank traps. Everyone has got military training. You know Hitler was keen on taking Switzerland, but his generals told him it would cost him a million German lives to storm that lump of rock.

JD : What is the size of the Sikkim guards ?

THE CHOGYAL : What ?

JD : How many men are there in the Sikkim guards ?

THE CHOGYAL : Three hundred.

JD : In your police ?

THE CHOGYAL : Three hundred and fifty.

THE GYALMO : We spend eleven lakhs on the guards. We spend much more on education and health and social services. Twelve per cent of the budget on education.

Tuesday afternoon. The conversation is continued on the palace lawn, where Gyalmo Hope Namgyal, Princess Yangchen and a friend sat under a blossoming tree, on rugs and cushions, with the prospectuses of various women's colleges in America strewn around them.

8 *The Gyalmo had been giving the friends of her stepdaughter tips on admission to American college.*

JD : You are a Sarah Lawrence graduate ?

THE GYALMO : Yes.

JD : You enjoyed Sarah Lawrence ?

THE GYALMO : Yes, it is a very free kind of a school, with no external restriction on your reading or conduct ; so you have to steer on your own. You become involved in what you study. And it is rooted in your experience. For instance, you are studying drama. You find yourself going beyond the books to the living world of drama of New York. All New York is your school.

JD : How do you feel about that faraway world ? About jets ? And five-star hotels ? And subways ?

THE GYALMO : I just love cement. Oh, I like the thunder of jets. Not five-star hotels no, but do I like subways ! I love the big city.

JD : And how do you feel about Sikkim ? About Gangtok ?

THE GYALMO : How is one to describe the feeling of connectedness that I get here. The strong earthly feeling of this place. I like the rain, the smells, the trees, the faces of the people, the roots, the berries. Oh, it is no Shangrila, oh,

no. Many people come up, say from New York, with the wrong notions expecting to get high on Buddhism, or on spiritualism, or, you know, the rest. But I tell them, that things are so earthy here that Sikkim can ground you.

JD: Do you feel royal bokhu pressing too tightly on you? Do you feel conscripted?

THE GYALMO: No, not precisely conscripted. I go anywhere I like with the children, but, of course, I am continually observed. One can't be a leisurely observer if one has the feeling of being continually watched oneself. There are times one misses anonymity.

JD: In a small place like Gangtok no one can really be anonymous. But you are conspicuous also because you are a symbol. Has this involved much compromise on your part?

THE GYALMO: Well, all marriages involve a certain adjustment. One cannot have the absolute freedom of the single individual. When you fit yourself into something like this, you do relinquish certain freedoms, but in moments of weakness as an individual, in those dark times when you, I mean.

JD: I understand. We all have such phases.

THE GYALMO: Right. It is then that the structure helps to sustain you.

JD: May I ask you a question which I would have asked the first thing had I been doing this for a women's magazine?

THE GYALMO: You have my permission.

JD: Were there any problems in adjusting to an eastern household and to your stepchildren?

THE GYALMO: You know the first real person in Sikkim, the first one to make me feel at home, feel connected with things here, was little Princess Yangchen when I came out here that first time.

JD: She is a very beautiful girl. She is what one would imagine a Himalayan princess of fairytale to be. Only, what is so wrong about fairytales are that they are so harsh, so cruel, on the stepmother.

THE GYALMO: That's right. All the fairytales are weighted against the stepmother. They implant a very primitive hatred against the poor woman. Once, talking to friends in New York, we suddenly discovered that all five of us were stepmothers and that is the way our world is. We decided to form an anti-stepmother defamation league, and rewrite the fairytales of the world....

Wednesday. Lunch on the lawn with the Chogyal and the Gyalmo.

THE CHOGYAL: You still here? I thought you were at Yuchthung!

JD: The Political Office has not yet given me permission to go up.

THE CHOGYAL: Show them the treaty. Article Seven.

JD: I have it by heart. "Subjects of Sikkim shall have the right of entry into, and free movement, in India, and Indian nationals shall have the right of entry into, and free movement within, Sikkim."

THE CHOGYAL: So, why don't you go?

JD: Wait. They have not only said I can't go to North Sikkim, but not to the west, the east or the south either. I am, so to say, interned at Gangtok. Had I the time, I would have gone to all the places they say I can't go. The Press in India is free. But I think I can use better the few hours I have in learning more about you. Is it a fact that you took the first two jeeps into Tibet?

THE CHOGYAL: Ach. I should have kept the fabulous number plates with me. I could have made some money had I sold them. The number was LHASA and then zero zero zero and then one. That was my jeep. LHASA zero zero zero and then two, that was my driver's. LHASA zero zero zero and then three. That was the Indian Resident's. And that was about the entire private automobile fleet of Lhasa.

JD: How did you carry them over the high passes?

THE CHOGYAL: We had them dismantled, and then reassembled them piece by piece at Phari.

JD: How was driving on the roof of the world?

THE CHOGYAL: Wait till you hear about my driving test. The first thing the Chinese asked me was what was the difference between a four-stroke and a two-stroke engine.

JD: I don't know that; they would have failed me.

THE CHOGYAL: I said, let us go on to the next question. I did famously with the actual driving till we came to a narrow bridge and the Chinese beside me suddenly went mad. He said stop stop stop, now threateningly, now pleadingly, now disconsolately, so I stopped the jeep, so that he wouldn't have a heart attack. Imagine my shock then when this Peking man turns with a triumphant leer and asks me why did I stop! "Don't you know that whatever the emergency," says this character, "you can't stop within ten meters of a bridge?"

JD: It is just the opposite with Mao's new allies. I took a test in the United States where the policeman beside me growled stop and I, being warned beforehand, just smashed the brake taking my feet off both accelerator and clutch and the policeman hit the windshield with his head. But he was so



happy. That was a real emergency stop! None of that smooth, sibilant stops, clutch and brake in harmony, for a crisis. You are failed if you don't stop with a bump. Would you say the test was another example of Chinese wile?

THE CHOGYAL: I like that wile. I had a friend, a Calcutta Chinese who couldn't import any shoes because of the punishing 100% duty. But he wasn't the one to be defeated by a stupid restriction like that. He bought a huge lot of shoes from Italy and England and France and sent them in two shipments to Calcutta and Bombay. All the right-foot ones to Calcutta and the left ones to Bombay.

JD: Yes?

THE CHOGYAL: And then he didn't claim the lot. The customs put them on auction, and who would buy odd shoes, except my dear friend, whose name you mustn't quote, who bought them up for 10% of the price he had originally paid, and he matched the lot and sold them at leisure.

JD: Three cheers for the man who beat the bureaucracy.

THE CHOGYAL: This is no Chinese monopoly. There is an Indian trader here who quite lawfully defrauded the Bank of China of hundreds of thousands of Ren-Ming-Piao. And then did anyone tell you of how the Indians who had made piles of silver and gold from the Tibet trade get their wealth across the border into India? When Jawaharlal Nehru paid his memorable visit to these hills, they hired lorries and waited till his motorcade came to the Rangpo bridge and then slid into the tail of the procession, shouting *Panditji ki jail! Panditji ki jail!*

JD: Marvellous. Your sympathy seems to be with the men who pit themselves against the machine. These are some heartwarming successes, but aren't they rare?

THE CHOGYAL: Oh no. There is the friend who beat...

JD: I am talking of little states and vast cultural and political movements like the tides now sweeping up the plains of China and India. Do you have much of a chance against the relentless pressure?

THE CHOGYAL: Well, the London Times says this is an anachronistic lamaistic regime.

JD: And here is a Delhi weekly say-

ing that the Galymo is to blame. But isn't there some truth in the charge that the Sikkimese Council is not truly representative of the people?

THE CHOGYAL: All that is a matter for discussion. But while the agitators ask for more power, they don't use the legislative powers they already have. Did I veto any legislation ever?

JD: But that does not weaken the case for a more representative council.

THE CHOGYAL: If you love the country, and wish to make Sikkim your home, all reforms will come sooner or later. But we now know who our friends are. And who are the mercenaries.

JD: I hope there will be no vendetta.

THE CHOGYAL: No, no... only there will be a scar. We die. We pass on. The country is for ever. But history too will record what has gone by. I tell the Indian administrator to take note. The Indian dewan has been our Chief Executive for twenty years. Now Mr Das has come. If, despite the firm hands of Mr Chopra and Mr Das, the relations of Sikkim with India are not what they should be, who is to blame for that?

JD: It is my impression that all sections of the Sikkimese are happy that the Indian Army is in charge now. Are you?

THE CHOGYAL: Of course, I did not want a blood bath. But now that the CRP is here, why is the JAC flag flying in Singtam?

JD: Are you accusing India of partisanship?

THE CHOGYAL: I am merely referring to the facts. Mr Das says that things are normal. Then why were no revenue men, who had gone out to pay the monthly salaries, sent back from the south? Why does the army allow free movement of JAC volunteers? Volunteers? They are all poor people who have been beaten and dragged to Gangtok. And these so-called volunteers have been given transport and succour. Don't ask me. Go to the Political Office. Or go and ask Mr Das. Now I am described as a despot suffering from dementia praecox.

JD: One last question. Do you want a revision of the treaty of 1950 with India?

THE CHOGYAL: I want no mention of the subject till the restoration of law and order. Sikkim must have peace first, before we can think of anything else.

Jyotirmoy Datta





EYE CARE

PART ONE

Healthy eyes are lovely eyes' — nothing can be truer than this maxim. No amount of make-up can hide tired, watery, yellow eyes.

A well-balanced diet — green leafy vegetables and plenty of milk — will go a long way in keeping your eyesight sharp. Supplement your diet with synthetic vitamin 'A' and 'B' Complex if there is a need (Don't treat yourself, let your doctor be the judge!) to make sure that you get adequate amounts of health giving substances.

Too much reading, too many late nights, can all lead to eye strain and make your eyes red and puffy. No make-up, however skilfully applied, can really hide the dark circles under your eyes. While this can be due to hereditary factors or poor general health, very often, the simple remedy is adequate sleep. The idea is to give the eyes as much relaxation as possible, specially with the grit and grime of the cities making them tired and red.

If you get styes in your eyes regularly, it is either because of heat in the system or because of eye strain. In either case, consult a doctor.

Frequent headaches and a watering of the eyes, squinting in the sunlight or the inability to read bus numbers or film advertisements all indicate that you are short-sighted. Forget about vanity and see a good ophthalmologist immediately. Contrary to popular opinions, doctors are not happy to see young people sporting spectacles and if yours is a borderline case, they will definitely prescribe a course of vitamins to correct your eyesight. Sometimes you need to wear spectacles only for a year or two. However, wear them regularly to the office, on the road and at home (and with your date!) — in fact, all the time — if you really want to protect your eyes.

If you do suffer from short sight and not simple eye strain, then get powered dark glasses. Choose a frame that suits your face, but remember, the quality of the glass is more important than the shape. The more reputed shops do not always have the latest in shapes, but at least the quality is good. Never buy dark glasses from the many small shops on the roadside, even if they look good, they will actually ruin your eyes instead of protecting them.

If you go for contact lenses, they will

hurt and irritate in the beginning as the eye is not used to having a foreign body on it. But if you persevere, you will get used to them. Soft lenses are very popular in the United States, but they are still not available here.

To feel comfortable in contact lenses, remember a few basic rules:

Give your eyes time to breathe as often as possible: never wear them when sleeping.

Visit your specialist for a quarterly, then half-yearly, then yearly check-up without fail.

Many use water or even their spittle to moisten the lenses. This is the best way to encourage bacterial infection in the eye. Always use the special eye lotion given by the doctor.

Use eye make-up first, then put on your lenses.

Don't use blush on that contains powdered mica or any other metal. This can harm your eyes and your lenses. This goes for glittery *bindi* too.

To keep your eyes healthy:

Never read while lying down. This will only cause eye strain, but give you a double chin as well.

Never take a book to your face or bring the face to the book. Sit upright but relaxed while reading. This will also help reduce your paunch.

Never read in very dim or very bright light. Do not read or write at night with the shade on the book.

Do not stitch or embroider anything at night or for long periods.

Get at least eight hours sleep every night.

Rest your eyes in a darkened room for 10-15 minutes every day, especially in summer.

Eat plenty of food that contains vitamin 'A', like carrots, and drink at least one glass of milk a day.

Drink either fruit juice or plain water — about four or five glasses — every day to flush the system. Boil 10 glasses of water with two tablespoons *sauni* (fennel). When the water changes colour, remove from fire and cool. Strain and drink this water whenever you feel thirsty. Another good flusher is coconut water first thing in the morning every day, if you can afford it.

When your eyes hurt, never press or rub them, this will only make them redder. Just put in a few drops of eye lotion and relax.



in our fashion



The campus look of today can be summarized quite simply as being one of casual comfort. Not that students were particularly formal about what they wore before, but now there is more of a defiance and an abandon in what is considered appropriate to go to college in.

This is particularly true of women's colleges, where rules governing dress have been eased to such an extent by students that there can be no more restrictions, except on paper. Pants are the norm, with

tops ranging from kurtas, shirts and dyed genjis to boutique smocks and imported T-shirts. The range is disparate — pants can be cheap: denim at Rs. 5 per metre or terycrepe at Rs. 35-40; shirts can be inexpensive readymades in khadi, cotton or genji material or in teryvolle; occasional ingenuity is shown when lungis now out of fashion are cut up for shirts, and last year's kurtas for tucked in tops; shoes and bags too range from the seven-rupee local acquisitions to imported wet-leather slings and colourful clodhoppers.

On the other hand, co-educational colleges show more of a restraint in displaying current fads. The accepted attire is simple saris in handloom and the occasional "awaaj". Pants gets a friendly "awaj". Pants with kurtas are also accepted, and are in a similar style to male counterparts. Going back to women's institutions, a whole host of other forms of dress are sported — lehengas and occasional lungis, kurtas with churidars are still to be seen; maxi skirts and maxi dresses with hair let down together with so many other inhibitions of the past.

TEXT: Rita Bhambhani
PHOTO: Biswaraj Bhambhani



ROBIN MAUGHAM

Diary on a mind

June 15, Friday

Antol came in to me this morning while I was shaving, which is unusual. I shall be very glad when he has left England which has had a definitely bad effect on him.

At three o'clock Mrs. Glover telephoned up to say how sorry she was to be losing Antol. And Mr. Glover offered to refund the remaining portion of the term's fees. This offer I declined after examining their contract.

7 p.m.

Harrington has returned without Antol. He waited outside the school for an hour and then entered the building. Mrs. Glover informed him that Antol was no longer in the building and must have gone to the house of one of the other boys. I seriously disapprove of this. Antol *knows* that I do not allow him into strange houses.

7.30 p.m.

Still no sign of Antol. Katzi is beginning to get worried.

I have telephoned Mrs. Glover who informs me that after the half-term party some of the boys are invited to supper at the houses of others and Antol may not have told me.

This I discount utterly.

10 p.m.

No news. Antol has still not appeared. I have rung Mrs. Glover who seems unconcerned.

11 p.m.

I have just put down the receiver from talking to Mrs. Glover. There is still no news of Antol. Mrs. Glover has now communicated with the police.

I can hear Katzi crying, as I write. Our own agents have tried to contact Swale without effect. My worst fear is that Antol has been kidnapped by our enemies who will use him for political purposes.

11.30 p.m.

The news has just been given to me by Mr. Glover that the boy Micky Fulop is also missing. I suspect that this is a bluff.

11.45 p.m.

Swale has telephoned from a call-box. Both the Fulops appear to be worried because their son has not returned from school. Swale has overheard them talking alone, and therefore, this cannot be a clever bluff on their part. I have contacted the agents of our Friends Next Door and informed them of what has

happened.

June 16, Saturday

Katzi and I were awake all night. No news of any kind. Both Mr. and Mrs. Glover now seem concerned, but think the children have left on some prank. They appear to place some confidence in their local police, who have alerted other police stations.

11 a.m.

Still no news. Katzi and I are desperate.

6 p.m.

Mr. Glover has telephoned to say that the police think they have picked up a clue.

A pastry shop in Brighton was broken into in the small hours of this morning. Two small boys were seen escaping with some cakes.

I have discussed this with Katzi who thinks Antol might have taken the train from Victoria, because when we flew into London we arrived at Victoria Air Terminal.

Katzi and I are going down to Brighton in hopes.

June 17, Sunday, Brighton

Although we have searched all day, we have found nothing.

An awkward incident occurred when we ran straight into the Fulops in the lounge of the Albion Hotel. Needless to say, neither Katzi nor I showed any sign of recognition, and walked clean past them. In their efforts to disguise themselves as British, the Fulops were wearing heavy, tweed clothing though it was a warm evening.

Why are degenerate people so often tall?

June 18, Monday



ending

This afternoon we heard news from Mrs. Glover. The police have traced Antol and probably the boy Fulop with him to Southampton.

It appeared that early this morning two small boys went into a jeweller's shop in Southampton and the smaller one took from his pocket an Order of Stalin Second Class which he presented to the jeweller, saying his father had given it to him to sell.

When the jeweller inquired how much he wanted for it, the boy said seven shillings. The jeweller examined the Order and discovered that it was of solid gold (naturally). He asked the boys to wait for a while, went into the next room, and telephoned the police.

But when he reappeared they had vanished.

I have now discovered by telephoning our embassy that my Order of Stalin Second Class is missing from the drawer in my bedroom, and therefore, I am convinced that Antol must be in Southampton.

Harrington will drive us there immediately.

June 19, Tuesday, Southampton

No sign of Antol although the local police have been alerted.

Our chauffeur, Harrington, had trouble with the police on the way for speeding, but I produced my card showing that I had Diplomatic Immunity.

Photographs of the Fulop boy have already been circulated to all police stations, and I have now consented to allow photographs of Antol to appear.

Thursday

The worst yet since the disappearance.

A woman from a village in Wiltshire saw two children walking along the lane near her house. Having read the reports

in the Press and seen their photographs, she recognised them. She, therefore, invited the two boys into her small cottage where she lives alone, persuaded them into a back room, and locked them in so that she could fetch the police, and gain the reward which the misguided Fulops have offered.

While she was away the two children, finding themselves locked in, must have suspected they were trapped, and panicked. For they broke out. One of them must have ripped open his arm or some limb, because a trail of blood was found leading from the broken window along the path for a distance of some thirty yards.

Katzi is desperately upset.

We drive in Wiltshire this afternoon

Lower Ogbourne, Friday

We put up at the largest hotel we could find, but it was much smaller than the Albion at Brighton and very dirty. To our disgust we saw in the visitors' book the entry "Mr and Mrs. Arthur Fulton." We were about to change our hotel when they appeared in the hallway.

My wife, resourceful as ever, turned on her heel and walked into the dining room with me following her. But such people have no tact, and a few minutes later the so-called Fultons entered the dining room, which contained only four or five tables, and sat down without even looking at us and ordered themselves a whole bottle of whisky -- as if one glass were not enough.

We took little notice of them, but later were forced to. Into the dining-room there suddenly walked two policemen who, with scant attention to us, walked over to their table and began interrogating the Fulops about the behaviour of Swale their chauffeur, who had caused an ugly incident in the local inn round the corner.

Lest Swale be dismissed, I was forced to intervene in the argument. I explained (perhaps not wholly truthfully) that the reason Swale had hit my chauffeur Harrington was because of some minor difference of opinion for which I would accept complete responsibility and over which I would claim Diplomatic Immunity. The police appeared entirely satisfied. And as soon as they had left I was able to break short my disagreeable encounter with Arpad and Ilona Fulop.

No more trace of Antol. He has now been missing for a week.

Saturday

A lorry driver has appeared at the local police station saying that he gave a lift to two children on his way to Exeter and only saw their photographs in the paper subsequently and realised their



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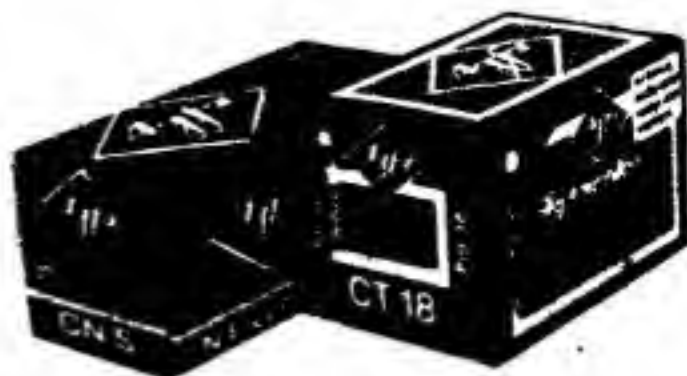
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identity.

Katzi is grievously disturbed by the lorry driver's report that one of the boys had his arm in a sling, and seemed pale. The police do not seem to know which boy it was.

At breakfast this morning, I noticed that both the Fulops appeared worried, and Arpad Fulop constantly asked the waiter for the time. I am surprised he has not got a watch of his own — perhaps for all his expensive tweeds and lavish drink orders, his cargo boats may not be prospering.

Both Katzi and I feel that we must get ahead of the Fulops because their fast driving and bungling with the police generally may get us into trouble. And we consider it essential that we should reach Antol before their contaminating hands draw near him.

Exeter, Sunday

Having searched the town all day without result. No news from the police who seem rather hostile to us. I cannot think why.

Monday

This afternoon I was informed by the police that yesterday two boys approached a sailor in Plymouth, and one of them offered to sell him a gold wrist-watch encrusted with emeralds for seventeen shillings and sixpence. The sailor realised that he had found a bargain and bought the wrist-watch there and then for fifteen shillings.

The sailor was subsequently questioned by a jeweller to whom he attempted to sell the wrist-watch for three pounds ten shillings this morning.

It now appears that the wrist-watch was the property of Arpad Fulop.

We leave for Plymouth this afternoon. So, unfortunately, do the Fulops who have heard the news from the police. But I have instructed Joe Swale to make sure the Fulops stay at the Duke of Cornwall.

Katzi and I will stay at the Continental. Plymouth, Tuesday

No news.

But I stole a march on the Fulops by bribing Swale to introduce me to the sailor whom the boys approached.

The sailor was very stupid and uninformative and somewhat the worse for drink. He does not seem to have been able to distinguish between one child and the other.

Katzi is desperately worried in case it was Antol's arm in the sling.

Wednesday

The sailor appeared again this evening and says that he can remember that one child asked him the best way to get to Land's End, and he advised them to take

the bus to Truro.

At last I have stolen a march on the Fulops, because this information is known to Swale and to Katzi and me, and to us alone.

Thursday

To my horror I have discovered that our chauffeur is a paid lackey of the Fascists.

No sooner had I asked Harrington to look up on his map, to make certain that Truro was indeed on the road to Land's End, than he asked himself to be excused. I allowed him a quarter of an hour for this purpose, only to discover that he had spent it in contacting the Fulops at their hotel and selling them the secret.

This I have discovered from Swale, who is now in hospital after assaulting Harrington. Swale in his turn has been grievously wounded by Harrington.

I am glad to hear that Harrington broke his ankle when the gallant Swale knocked him down the steps of the hotel. Harrington is also in hospital.

I shall drive the Cadillac myself. There is nothing else for it.

Truro, Friday

No trace of Antol.

We decided to stay at the Red Lion and found the Fulops there ahead of us, Fulop having passed my Cadillac on the road driving his Bentley like a lunatic.

We shall leave an hour before dawn in order to get ahead of him. But Katzi is feeling very tired, and I could do with some sleep.

Antol has now been missing for a fortnight.

I started this report, my last despatch, by saying that I would begin with the entries in my diary. But here my entries end.

However, if you are to understand the reasons for my decision, I must tell you what happened that next day.

Katzi and I arose an hour before dawn, as planned.

We had paid our bill the night before, so it did not matter that there was no one about in the hotel. However, being unused to driving the Cadillac, I knocked into the side of the garage door on leaving, which made a certain amount of noise. This awoke the Fulops, who, I learned later, looked out of their hotel window to see my car vanishing.

Immediately they gave chase, knowing from the infidel Harrington's report that my destination was Land's End.

Throughout that morning of desperate driving our cars would pass and repass each other.

As we approached Penzance I noticed that a policeman mounted on a motor-bicycle seemed interested in our move-

ments. And as we approached Land's End the lanes grew narrower. Then came the accident.

In swerving to avoid a peasant I braked violently, locked the wheels in a skid, and punctured my front tyre. The peasant muttered at me in a strange dialect, and walked away, while Katzi and I got out to inspect the damage.

At that moment there was a loud noise behind us of hooting, and the Bentley driven by Arpad Fulop (Arthur Fulton) drove up.

Indignantly Fulop and his wife rushed out of the car and demanded why we were obstructing their progress on what they termed the "Queen's highway."

Boldly and in our precise language, I explained what had occurred. Fulop brushed past me and examined my car, assuring me that he was an expert in motor-cars of every make. He discovered that I had wrenched my steering wheel, that both my front tyres were punctured, and that in addition my Cadillac had run out of petrol, the unspeakable Harrington having forgotten to fill her up at our last port of call before his accident.

I explained to Fulop that there was nothing I could do about it, and that if he wished to pass me he could do so.

"You clot," he said. "How can I pass you when your car is blocking the whole road?"

This indeed was the case, I therefore excused myself and suggested to Katzi that we should walk forward in order to find some other means of conveyance. At this moment to my amazement, Katzi, for the first time in many years, lost her temper.

"You pig-headed old fool," she shouted at me.

Then she rushed to Ilona Fulop (Helen Fulton), and dragged her to the back of the Bentley.

An instant later, both ladies reappeared, and — there is no other phrase to describe it — turned on their husbands.

"What do we care about your tiresome, beastly politics?" Katzi cried.

And Ilona Fulop added: "You men have made such a mess of the world that it's time we women did something about it."

When Fulop and I attempted to remonstrate, their excitement grew all the more intense. From the garbled and insulting words of our wives, we could sometime glean phrase such as: "Don't stand there just gaping."

"Do something about it."

"Get the car off the road."

18 Arthur Fulop seemed as confused and amazed as I was.

"But how?" he asked. "How do we get the car off the road?"

"By pushing it, you idiot. Pushing it into the ditch," his wife cried.

I was amazed to find that Fulop (Fulton) responded to this. And immediately he and his wife, together with Katzi, began heaving at the car to push it into the ditch.

Suddenly I saw the point of their operation. If we pushed the Cadillac into the ditch the road would be clear and we could all drive on in the Bentley. I decided to lend my weight to their effort.

After three minutes of pushing, with one last heave, the car lurched slowly over into the ditch and the road was clear.

We were just climbing into the Bentley, when a large policeman appeared on a motor-bicycle and addressed himself to Fulton.

"I've been after you for the last five miles," he said. "And now I've caught you. You've been speeding, you've damaged a lamp-post, and there's nothing for it. You will have to come back with me to the station."

Fulton moved his face close to my ear.

"You've got to hit him," he said.

"You've got Diplomatic Immunity."

I am a small man. I looked up at the policeman. He seemed very tall and far away. But there was nothing for it. I stamped violently on his toe, and, as he doubled up in pain, I hit him smartly under the chin. He fell back into the ditch. We jumped into the Bentley and drove on.

When we reached the outskirts of the little village called Land's End, we asked a man outside the pub if he had seen two children wandering about.

"I've seen two kids as might be foreigners," he said, looking at us. "They went down there."

He pointed towards the west — where a line of fishermen's cottages straggled down to the Atlantic Ocean.

"Come to think of it, I think I saw one go into that last cottage right down there," he said in afterthought.

We hurried on, and drove up outside a small, white, double-storeyed fisherman's cottage standing all alone.

We leapt out of the car and battered on the door and an old peasant woman with a shawl round her shoulders came out.

"Have you seen our child?" I was going to ask, when Fulton interrupted me.

"Have you seen my child or this gentleman's child?" he asked.

The old woman looked him up and down, then looked at my city suit. Then she looked at the long Bentley.

"No," she said.

"Then have you seen no children?"

Katzi asked. And Ilona Fulton added: "Haven't you seen two kids?"

"Two kids?" the old woman said. "Why didn't you ask that at first, I thought you said a gentleman's child. Why, yes. Two kids arrived this afternoon. Poor little mites, they were so tired they couldn't even eat. All they wanted was sleep. And my old man's out fishing with the boats, so just put them upstairs to rest their poor tired little bones on our bed. They're up there now if you want to see them."

I don't know what we said, or if we said anything. But I know that all four of us rushed up the wooden stairs which led from their main room below and came into a long, low room lit by a single window.

And there, lying on the bed, right at the end of the room, sprawled out fast asleep, were our two children, stretched out flat in strange attitudes of exhaustion — with just their hands touching.

Now you will not approve of what follows....

Our two boys were sleeping so soundly there was no point in waking them — though from the way Katzi and Helen Fulton cried at seeing them safe and well you would have thought they would awaken the dead. But the two children still slept deeply.

So we went downstairs to wait for them to wake up. And Arthur Fulton produced a bottle of whisky from the back of his car. And we were so wrought up that even I needed a drink for once. So we all had a few drinks. And so did the old woman. And so did her husband when he came back from his fishing.

And then we started talking.

Well, Katzi and I have decided to stay in England for the time being.

I am a fully qualified accountant, as you know, so I can earn a living. And Antol can stay on with Micky at the Glovers's excellent school.

Arthur Fulton has kindly offered me a job in his shipping firm. But I'm not going to accept — because I don't quite approve of the way he's taken to running it now.

Ever since Arthur Fulton started to read the *Daily Worker*, the *New Statesman*, and *Tribune*, he's introduced a lot of new joint-ownership and profit-sharing scheme into his business. I don't approve of. So I think I'll accept this job they've offered me in the new firm of multiple stores they've started in Oxford.

Arthur and I still argue, of course. I can't think what he sees in Karl Marx. But he says that if I once believed the stuff, there must be something in it. And that's why I'm reading the works of Rudyard Kipling.

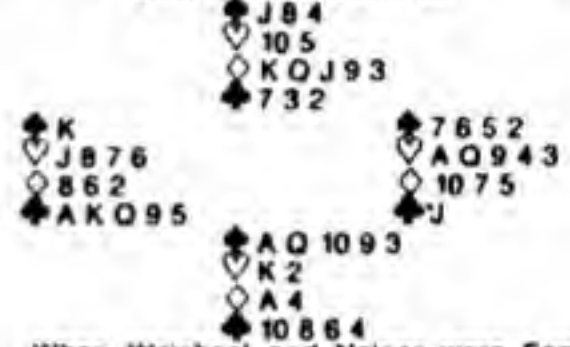
Concluded.

BRIDGE by TERENCE REESE

THE YOUNG Precision team that won the Spingold Trophy two years running in America has triumphed again in the Vanderbilt Cup, beating the world champion Aces on the way. It shows what a difference it makes when a team trains as a unit, for America surely has many players who individually would be considered equal to the members of the Precision team.

The Precision players had a fairly charmed life when defending the Spingold Trophy. They won one match by one match point and the final by 7. As it happened, they gained just that number as a result of farsighted defence on the following hand.

Dealer, South. Game all.



When Weichsel and Neiger were East-West the bidding went:

SOUTH	WEST	NORTH	EAST
1♣	2♣	2♣	No
No	No		

Weichsel began with two top clubs, his partner discarding the 5 of diamonds on the second round. It may seem natural to continue clubs, but West switched to a diamond. Declarer won in dummy and ran the 8 of spades to West's King. Another diamond was returned and South laid down the Queen of spades, discovering the break.

With nowhere to go, South led a club to West's 9. East won the next trick with the Ace of hearts and led a spade, removing dummy's last trump. East still had a trump when a diamond was led from dummy, and declarer had to lose a fourth club to go one down.

The quality of the defence can best be appreciated by considering the play at the other table where the contract was the same. There West cashed three top clubs and played a fourth round to kill the declarer's 10. When East failed to overruff dummy's 8 of spades South concluded that he did not hold the King. He therefore went up with the Ace of spades, dropping the singleton King, drew trumps, and ran the diamonds, making ten tricks for a score of 170.

You see, now, why West did not continue clubs at the first table? He realised that to do so would expose the trump situation and endanger his singleton King.



CHANGES in American postal rates have made necessary the addition of four values to the United Nations definitive series used on mail posted at the headquarters building in New York. The new stamps are for airmail correspondence and their designs are symbolic of flight. The 21-cent stamp (above) uses the jet-stream of an aircraft to form the initials "UN".

The issue is truly international: the stamps have been designed by Australian, Canadian, Israeli and Norwegian artists and printed in Finland, Japan and Spain.

Let there be more



Twenty-five years ago, Dev Anand started his conquest of audiences: today, his films still draw the maximum first-week crowds, even in comparison to younger stars who came later.

Amazingly, youthful in looks, Dev Anand's true secret is that "I always think about newer, vaster fields." He was already a superstar years ago, with Gita Bali as heroine, and when I asked him how it felt to act opposite her niece, the young newcomer Yogita Bali, as his screen sweetheart, he prefaced his answer with a typical sunny smile, "I love it! I love to work with new talent, young people, fresher blood!"

Most of his ideas are beyond the thought-confines of so many of his junior, who seem to resent newcomers. Not so Dev, "It is a very healthy trend for the industry if young talented people keep coming."

His sustenance-power is kept alive by his thirst for work. Work is his divine obsession. "The wheels of my thinking-machine run on work — work that has been done, is being done and has to be done", he explained.

"As a director, what is your approach to raw material?" I asked, knowing that he had brought so many newcomers, good ones, like Zeenat Aman, Satyajit, Gautam Sarin, etc. "Raw material invigorates my film-making ideas. My plan of work gets a spurt when I am given the responsibility and confidence of these new, untried talents. Their future is so vast, you have an ocean to plumb. Need I say that, "Hare Rama Hare Krishna" was so successful mostly because of my new players?"

It is not arrogance, but pride of achievement which gives him a vigorous confidence. And he was saying some very confident things now. "You'll never find a single bad performance in any of my films, by any player. I have tremendous confidence in my directorial capabilities. Even a young star who missed the mark in his earlier films is bound to show good work in the films I direct". Zaheeda could be an instance,

I thought.

Meet him and he has to talk of "Heera Panna", which he now has in hand. In gushing tones he says, "Heera Panna is my blood, my tears, my sweat and toil — my all". Dheeraj, who had aspired to hero-worth three years ago, and did not quite make it in four films, has an important villain's role in this film "Watch that boy — he loves to learn", was Dev's assessment.

Dev loves his work so much that it infects those working under him or with him. Another secret is, "I never get ruffled. To lose temper is to lose a lot of useful energy. Situations can be trying but I never let them get the better of my patience". "Devsaab, coaxes out of us such good work as we didn't know we could be capable of. He is so understanding, so kind, so-o-so God-like that he deserves the name Dev" — broke down a young man who owes a lot to Dev.

Another facet of his philosophy of film-making is contained in the declaration, "It's easy to get a break, but the point is, how many can sustain it? I tell you, not more than two or three. The failures should never bog you down though I admit success makes you work all the better".

"And now for the most significant question," I asked, "Zeenat Aman, the most notable of your young team — how did you really get such wonderful work from her, conceding that her accent and unIndian face could be drawbacks?"

"Zeenat? Why she is the only girl who would answer to every fibre of the Americanised Janice in "Hare Rama Hare Krishna". As for her performance, she was wonderful. Plus the fact that there is a basic unspoken understanding between us. She takes up quickly and marvellously the directions I deal out. Frankly, she too has the same obsessional attitude to work that I have. Together, we make a wonderful film-making force!"

Why else would Zeenat consider her role in his "Heera Panna" her best to date?

VIJAYA IRANI.

young blood





Khaas baat

It's all nonsense about Shatrughun Sinha and Zeenat having an affair. She says she's worked with him only for two and a half days, and he comes right out and proposes to her — in a shabby, stupid way at that. He keeps pestering her and phoning up from Goa. Since she has not answered a single call, he rings up her co-stars to beg her to tell him what's happened. "It's ridiculous, and disgusting, the vulgar way he tells people to play him up before me. I meant to treat his silly proposal, the way it deserves. But it's so infuriating to hear friends tell me to be sensible. Why doesn't anyone put sense in his head? I am not interested in him and never will be, with the type like him."

Unbelievable and possibly untrue. An ex-maid of a Bengali belle carried a house-secret too far. Said she to an interested starlet and prospective employer. "Babare, toba, Memsahab used to get drunk nightly and misbehave; she strips herself, gets abusive and passes out... we had to wait up to carry her into the bedroom at unearthly hours!" We know that she loves her drink, but not to these limits!

Nargis again. Seems she offered Zeenat a role for a Sunil Dutt-film. Zee's good sense prevailed. She refused because she would not like to be another handmaid of the Ajanta Arts Troupe, like Raakhee was turned into. Moreover, Sunil would not be too good for market-reasons. One morning, Nargis rang up Zee's mamma and shrieked into the phone: "You know whom your daughter (prefixed of course in true Nargis vocabulary) has refused? She has dared to refuse Nargis. She won't go too far, I tell you." Then she went on to colour the mother, for supposedly guiding the daughter on wrong paths. "You'll suffer," she screamed and banged the receiver. Zeenat's mother, it seems stopped suffering after she divorced her husband Aman, who was tempted into films by none other than Nargis in the yesteryear.

Shammi Kapoor related an incident which made him quake with rage. At a party, said he, La Tagore walked up to meek little Neela, 'my goodly sweet wife', and drawled: "I hear your husband is making a pornographic film, a blue film, you know, what a blue film is? Well, I think it will be banned!" Shammi went on: "My wife is the humble type. Had I known about it there I'd have told that cat: I am not like that, how can I make a blue film without casting you in it?"

The Zeenat scandal will be the umpteenth gimmic Shotgun will have pulled. He's doing it continuously, right from the time he wove a story about his fight with Shammi Kapoor and then Rajesh Khanna. And then there was his supposed affair with Yogita Bali who took him seriously; the supposed ditching also gave him a lot of publicity, and now he says who would have married that 74-56-75? Poor Komal is being taken on a ride. Seeing that Sharmila-Shatru link has got him no headlines, he started pitching his name with the much-in-demand Zeenat.

Another girl to be pitied in this razz-matazz is Simple Kapadia, who has taken to Shatru seriously.

Anil Dhawan and Yogi (Shatru's brother) were having a "lovely banter". Patting Anil's much reduced midriff, Yogi said: "He's lost that paunch, but can't lose his weight, he's still bulky." Anil explained: "If it was weight I could lose it, but I'm all muscle. I can't shed muscle."

The Sagar mini-industry; complete with Writer - producer - director - editor Papa Ramanand, Cameraman son Prem and Farm-manager Anand and Subhas are turning out a crop of four films. Also selling them at the wholesale rate of Rs. 32 lakhs for four, per territory! Papa Ramanand is a better businessman than film-maker, sons are better PROs than assistants!

AZED CROSSWORD

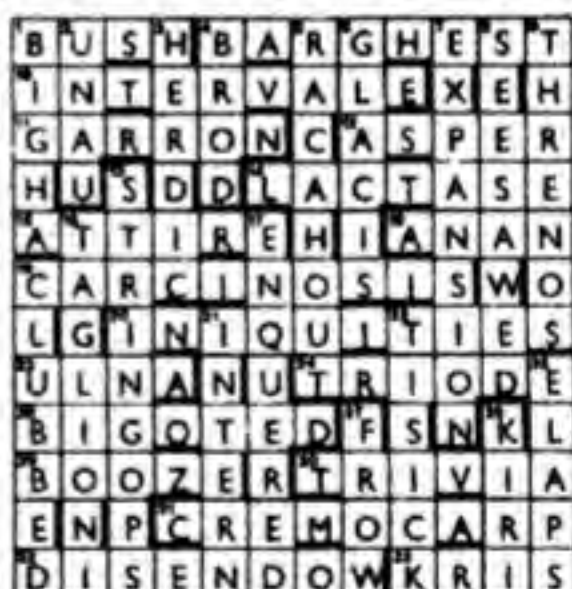
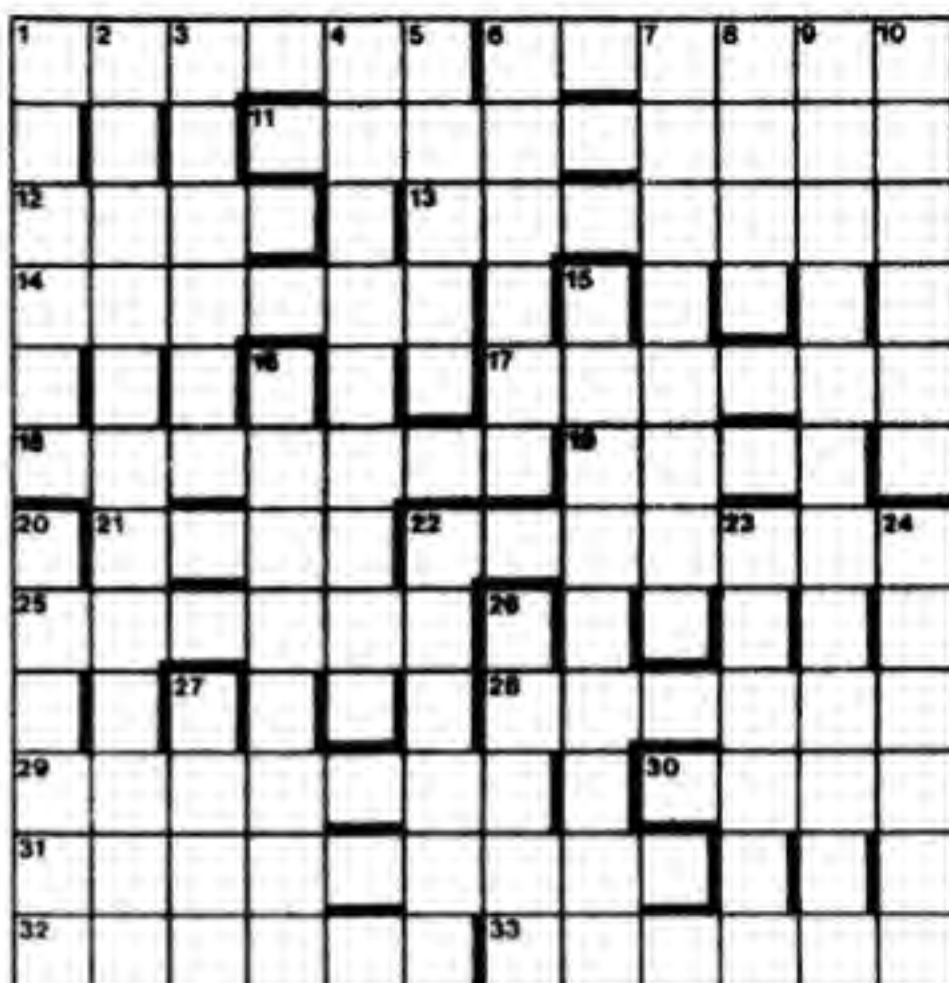
No. 10: PLAIN

ACROSS

- 1 Little fliers start home in returning jet (6)
- 6 Parking place: backing makes no difference (6)
- 11 One gets immersed in drunken oblivion for a dollar (9)
- 12 What plaintiff did in prosecution, literally this (4)
- 13 Do store fodder endlessly—here's something you can use (7)
- 14 Feeds up for Christmas numbers of duck? (6)
- 17 Revolutionary new plane's rear wing flap (6)
- 18 Enters stumblingly, we hear. Ferment (7)
- 19 Found in the Gibraltar arboretum? (4)
- 21 Indian deer's neck vertebra (4)
- 22 Without holding endless prejudice, Muslims tolerated us (7)
- 25 Egg blend with some extras thrown in (6)
- 28 Settle a clue (6)
- 29 Scratchy-watchy whipper-snappers? (7)
- 30 Pyre: show gravity and cover head (4)
- 31 An Ophite I converted into a Hamite (9)
- 32 Nicklaus's very small score, taking different direction at No. 2 (6)
- 33 Coins first king encased in krypton (6)

DOWN

- 1 Crested phalanger, very soft inside (6)
- 2 Angler's bait: he will put a little weight round it (12)
- 3 Painfully constricted? Sounds spacious (6)
- 4 You'd see us stay up, look, rising round ship (9)
- 5 Wash down with a bit of strong liquor (5)
- 6 Jock's placed X under mine (6)
- 7 Underwear (8)
- 8 What TW3 did was insipid (4)
- 9 One commonly over ocean whirl wandering (12)
- 10 Some delicatessen, look, inside £25 (6)
- 15 Brow's petals in Greek setting (9)
- 16 Hairs in the hide—extract one with care (8)
- 20 Odd concert with no opening for brass instrument (6)
- 22 Short, thick rhino (6)
- 23 Timber-tree containing first ingredient of hempen fibre (6)
- 24 Drawing-room model (6)
- 26 Indian NCO consumes seconds in Bombay town (5)
- 27 Part of speech exclusively in supplement (4)



AZED No. 9 Solution and notes

- ACROSS**
1, 2 meanings; 12, Greek aspirate; 14, Anag. of catalyse less (why? & lit.); 18, Come again—I don't understand; 26, Big O Ted; 29, O oz. in be; 30, see trivia in Suppl.; 33, Crease.
- DOWN**
1, Big H.A.; 2, U Nu; 3, Dic(key); 5, Mast—acorn meal; 6, G(ri)l Acis; 21, Intern(ally); 26, Spale (rev.); 27, Frow(ard).

CHESS by HARRY GOLOMBEK

Position No. 10



White to play—how should the game go?

Continuation of Position No. 8

The finish of a game played in Paris last year between Fortinos and Boucanus:—
q1k13k1; 4bppp; p3p3; 1p2P2P;
1P1B2Q1; P7; B4PP1, 6K1.
White won by 1. P-R6, B-B1; if 1. . . .
P-Kt3; 2. B x P, P x B; 3. Q x KP ch, K-B1;
4. Q-Q7, and the threat of P-K8 followed

by B-Kt7 ch is fatal.

2. P x P, B x KtP; 3. B x P, Kt-K2, or 3.
P x B; 4. Q x P ch, K-B1; 5. P-B5 ch
4. B x P ch, resigns. If 4. . . . P x B; 5.
P-K8 ch

The clash of mighty opposites

There is something very impressive about the meeting in a tournament of two former world champions. Impressive and at the same time a little nostalgic, since each must have it in his mind that not only was he once world champion but the other one was as well.

In the old days, say 40 years ago, there was not the opportunity for many such occasions, since at that time there were only three of whom it could be said that he was either world champion or had been one: Emanuel Lasker, Capablanca and Alekhine. Nowadays we have no fewer than six: Euwe, Botvinnik, Smyslov, Tal, Petrosian and Spassky, not to mention Fischer who, so most people think, will be world champion soon.

Whereas Euwe and Botvinnik are now inactive, the other four are very much in practice and here is a fine game played between two of them at the Alekhine Memorial Tournament in Moscow last year. White: Smyslov. Black: Petrosian. Q.G.D. Half Slav Defence.

1. P-QB4, Kt-KB3; 2. P-Q4, P-B5;
3. Kt-QB3, P-Q4; 4. Kt-B3, P-K3;
5. B-Kt5, P-KR3; 6. B x Kt, Q x B; 7.
Q-Kt3, Kt-Q2; 8. P-K4, P x KP; 9. Kt x P

Q-B5; 10. B-Q3, B-K2; 11. O-O, O-O.
12. KR-K1, R-Q1; 13. QR-Q1, Q-B2;
14. B-Kt1, Kt-B1; 15. P-B5, P-QKt4.
Not a very convincing attempt to break out from the prison which White has constructed for him. More active was 15.
P-QKt3, threatening P-B4.
16. Kt-Kt3, B-Q2; 17. Q-K3, B-K1;
18. B-B2, P-OR4; 19. P-OR3, R-R2;
20. P-KR4, Q-Kt1; 21. P-R5, P-B3;
22. P-Kt4, B-B2; 23. B-Kt3, R-K1;
24. Q-K4, Q-B2; 25. Q-B2, Q-Kt1;
26. Kt-R4. Threatening 27. Kt(R4)-B5, and if then 27. . . . P x Kt; 28. B x B ch, K x B; 29. Q-Kt3 ch.
26. . . . B-Q1; 27. Kt-Kt6, B-B2, preferable was 27. . . . B x Kt, which would at any rate block part of the King-side.
28. R-K3, P-R5; 29. B-R2, P-B4;
30. Kt-B1, B-B5; 31. R(K3)-K1, B x Kt. White has a won game after 31. . . . Kt x K; 32. P x Kt, B x P; 33. B x P ch.
32. P x B, K-R1; 33. Q-K2, B-Kt4;
34. Q-B3, Q-B1; 35. Q-R5, Q-Q1;
36. Kt-R2, Q-B3; no better is 36. R-Q2; 37. Kt-B3, B-B3; 38. Kt-K5.
37. Kt-B3, K-Kt1; if 37. . . . Q x KtP; 38. Q x Q, Kt x Q; 39. R x P, R x R; 40. B x R, and Black cannot prevent the winning break-through of P-Q5.
38. Kt-K5, R-QB2; 39. P-Kt3, P-B5;
40. B-Kt1, R-Q1; 41. K-Kt2, R(Q1)-B1, and Black resigns. There are a number of ways in which White can increase his winning advantage, e.g. B-K4 followed by Q-B3, or Kt-B7 followed by Kt-Q6.



We the house of



vouch for a tradition
in distilling

Sundaily

THE
TAGORE
INDUSTRY-



Sunday week

Beginning with May 27, 1973



ARIES (March 21 — April 20)

You are about to enjoy a period of enormous personal success. Positive developments in your emotional life should give your heart something to sing about. If you are an artist, or an author, your work will be acclaimed, and your royalties will be up. You will be able to untie the hardest family knots. But be on guard against fire and electricity.



TAURUS (April 21 — May 20)

Planetary position indicates success and elevation to higher positions. The first three days of the week are tricky, though, when restrictions are likely to be experienced. If you are in business, there is no need for despondency. If you are in service, quarrel with a colleague over a trifling matter may take an ugly turn. Actresses may expect appreciation and recognition.



GEMINI (May 21 — June 20)

In the early part of the week it may be difficult for you to know who your real friends are. This week will bring you fame, if you are a journalist or writer. If you are at the helm of affairs of any organisation or institution, your dreams will be realized. Persons in service may climb a step up the status ladder. Industrialists! The plans that you were about to write off will suddenly become easy to accomplish. Avoid rash driving. Your concern for relatives will be appreciated.



CANCER (June 21 — July 21)

This week you are likely to take things and people too much for granted and as a result you may experience certain difficulties and problems. Wait till June 1, before signing agreements and long-term contract. If you are an executive, a marvellous new cycle in your financial affairs may start from June 2.



LEO (July 22 — Aug. 21)

Give concessions — avoid being over critical — the chances are, you will remove a great deal of needless drama from your personal and official life. A lucky and prosperous period will be experienced if you are a contractor, a doctor or the proprietor of a hotel. For business executives, this is party time! For artists, a period of financial gain.



VIRGO (Aug. 22 — Sept. 22)

Planetary transits will aggravate partnership expenses, taxes and anything that is not directly concerned with your personal income. At the office, you will have a cheerful time. A sudden and lucky development may take place on June 2. If you are in business, things will go well for you. Before the week ends, you are bound to have one or two strokes of good fortune.



LIBRA (Sept. 23 — Oct. 22)

This week should mark a turning point for you — especially from the 30th. If you are single, the dawning of a new phase — (marriage? new partnership?) is indicated. Businessmen dealing in paper and printing materials should be careful — (government policy may create problems. For industrialists this is an auspicious time to appoint secretaries or confidential executives. Speculation should be avoided. The health of your spouse may cause worry.



SCORPIO (Oct. 23 — Nov. 22)

A hectic week for you. You may find yourself involved in the sale or purchase of property. Additional responsibilities will be pushed on you. Choose May 30 if you are contemplating changing your job or looking for new opportunities. Industrialists may begin to emerge from the red from June 1.



SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 23 — Dec. 20)

You are now heading into a week when you can only benefit from a change of residence and environment. Important family changes also indicated. Development in business will prove that all your efforts and sacrifices have been worthwhile. Doctors and advocates may plan short trips. Jealousy at the office may lead you into depression.



CAPRICORN (Dec. 21 — Jan. 19)

The first half of the week you will be preoccupied with important changes at your office. The second half is markedly lucky for you, and new partnerships or associations will be to your great advantage. Personal finances should no longer be a major problem. Businessmen may experience a windfall. Industrialists may take a trip to a foreign country.



AQUARIUS (Jan. 20 — Feb. 18)

Tide of luck flows favourably for you. But, businessmen, you will be let down by people you trust and you will be put to a lot of trouble and expense on behalf of others. Persons in service will be able to enjoy life again. Industrialists may experience some differences in their circle. Your health will require some care. An addition to existing property indicated. Your plan to build your own house will begin to materialize. A gainful week for professionals.



PISCES (Feb. 19 — March 20)

This week is likely to be trying financially but spectacular developments at work should enable you to dismiss any financial fears you may have had. Though this is a time of restrictions and limitations in your personal life you should be able to achieve the understanding and harmony you desire in relationships.

This magazine is distributed
FREE with **sunday's**
Hindusthan Standard

THE TENDER MOMENT

No classical sculpture anywhere in the world has surpassed the Indian workmanship in some of the delineations of the flavours of love. But we have to look at it from within the orbit of a philosophy of salvation through pleasure and not from the superior standpoint of a Christian or later day Hindu puritanism.
By Mulk Raj Anand.
Next Sunday.



sunday

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Editor: WEEKLY SPEAK



Will it sound crude, if not exactly heretical, to say on this 112th birth anniversary of Rabindranath that his name means good business, good money? It happens to be true.

If one looks hard with eyes uncoated with a film of sentimentality, one is faced with some bitter facts about what may be called the Tagore image — even in West Bengal, his home State. As a one-time rebel now a mature observer, Mr. Buddhadev Bose, put it, the Tagore element in our national life is grossly over-rated.

That is not something to wonder at really. A man dedicated to writing or painting, however varied his talents, can hardly be a positive, generally perceptible presence in public life. Neither Shakespeare nor Goethe ever was. Nor was Rabindranath. His very persona, combining flamboyance with grey distinction, was a deterrent. The Bengali is given to hero-worship and it did not go against the Bengali grain to surround the poet with an aura of reverence. Rituals grew and came to stay. Even to the man in the street with nothing but a vague awareness of literary qualities, Tagore was the *Gurudeva*, something which can with good reason make a sensitive admirer's gorge rise. But all this was worship from a distance. Tagore the man never quite succeeded in reaching the public heart. Which was doubtless a good thing for his personal art.

It is because Tagore is such a hazy figure in our national gallery of heroes — unlike Gandhi or Aurobindo or Nehru — that his impact on the outside world is now all but obliterated. Tagore took the Western world by storm in the second decade of this century. There was

not an ounce of condescension in the homage paid. The British Empire might have looked upon the Nobel award as a mark of imperial benevolence but the wording of the citation leaves one in no doubt that here was high praise seriously meant. The wave of admiration receded and Tagore has not been back in the Western man's esteem since. What caused this decline is a subject of research. The early enthusiasm of Yeats and Pound and Eliot's cold indifference may be worth going into in detail. But the fact remains that not only is Tagore's poetry no longer widely read abroad, his role in Indian history is not clearly known either. Only Santiniketan — a far cry from the poet's dream — remains as a showpiece.

Against this background of the dwindling presence of Tagore, the huge commercial exploitation of the Tagore magic in this country appears immensely interesting. It covers a wide spectrum of so-called culture — books, discs of music and dance-drama, clay-modelling and above all the chocolate-box tourist image of Santiniketan.

The hard core of commercialism, of course, has a bit of literary and artistic icing as well. Not all that happens in the fortnight of Tagore's birth anniversary — *Kabipakhsha* as it is called — is with an eye to the main chance. The anniversary has by now become something of a social institution in Bengal — now Bangladesh has also joined in the communal worship. The worldwide celebrations in the year of the poet's centenary have created a precedent, for good or ill. Centenaries are now a common occurrence. Even a centenary of *rasagollas* has been observed. The Tagore anniversary has the additional advantage of falling in the

The TAGORE INDUSTRY



At the centre of the literary market is the Visva-Bharati publishing body. The story has acquired a "best-seller" style.

month of Baisakh which is traditionally the peak season in the publishing world. The *halkhata* in the College Street area has, for as long as one can remember, been a major literary event in Bengal and business remains brisk for a month or so from that date. *Kabipaksha* and Baisakh complement each other. Young writers who find their publications usually hard to sell have often combined the festive mood with business calculation on Baisakh 25 and found it paying. On the morning of that memorable day, as thousands throng the poet's room to pay their respects, even unshaven young men with bleary eyes and hoarse throats have not much difficulty in selling their mushroom publications.

As a rule, the *elan vital* of such days does not last more than a fortnight. 1966 may in this context be described as a year

of experiments. I asked many who had been deeply involved why that year was such a busy one but nobody could tell me the reason. In his introduction to 'Kabita Ghanthiki' — a poetry hourly — which proved an eight-hour wonder, Sarat Mukhopadhyay writes about how the whole project germinated, by sheer accident. The editors of 'Dainik Kabita' — a daily which ran for fifteen days at least — also talk of poetic whimsy, silly chatter, sweat and tears but nothing about the hows and whys of it. Obviously, one thing led to the other and creativity was sparked not a little by a spirit of rivalry. Sunil Ganguly told me that he was associated with both ventures without giving his name to either. That did not win friends. 'Kabita Ghanthiki' was perhaps doomed to be a flash in the pan. But the fact that 'Dainik Kabita' could come out regularly

SANTINIKETAN

INVITES
YOU

This is a scene from a dance drama of Tagore. A very common sight at Santiniketan any evening. There is music, dance and rhythm in the very air of Santiniketan.

You go to Santiniketan not only to relax but also to vivify your sensibilities. And there's so much to see there. Lustrously original paintings of Tagore. Unforgettable frescoes and superb statues. Fine examples of a new style in Indian architecture. Santiniketan represents a meaningful synthesis between modernity and the tradition of India.

While at Santiniketan you may stay at our Tourist Lodge or at one of our Luxury Tourist Cottages. For reservations, contact us.

TOURIST BUREAU

312, Benny Badal Dinesh Bag (Daihouse Square) East Calcutta 1. (Phone: 23-8271). Gram TRAVELTIPS. Home (Tourism) Department, Government of West Bengal.



The chocolate-box tourist image of Santiniketan. The pocket of beauty goes gay on Poush mela day and the day of the colour festival. Whether it is the maxim, "when in Bengal, do as the Bengalis do", or the hard sell of the Tourist office, Santiniketan is a hot item on the tourist menu.



for fifteen days and publish not only poems but also fairly decent features with a page in English (not such a good idea, really) without causing the editors to sell their little all shows that such publications can make it if correctly timed and backed by sustained effort.

All this, however, is on the periphery of the literary market. At the centre is the Visva-Bharati Publishing body, a monopolist if ever there was one as far as the works of Tagore are concerned. And, by all accounts, it chooses to remain that way causing heart-burning in certain quarters and leading to the suspicion in genuine literary minds outside Santiniketan that there is here a charmed circle mentality intolerant of even well-meaning external cooperation. For instance, Sunil Ganguly told me a suggestion had been made more than once that selections from Tagore be published under the guidance of eminent writers, regardless of whether they had links with Santiniketan or not. But nobody in Visva-Bharati was inclined to consider the proposal. One may see in it the same kind of insularity which once upon a time put a social ban on hanging a Jamin Roy painting in a Santiniketan home (I got this from Buddhadev Bose) although the poet himself thought highly of the painter. In any case, Tagore is still bound by copyright laws and is yet to attain the universality, publicationwise, that is enjoyed by Shakespeare, for instance. All this is in the interest of Visva-Bharati which has come a long way since the lean days when not even one edition of a Tagore book — apart from "Geetanjali" perhaps — sold out. Not long ago, elderly people recall, a Tagore publication enjoyed wide sales only if it was prescribed as a textbook. But the story has now acquired a "best-seller" style. "Sanchavita" and "Geetabitan" are the two gold-mines. Even "Shesher Kabita" has a fair market. The "kabipaksha" discount introduced about twenty years ago has been an effective promotional aid. Dr. Sushil Ray told me that the idea when the whole thing began was to raise enough funds to go round for the staff as paying them had proved a problem. All eyes were on the moola that would be in hand rather than on eventual profit. But soon Visva-Bharati saw it was on to a good thing. The system has two aspects. The book-seller gets an increased commission. And the buyer gets a discount. Book-sellers have been known to turn this concession to account by taking a large number of books from the publishers under the fortnightly arrangement and then staggering sales to wriggle out of the buyer's discount bit. If this has robbed the buyers of a pretty penny, it has not hurt the publishers much. With

the passage of time, the "kabipaksha" discount, originally meant for Tagore works, has been extended to the writings of others as well which is one salutary by-product of the whole show.

Unfortunately, the present demand for Tagore's books cannot be interpreted as an increasing interest in his thoughts. It only means that Tagore's leather-bound volumes have become part of the upper class Bengali's interior decoration schemes and once ensconced in shelves, the books are left alone to collect cobwebs.

Here I should like to add a personal note. I was most interested in finding out how business in the "kabipaksha" compared with the rest of the year's. I was also anxious to know what types of Tagore books the public cared for. I drew a blank. I asked an official in Visva-Bharati publications for some statistics. Of course, it took me about an hour to get to him. I was then assured that all will be ready in four days. I stretched it to five days for the gentleman's convenience and contacted him at the appointed time. He raised some piddling technical objection about permission from Santiniketan. He also gave me to understand that he and his colleagues had put their heads together for four days to reach the dynamic decision that such permission would be necessary. Remarkable! But then the Visva-Bharati publication department will go on sitting pretty even in spite of minor deviations from good manners.

One pie in which Visva-Bharati has not been able to have a finger is the translation market. Macmillan's had gone and grabbed it. In any event, it does not look as though translations into the European languages could be a money spinner really. Tagore's poems and also his prose rely a good deal on the rhythm of the original language and the charmingly inconsistent medley of imagery which no translation, however, well-done, can capture. Even Tagore's own translations would not touch responsive chords in people whose mother-tongue is English, and the English of the 1970s at that. Nor is the message that comes through likely to stir many. Ramprasad might fire the Western imagination a good deal more today than Tagore, remarked one who appreciated both. Translations into the Indian languages should do well but that is in the good hands of the Sahitya Akademi and similar august institutions.

Whatever the proportion of the literate public in Bengal who would read Tagore for pleasure, there can be absolutely no doubt that nobody can have spent any length of time in this State without absorbing some of his music. Whether the popularisation of Tagore songs



whose beauty is mainly in words and images has been a healthy process or not, it has ensured permanence for the poet. It was a different story three or four decades ago. Tagore songs then had but a limited resonance in Bengali life and were to all intents and purposes the preserve of the Brahmo Samaj, the Santiniketan Ashram and a few cultural oases in Calcutta. Things have changed beyond recognition, and the Gramophone Company has played a role of no mean importance in bringing about this social metamorphosis.

Mr. Biman Ghose of the Company related the story of the early years when a drive was launched to train up artistes and issue records on an ever increasing



scale. Those were the days of breaking new ground with little commercial viability. The centenary year — 1961 — made all the difference in the world. Tagore music was very much in the air on that festive occasion and the Gramophone Company associated itself with the celebrations by meeting growing public demand with records of special artistes. Now 30 to 40 artistes are recorded every year.

In the last five years, art and trade have expanded immeasurably, hand in hand. This has in its turn contributed to the blossoming of public taste and critical appreciation. All this means making a packet and Visva-Bharati collects a fair cut with a 5% royalty on all records sold.

LPs have added a new dimension. They cover such a wealth of Tagore music and poetry and help so much in preserving the tradition of yesterday.

8 Dinendranath Tagore, Sahana Debi, Kanak Das, Malati Ghosal, Pankaj Mullick, and others. Dance dramas like

Shyama, Chandalya, Chitrangada, Sapinchan, Valmiki Prativa, Kalmrigaya and so on. Special albums — seasonal songs, gems from Tagore, Basanta, Varshamangal and the like — have also come out. Sole LPs of Suchitra Mitra and Kanika Banerjee are to appear this year.

The LPs have taken the disc-business in Tagore music and drama into the heart of the international market. The worldwide centenary celebrations stimulated interest abroad and now the Gramophone Company is flooded with international inquiries. The LP market has had a spin-off effect in other sectors too.

Books and music bequeathed by Tagore together went into the world of the cinema and here again brisk business



has been done. Some Tagore novels and stories have proved to be good box-office and some, with the deft touch of directorial talent, have achieved artistic excellence and all-India laurels. The popularity of Tagore stories with filmmakers has continued unabated in the last twelve years, that is since the poet's centenary. Here is a list — Arghya, Tin Kanya, Sandhyarag, Charulata, Atithi, Khokababur Pratyabartan, Nishithe, Shuva, Debatar Gras, Malyadan, Shasti, Megh o Roudra and Strir Patra. The directors include such famous ones as Debaki Bose, Satyajit Ray, Arundhati Devi and Purnendu Pattrea. The box-office takings have understandably fluctuated but have never been a real damper.

One may not be far wrong to say that no place in the world associated with a writer has been so successfully turned into a great tourist attraction as Santiniketan. Stratford is not a patch on it, if one bears in mind that Santiniketan can hardly boast of any such lively tradi-



Tagore in filmland.

From Left: Suchitra Sen in "Chaturanga", Hasu Banerjee in "Megh O Roudra", Aparna Sen and Soumitra Chatterjee in "Samapti" (above), Madhavi Mukherjee in "Charulata" (below).



tion in public performances spread over long spells as Stratford. The tiny pocket of beauty amid the yawning ugliness of the country really goes gay on a couple of occasions in the year — Poush Mela and Holi but for the greater part of the year it presents a grey picture of green leaves and many-splendoured flowers cruelly bleached by the hot Birbhum sun. Not every Western tourist's cup of tea. But whether it is the maxim, "when in Bengal, do as the Bengalis do", or the hard-sell of the Tourist Office, Santiniketan is a hot item on the tourist menu.

Statistics, whether its interest lies in what it covers or what it reveals, should not break an official's heart, certainly not of Mr. P. C. Kar who dug it up for me. No firm figures are available on how many thousands make a visit on Poush Mela day or during the colour festival in spring. But total figures over the years show a distinct improvement. December 1966 to March 1967: 590, April 1967 to March 1968: 2555, April 1968 to March 1969: 2325, April 1970 to March 1971: 3401, April 1972 to March 1973: 4593.

It has not been possible, to say the least, to attract tourists with anything remotely resembling an Eric Linklater type of a Poet's Pub — *machher jhol a la* Rabindranath and all — but Santiniketan has not done too badly in the way of hostleries. The setting is Nature to which Tagore would have shuddered to put the signature of Art. But a good deal of modern thinking in the shape of creature comforts went into the designing of the Tourist Lodge started in 1966. It cost a small fortune — Rs. 12.49 lakhs and the investment, by all indications, has been worth it. The 89 bed lodge with an 18-member staff has its hands full. It is ably backed up by Ratan Kuthi, an inexpensive stylish little bungalow with tasteful appointments. The International Guest House is less exclusive though pretty comfortable while the Purba Palli Guest House is for the common man. Around the nucleus of tourism promotion, private enterprise has spread its wings. At least three new hotels came up in the last decade.

Travelling, of course, depends more on transport than on shelters for the night. The brisk tourist trade has had its impact on the transport trade in Santiniketan. The main conveyance is the cycle rickshaw — about 500 of them are on the job. It has been estimated that about 150 rickshawpullers make a living by catering to tourist demand. Arrangements for more luxurious sight-seeing trips have also come in the wake of the establishment of the Tourist Lodge. The car attached to the Lodge is ideal for taking in Santiniketan together with Massangore, Bakreshwar, Jaidev-Ken-



IT TO ORDER: Visva Bharati has come a long way since the days when not even one edition of a Tagore book sold out

duli, Nampur, Tarapith and Durgapur. Earnings from this source are on the increase and totalled around Rs. 11,000 in the year 1972-73.

Those who come to "do" the place from afar prefer to do it in style and are always ready to go on a buying spree. Santiniketan has a lot to offer and a lot sells helping the local economy not a little. The organization dealing with handloom weaving and wood work employs well over 150 persons and its total sales returns over a year are in the vicinity of Rs. 4 lakhs. Sundry other products of the same centre fetch about Rs. 10,000 annually. Leather articles from Santiniketan have a wide market for their elegant finish. Batik has also caught on. Exports are made of some of the products to countries as far apart as Japan and the Netherlands. The marketing of such artistic stuff has led to the opening of over ten shops on Santiniketan Road which give jobs to no less than 24 people.

Not all the *objets d'art* with Tagore associations come from Santiniketan, however Krishnanagar with its age-old tradition of clay art has not been idle in this sphere though admittedly it has not been able to hit the market with a big bang so far. Possibilities are immense. One curio exporter could say offhand that he had exported as many as 500 clay figures of Rabindranath in the centenary year, 1961. The stuff went mainly to the Continent including Soviet Russia. The demand chiefly originated from Indians abroad who wanted mementos to present to European friends. Inquiries have poured in subsequently but because of

the brittleness of clay pieces these were mainly about the possibility of buying similar articles in plaster of Paris or bronze. Shields with busts of Tagore engraved on them also have prospects, especially in Ceylon. In 1961, a Hongkong-based Chinese exporter had silk-pieces specially made with Tagore's bust painted or embroidered on them. Following up this line has a tremendous future also. One may find it interesting to know that locally sales of Tagore objects really pick up at melas on Rathajatra day when along with busts of Vivekananda and Ramakrishna they attract a great many buyers.

And now may I end on a firmly deprecatory note! It is, of course, not to be held against the beneficiaries of the so-called Tagore industry that they have made a good job of it. It is fair enough as long as it does not debase public taste and affect the genuine appreciation of Tagore by those few who really matter. But for God's sake, let us not allow the honeyed exquisiteness of the Tagore melody to degenerate into a cacophonous public menace. The mass culture is doing just that. The celebrations on Tagore anniversaries held by recognised groups, though not altogether free from unseemly feuding, produce a fair amount of sincere cultural activity on sound economic principles. But O Lord, deliver us from the *tamasha* that goes by the name of homage to the poet which every little club in every *para* in the city and the mofussil goes to such trouble to perpetrate.

SYAMALENDU BANERJEE.



EYE CARE

PART TWO

Simple eye exercises and a few home remedies will go a long way in restoring the sparkle to your eyes.

Do you know that star-gazing is a good exercise? Stand in your balcony at night and gaze at the stars without blinking till your eyes feel watery. Now close your eyes and sit back for five minutes, trying to think of unexciting, pleasant things.

Hold a pencil vertically in front of your eyes, a foot away. Now slowly look up from the tip to the end of the pencil with your eyes, without moving your face or your neck. Now look from downwards to upwards. Do this 5-6 times.

Now hold the pencil horizontally, one foot away from you at eye level. Follow gaze from left to right, then right to left. Do this 5-6 times.

Without moving your head, look in a semi-circle from one corner of the room to the other, then back again. For disciples of Bharata Natyam, these exercises should be familiar.

Here are some home-made recipes to lend life to your eyes:

After your bath, splash on cold water into eyes. You will immediately feel refreshed.

When your eyes feel tired and burn, especially in summer or during exams, put pure rose water (and not rose essence) in your eyes.

For tired eyes, soak wads of cotton wool in cucumber juice or rose water, then place on eyelids. Lie down and relax for 10 minutes. Thin slices of cucumber placed on the eyelids also give the same effect.

Another favourite is to put a few drops

of lavender water or eau de cologne in a cup of cold water. Soak a handkerchief or pads of cotton wool in this solution and place on eyelids.

A few drops of onion juice in the eyes will not only make the eyes sparkle, but also cleanse them thoroughly. This is popular in South India. Of course, your eyes will burn and water terribly for the first few minutes.

In some communities in North India, pure ghee is also put in the eyes, but I have never tried this method.

When your eyes burn, rub coconut oil gently over the eyelids, but make sure it doesn't go into the eyes. This has a remarkably cooling effect.

Surma and *kajal* are time-honoured Indian beauty preparations. But a recent study has revealed that *surma* contains lead and constant use can cause anaemia.

It is better to make *kajal* at home as it ensures its purity and is safer for the eyes.

The South Indian method:

Clean a lamp well. The wick should not be dirty. Use pure gingelly oil, ghee or castor oil, to light the lamp.

Take a flat iron spoon, rubbed scrupulously clean. Place it a few inches above the flame. It will start smoking. After a time, a thick black crust will form on the spoon. Remove the crust and powder finely.

Mix the powder with pure castor oil to make a thick paste and use regularly.

The North Indian method:

Wrap a little crushed alum and creamed garlic in clean cotton wool. Soak in castor oil and burn. Keep a clean iron spoon on top of the flame. Collect the thick black crust and powder fine, mix with castor oil to form a gooey paste.

Remember to clean hands before making the *kajal*. If your complexion is oily and the *kajal* spreads out of your eyes, use it at night and wash it off in the morning with *besan* or soap and water.

Eyelashes cannot grow longer or thicker than they are intended to be, but regular care will certainly improve their looks, if they are unnaturally thin due to ill health.

Use *malai* (milk top) on the lashes every night. The fat content in it is said to thicken lashes.

Apply pure castor oil on the lashes, eyebrows and inside the eyes. It will burn in the beginning, but will have a soothing effect later on.

To curl lashes, apply a little vaseline on them, then curl them in an upward motion with the tip of your finger.

With eyes sparkling with rest and good health, apply eye make-up for maximum effect.

INDRANI KAMATH.

REPORTAGE EXOTIC FASHION LINEUP

Mehroo Shroff is the manageress of the Purple Flower boutique in Bombay. Surprise, surprise, Mehroo is also the model you see displaying her choice of summer fashions!

She did a course of textile designing and tailoring at the J. J. School of Arts in Bombay. Not only does she stitch her own clothes — she also tailors for her sister and her friend!

Smug at having discovered such an authority on clothes, I asked Mehroo to make a few suggestions for the long hot days ahead.

(1) The fully-lined ghagra choli in printed voile (Rs. 85) was, I strongly suspect, Mehroo's not-so-secret favourite. The choli has a crossover front, forming a V neck, and long ribbons of the same material that wind around

the midriff to end as a bow in front. Mehroo pointed out that the otherwise bare midriff could effectively be hidden by the ribbons — an NB for shysters.

(2) The purple and mustard maxi, also created from fully lined printed voile (Rs. 72) has a Regency style cut, demure and olde-worldie. Purple on the bodice, above and on the frill brightens the total effect. Mehroo found it soft and



cool, and ideal for an evening party.

(3) Mehroo next whisked out the 'Tantra' outfit, made from khadi (Rs. 68). The full-sleeved top goes geometric while the flared pants have knee patches, the status symbol of the active young! In dark green and shades of blue, this outfit evokes dreams of mossy banks and cool streams.





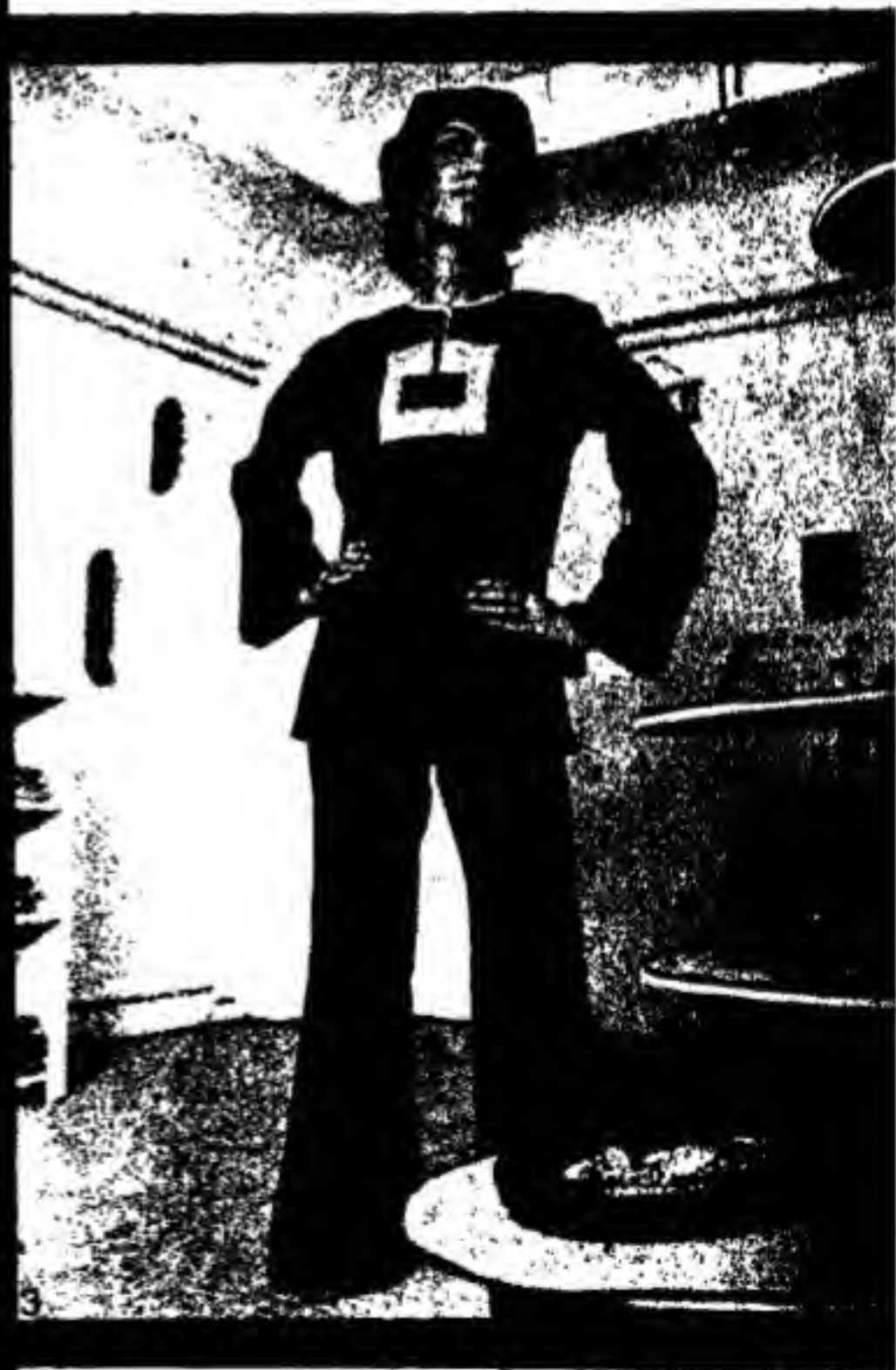
Terrific as a hostess outfit, suggested Mehroo, great as a lounge.

Mehroo, who gave the impression that she would run a mile from make-up, allowed her twin to touch her face with cosmetics for the photos. For the evening do, no more than light foundation, roll-on mascara and a slick of lipper, she said firmly.

Sandal-type footwear and low heels are Mehroo's footnotes — she

shirt of fine khadi (Rs. 38) and a jumpsuit in printed cotton was next on show. With buckled shoulder straps, a fitted top giving way to belled pants, this outfit, said Mehroo, was one for all seasons. (Looking ahead: If summer comes can winter be far behind, and when winter comes, switch the undershirt for a woollen pullover!)

Again a khadi shirt, but this time in blue (Rs. 38) topping a wraparound skirt in seersucker. Against white, blue, mustard and red checks come on strongly. Hint: try a red, mustard or white shirt as well. The outfit should look just as snazzy. The skirt which falls like a dream and swings with every movement, also comes in white with pink or green checks or plain vanilla ice cream white.



hasn't made friends with the currently popular platform soles!

Accessory wise, Mehroo is very enthusiastic about rings and bangles.

With her delicate facial features, reed slim figure, and particular brand of charm, Mehroo set off the clothes as well as any professional model.

OUTFITS:

Shirts: Khadi, Cotton, Seersucker, Silk, Woolen, etc.

Beginning a new novel by
GEORGES SIMENON

MAIGRET and



Maigret was playing in the tepid rays of a March sun. It was not with his childhood bricks he was playing but with his pipes.

He kept five or six pipes on his desk and he invariably selected with care the one which suited his mood.

His gaze was vacant and he was slumped in his chair. He had just made a decision which would affect the remaining years of his career. He had no regrets, but even so he could not help feeling a touch of melancholy.

14 Mechanically and with great solemnity, he rearranged the pipes on his blotting paper in more or less geometric patterns, or else into shapes that reminded him of various animals.

His morning's post lay in a pile on the right-hand side of his desk and he did not feel like dealing with it.

On his arrival at the Police Judiciaire just before nine o'clock, he had found a summons from the chief of police. This in itself was unusual and as he went to the Rue du Palais he wondered what it could mean.

The chief of police saw him immediately and was extremely affable and well-disposed.

'Can you guess why I wanted to see you?'

'I must admit I can't.'

'Do sit down and light your pipe.'

The chief of police was a youngish man, hardly more than forty. The pro-

Monsieur Charles



duct of a good university, he was a stylish dresser, perhaps a little too much so.

'You know that the head of the Police Judiciaire is retiring next month after twelve years in office.... I discussed the question of his successor with the Minister of the Interior yesterday and we both agreed to offer you the post.'

The chief of police undoubtedly expected Maigret's face to light up with joy. Instead of which the latter's expression grew sombre.

'Is it an order?' he asked, almost abruptly.

'No, of course it isn't. But as you know it's an important promotion; there's no higher position in the Police

Judiciaire....'

'I know that. Yet I'd still prefer to remain at the head of the Criminal Division. Please don't be offended at my reaction. I've had forty years of active police service. It would be hard for me to spend my days cooped up in an office, looking through files and occupying myself with administration....'

The chief of police could not conceal his astonishment.

'Shouldn't you think it over for a few days before giving me your answer? Perhaps you'd like to talk it over with Madame Maigret?'

'She would understand how I feel.'

'So do I and I don't want to insist....'



Nevertheless, his expression was one of slight annoyance. He understood without understanding. Maigret needed the human contact which he got from his investigations. People had often disapproved of his not directing his enquiries from his office and of his becoming actively involved, carrying out routine tasks usually considered the duty of ordinary inspectors.

Maigret was playing, his mind a blank. He had now arranged his pipes in a pattern which reminded him of a crane.

The sun poured in through the window. The chief of police had accompanied him to the door and had shaken hands in a friendly way. Yet Maigret knew that his decision would be resented in high places.

Slowly, he lit one of his pipes and began to smoke it, taking short puffs.

It had taken him a few minutes to decide about a future which of itself would not be very long, since he would retire in three years' time. Good God, they could at least allow him to spend those three remaining years as he wished!

He needed to escape from his office, to be out and about in all weathers, to discover a whole new world with each enquiry. He needed those long hours spent waiting at the counter of some *bistrot*, drinking calvados or beer depending on the circumstances. He needed the long, patient struggle in his office with a suspect who, after refusing to say anything for several hours, would often break down and make a dramatic confession.

He was uneasy. What he feared was that they would reconsider and somehow oblige him to accept the promotion. And he did not want that at any price, even though it was as good as a field-marshal's baton.

He continued to rearrange his pipes, occasionally moving one like a chess piece. A discreet knock made him jump, on the door which communicated with the inspector's duty room.

Before he could reply, Lapointe walked in.

'Sorry to disturb you, *patron*.'

'You're not disturbing me in the least.'

It was now almost ten years since Lapointe had joined the Police Judiciaire, and he had been known as 'little Lapointe'. In those days, he had been tall and lanky. He had since grown stouter. He had got married and had two children. Yet he was still known as 'little Lapointe', and some would have added: 'Maigret's pet'.

16 'There's a woman in my office who insists on seeing you personally. She won't tell me anything. She's sitting bolt

upright on her chair and is very much determined to have her way.'

That often happened. People would read about Maigret in newspaper articles and would insist on seeing him in person. It was often difficult to make them change their minds. Some of them even managed, God knows how, to discover his home address and would come and ring his doorbell in the Boulevard Richard-Lenoir.

'Did she give you her name?'

'Here's her card':

Madame Sabin-Levesque

207 bis, Boulevard Saint-Germain

'She seems peculiar to me,' Lapointe added. 'She stares right at you and she's got a sort of nervous twitch that makes the right-hand side of her mouth droop. She hasn't taken her gloves off, but you can see that her fingers never stop clenching.'

'Ask her to come in, and stay with us. Bring your shorthand pad just in case.'

Maigret looked at his pipes with a sigh of regret. His little break was over.

He stood up when the woman came into the room.

'Please sit down, Madame....'

She was staring at him.

'Are you really Superintendent Maigret?'

'I am.'

'I imagined you fatter.'

She was wearing a fur coat with a matching hat. Was it mink? Maigret had no idea; the wife of a divisional superintendent usually had to make do with rabbit fur or, at best, musquash and racoon.

Madame Sabin-Levesque's gaze travelled slowly round the office, as though making an inventory. When Lapointe sat down at one end of the desk with his pencil and pad, she asked:

'Is this young man going to stay here?'

'Yes he is.'

'He's going to take down our conversation?'

'It's the regulations.'

She frowned and her fingers clasped her crocodile handbag more firmly.

'I thought I could speak to you in private.'

Maigret did not answer. He was watching her and he had to agree with Lapointe that there was something extremely odd about her. At some moments, her stare was so intense as to be embarrassing, while at others she seemed far away.

'I suppose you know who I am?'

'I've read the name on your card.'

'Do you know who my husband is?'

'I expect he has the same name as you.'

'He's one of the best-known solicitors in Paris.'

The corners of her lips twitched constantly. She seemed to find it difficult to

keep calm.

'Please go on.'

'He's disappeared.'

'In that case, you shouldn't have come to me. There's a special department which concerns itself with missing persons.'

She gave a sad, ironic smile and did not bother to answer.

It was difficult to decide how old she was. Probably in her early forties, at most forty-five; but her face was lined and there were bags under her eyes.

'Had you been drinking before you came here?' Maigret suddenly asked her.

'Do you really want to know?'

'Yes, I do. It was you who insisted on coming to see me, wasn't it? You must expect me to ask questions you might consider indiscreet.'

'I expected you to be different, more understanding.'

'It's precisely because I'm trying to understand that I must know certain things.'

'I had two glasses of cognac, to give me courage.'

'Only two?'

She looked at him without replying.

'When did your husband disappear?'

'Over a month ago. On February 18th. It's now the 21st of March.'

'Did he tell you he was going off on a journey?'

'He didn't tell me anything.'

'And you've waited until now to tell us that he's disappeared?'

'I'm used to it.'

'To what?'

'To his going away for several days at a time.'

'How long has this been going on?'

'For years. It began shortly after our marriage, fifteen years ago.'

'Doesn't he give you any explanation when he goes away?'

'I don't think he does go away.'

'I don't understand.'

'He stays in Paris or in the suburbs.'

'How do you know?'

'Because in the beginning I had him followed by a private detective. Then I stopped it, because it was always the same thing.'

She spoke with some difficulty; she had certainly drunk more than two glasses of cognac. And it wasn't simply to give herself courage that she had drunk them, for it was obvious from her raddled face and from the effort she had to make to keep her composure that she often got drunk.

'I'm waiting for you to tell me the details.'

'My husband's like that.'

'Like what?'

'He has these fancies all of a sudden. He meets a woman he likes and he feels





the need to live with her for a few days. So far, his longest romance, if you could call it that, has lasted two weeks.

'Do you mean to tell me that he picks up these women in the street?'

'Almost. He usually finds them in nightclubs.'

'Does he go out by himself?'

'Always, yes.'

'He never took you with him?'

'We have meant nothing to each other for years.'

'Yet you're worried.'

'I am, for his sake.'

'Not for your own sake?'

She gave him a hard, defiant look.

'No.'

'You don't love him any more?'

'No.'

'Does he love you?'

'Even less so.'

'But you still live together?'

'We have a big flat. We keep different hours, so we don't meet often.'

With astonishment across his face, Lapointe continued to take his shorthand notes.

'Why did you come here?'

'So that you'd find him.'

'This is the first time you've been worried?'

'A month is a long time. He didn't take anything with him, not even a small suitcase, no spare clothes, nothing. He didn't even take one of the cars.'

'Have you several cars?'

'Two. A Bentley, which he usually takes, and a Fiat, which I normally use.'

'Do you drive?'

'Our chauffeur, Vittorio, drives me when I go out.'

'Do you get out a lot?'

'Nearly every afternoon.'

'Do you go and see friends?'

'I don't have any friends....'

Maigret had seldom met such a bitter, disconcerting woman before.

'Do you go shopping?'

'I loathe going into shops.'

'Do you go for walks in the Bois de Boulogne, or anywhere else?'

'I go to the cinema.'

'Every day?'

'Almost every day. When I don't feel too tired.'

As with all addicts, the moment had come when she needed a drink to give herself a lift. Maigret could see that she would have given anything for a brandy, but he did not intend to offer her one, even though he kept a bottle in his cupboard for special occasions. He felt slightly sorry for her.

'I'm trying to understand, Madame Sabin.'

18 'Madame Sabin-Levesque,' she said, correcting him.

'As you wish. And so your husband dis-

appears regularly?'

'Never for as long as a month.'

'So you've told me already.'

'I have a foreboding.'

'What kind of foreboding?'

'I'm afraid something may have happened to him....'

'Do you have any reasons for supposing that?'

'No. You don't need a reason to have a foreboding.'

'According to you, your husband is a prominent solicitor.'

'Let's say that he has one of the most successful practices in Paris.'

'How does he manage to go away so regularly?'

'Gerard isn't at all like the usual solicitor. He inherited his father's firm, but it's the head clerk who handles everything....'

'You seem tired....'

'I'm always tired. My health isn't good.'

'What about your husband's health?'

'He's forty-eight, but he's as fit as a young man.'

'From what you tell me, we'd be most likely to pick up his trail around the nightclubs.'

'That's right.'

Maigret was thoughtful. He felt that he was on the wrong track and that her answers were not getting them anywhere.

He wondered for a moment if the woman was mad, or at least unbalanced. Quite a few of that sort had sat in his office and he was always at a loss to know how to deal with them.

Her actual words made sense and sounded normal enough, but at the same time one could sense a divorce between her and reality.

'Do you know if he had a lot of money on him?'

'As far as I know, he mostly used his cheque-book.'

'Have you discussed this with the head clerk?'

'We're not on speaking terms.'

'Why not?'

'Because about three years ago my husband forbade me to go down to the office.'

'Why was that?'

'I don't know.'

'You must know the head clerk, even if you're not on good terms with him.'

'His name is Lecureur; he's never liked me much.'

'Did he work in the firm before your father-in-law died?'

'He's been there since he was twenty-two.'

'He may know more about your husband's whereabouts.'

'Perhaps. But if I went to ask him he

wouldn't tell me anything . . .
Maigret was beginning to find that twitch of hers exasperating. He realized that the interview was becoming more and more of an ordeal for her, but in that case why had she come?

'Was there a marriage contract between you?'

'No.'

'Have you any money of your own?'

'No.'

'Does your husband give you all the money you need?'

'Yes, he does. He's not at all mean. I couldn't swear to it, but I think he is very rich.'

Maigret was questioning her in no particular order. He had investigated a number of avenues at random and, so far, he had got nowhere.

'Listen, you're tired. That's understandable. If you don't mind, I'll come and see you at your flat this afternoon.'

'As you wish.'

She did not get up, but still fidgeted with her handbag.

'What do you think of me?' she finally asked him, in a lower voice.

'I don't think anything yet.'

'You find me complicated, don't you?'

'Not necessarily.'

'The girls at school used to find me complicated and I've never really had any friends.'

'Yet you're very intelligent.'

'Do you think so?'

She smiled, her lips quivering as she did so.

'It hasn't done me any good.'

'Have you ever been happy?'

'Never. I don't know the meaning of the word.'

She pointed to Lapointe, who was still taking notes in shorthand.

'Does this conversation really have to be recorded? It's difficult to talk freely when someone's writing down every word you say.'

'If there's something confidential you want to tell me, we'll stop taking notes.'

'I have nothing more to say just now . . .'

She got up with some effort. Her shoulders drooped, her back was slightly hunched, and she was hollow-chested.

'Does he have to come with you this afternoon?'

Maigret hesitated, wanting to give her a chance.

'I'll come alone.'

'What time?'

'The time which suits you best.'

'I usually have a nap. What about four o'clock?'

'Fine.'

'It's on the first floor. You take the right-hand door under the arch.'

to be concluded.

WHEN ITALY, the leaders, met Greece, next to bottom, in the European Championship last year, it was hardly to be expected that the Greeks would avoid defeat. They did they, but the second hand she and her bridegroom must have seemed pretty good to the home supporters.

Dealer, West. E-W vulnerable

♠ 9 7 6 5 3			
♥ A J 5 4			
♦ A K 9			
♣ A			
♠ -		♠ A Q J 10 8 4 2	
♥ 9		♥ 6 2	
♦ J 10 8 5 4 3 2		♦ Q J 10 5	
♣ K 9 7 6 4			
♠ K			
♥ K Q 10 8 7 3			
♦ Q 7 6			
♣ 8 3 2			

This was the bidding, with Garozzo Mayer sitting North-South and playing Precision Club

SOUTH	WEST	NORTH	EAST
5♥	No	1♠	4♠
No	No	6♥	6♠
No	No	redouble	No

East's double of the slam contract was a 'Lightner double', asking partner to find an unexpected lead. West obliged with a diamond, which East ruffed. When East led the Ace of spades, West ruffed and gave his partner another diamond ruff, for a penalty of 500. It seemed a fair result for East-West.

At the other table the Greek North-South pair were playing the Neapolitan Club, the system formerly played Garozzo. The bidding went

SOUTH	WEST	NORTH	EAST
	No	1♠	2♠
double	No	No	No

South's double showed less than three controls (counting 2 for an Ace, 1 for a King) and more than 7 points. He could, of course, have bid a natural Three Hearts, and no doubt would have been wiser to do so. At the same time, North's pass, with such moderate spades, was ill-judged.

South led the King of hearts and switched to a diamond. Declarer ruffed and led the Ace of spades, dropping the singleton King. He now had only one trump loser, plus two hearts and a club, the overtrick gave Italy a score of 870 and a swing of 7 match points. As the East-West players in room 1 remarked, you can't win.



VETERAN and vintage cars feature in a series of six stamps commemorating the thirteenth international vintage car rally held recently in New Zealand. This 10-cent stamp shows a 1923 Austin Seven.

I have only one competitor, Sanjeev Kumar



"Koshish" has proved a huge success and fetched its pleasant-faced, deaf-mute hero unanimous ovation. Which way is this National Best Actor award (Bharati) winner headed? Now that his talent has been accepted, would he stick to off-beat roles? What about his essentially "commercial" film contracts?

"It was a terrible dilemma", he sighed, exhaling a cloud of smoke. "Seeta aur Geeta", a pure commercial, had also done very well and Sanjeev had a good comedy role in it. "Ramesh Sippy and others like him began rethinking: could I be too goody-goody for their next film, for which I had already signed?"

"On the one hand the off-beat movies, which are big risks, have projected my true worth. On the other, there is the Star-potential in the masala movies, which spell instant success".

"And now?" I asked.

"'Koshish' has made me conscious of my responsibility to the audience. At public shows I am always asked why I take up commercial films, when I fared so well in 'Khilona' and the like".

"Do you look to the audience for guidance?" I asked in wonder.

"I am always keen on their reaction to my films. I was especially tense at the release of 'Koshish' — I sent a friend to the initial shows to watch reactions to the climax". (There, Sanjeev is unforgettable as an elderly, angry father, hauling up his son for ingratitude — without power of speech.)

"The reaction had to be extreme. The audience would either hoot or clap. And they clapped. Now, whatever film I appear in, I know the characterisation will be compared with Hari in 'Koshish'".

Overweight and unpretentious, Sanjeev resolved his dilemma by embracing definite norms and a new life style.

"For the first time, I am refusing offers. I used to grab any contract when I felt the film would run on for the sake of a friend — right from the time I appeared in Homi Wadia stunties. It had been a

tough deal. I persevered and remained longer at acting than most. Their 'Khilona' came and I was liked. 'Koshish' got an even bigger response. But what's the use of success if you cannot be choosy in your career?" he seemed to be asking himself.

"I intend to keep on being choosy, doing only about five or six films a year — as against the flood of ten-twelve that have kept me busy all these years. Of these, three would be for commercial gain, two rather risky but artistically satisfying, like 'Koshish', and one for myself, to try out my talent".

Rigid divisions, these. He went on: "People ask me who my competitors are? I say I have only one — Sanjeev Kumar". You notice a dimple form gradually when he smiles.

"Competition with your own self makes you grow, whereas another man's ideal makes you stop at the point of limitation".

"Since you see yourself in constant growth — from the Wadia films to 'Khilona' to 'Parichay' to 'Koshish' — have you decided on the apple role of your life?"

"I've never conceived of an apple-role because that will make me sit down. I love experimental roles — what's interesting is the fresh risk involved — otherwise, I'd be doing things mechanically. I don't claim to be a born actor, but I'd certainly like to die an actor". Sounded familiar, this quip, but so do our film themes.

In Bombay, two films were running to packed houses, next door to each other. In "Koshish", Sanjeev plays Jaya Bhaduri's husband, in "Parichay", her father. He's been asked when he'll play Jaya's son. Not a very unlikely prospect — for Sanjeev is an actor without star-boost — a hero who has already done umpteen character roles.

"Retirement?" he scoffed at the query as if his career had only just begun.

"It's only for people who are spent. Or those at a job in institutions, like clerks, etc., having a definite retirement age. Artists, painters, poets, actors (not stars) can never retire. We work till death".

"Marriage? Yes, I had proposed to Hema Malini, but it was rejected by her people. Anyone else? Not yet". He seemed hurt and looked like he meant it.

"What about Anju Mahendru? Weren't you among her first sympathisers after Rajesh ditched her?"

"Oh her! She and Kaka (Rajesh) and myself were friends from our stage days. What's unusual in my going to see her?"

But that was hardly an answer.

VIJAYA IRANI.



The Raakhee-Gulzar wedding was the event of the week, marked by homeliness and good management, in glaring contrast to that of the Rajesh-Dimple one. The wedding was preceded by a "mehndi" ceremony at the bride's bungalow, with a music programme by Begum Akhtar, reaching into the wee hours.

The reception, attended by all the stars, was at the Turf Club grounds on the Bombay Racecourse, made possible, one hears, because Raakhee's tenent is the Manager of the Turf Club.

Gulzar was the simplest bridegroom you ever saw.

Though both the bridal parties arrived well ahead of the muhurat, for the originally-planned Bengali wedding, the Pandit did not come at all! They ultimately caught hold of a Gujarati pandit who solemnised the event with hybrid rituals — neither Punjabi, nor Bengali.

Came the painful day of the bride's departure from the parent's home — Raakhee, with diamonds on her ears, nose and throat, in a rich Banarasi brocade sari, and a deluge of tears, went with Gulzar to his tiny apartment at Pali Hill.

The industry does not like the idea of her quitting films after marriage. But as I said before, Sharmila is only too glad she's leaving.

Rajesh and Dimple attended the function right from the ceremony to the reception and the dinner programme at Raakhee's bungalow. A few minutes before midnight,

Rajesh left the terrace and said he'd be coming back in a second. Dimple, who sat behind, started asking loudly where Raakhee was — she had not met her —

and proceeded down. She went straight to the waiting car where her hubby was seated and they drove off home — she had to report for location-shooting the next day! Just when the guests figured out they had left, back came Rajesh's red Toyota. The driver got out with a big tiffin-carrier and went to the kitchen-shamiana. He had come for the take-home dinner for khaab and memsaab!



RAKHEE GULZAR WEDDING

khaas b at khaa baat kh as baat

Asrani and his wife Manju, who have started a film-acting institute, never let people forget it. Next to Shatru, Asrani is the biggest loudmouth. He did a mimicking skit at a small party and regaling the group of youngsters Vijay Arora, Danny, Vinod Khanna etc.

Talking about youngsters, what about Rakesh Roshan? He seemed well secure after hitching his wagon to the illustrious J. Om Prakash family by marrying his daughter Pinky. Apart from having a baby-girl within the first year of marriage, he does not seem to have produced much more, on the professional side. But Pa-in-law Omji is quite a lastin security, anyway, guaranteeing most of his films.

The BBC people went to interview Raakhee, but Simi butted in with her Anglicised affectations and all, which made Raakhee shrivel up into a corner more than ever. Jenny (of BBC) only got to ask Raakhee one question, "Are you in films?" Simi took over by saying Raakhee was one of the topmost actresses and went on to relate her own career and how many trips she makes to London, in a year. She was quite surprised when the trio had not heard of Simi in "Sidharta" made by Conrad Rooks.

Tanuja still keeps up her close friendship with Shomu Mukerji, S. Mukerji's production son. She also visits Sanjeev Kumar and Shammi Kapoor whenever she can on their set.

And guess who was literally dying to have lunch with Sanjeev? When he said he'd finished lunch the first day, she invited herself to his makeup room the next day, for lunch. — The lady was Madame Tagore!

AZED CROSSWORD

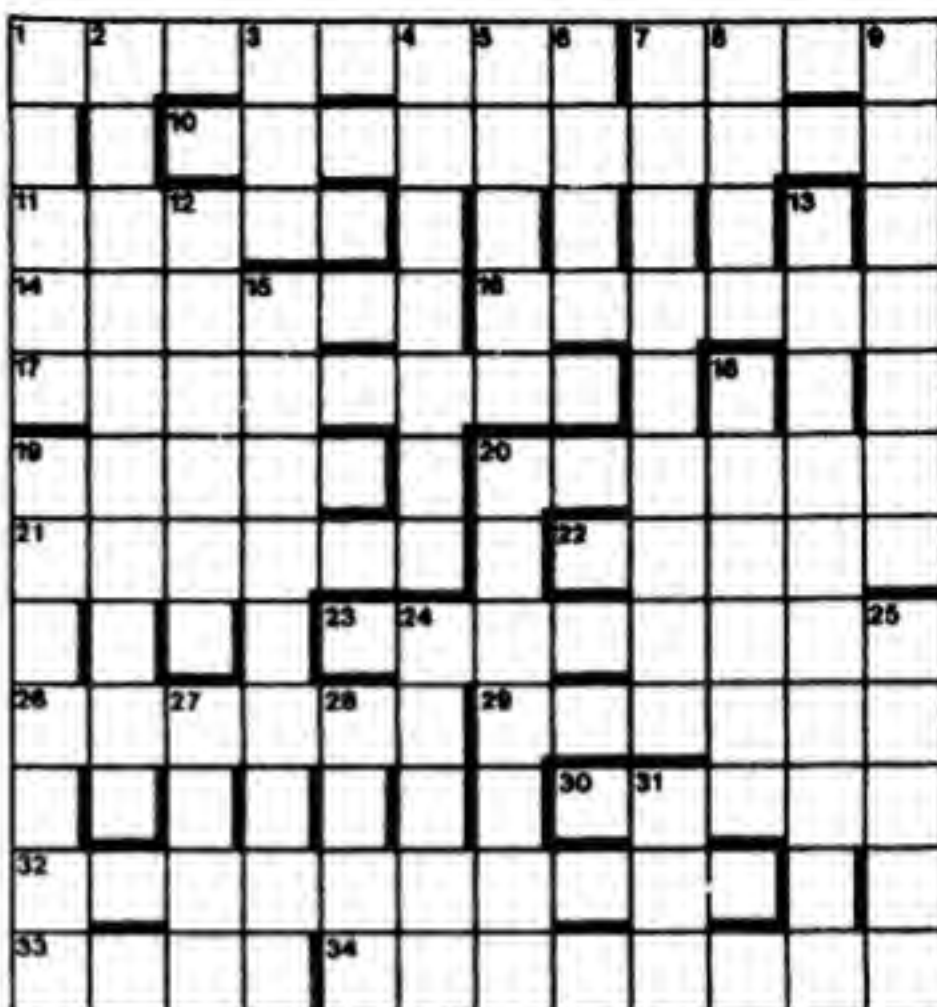
No. 11: PLAIN

ACROSS

- 1 Bask idly, circling hotel in open carriage (8)
- 7 Ordinary acrophonic Fred Smith? (4)
- 10 Tchaikovsky was what he wrote: bloke almost takes it in (10)
- 11 Callaghan's rapprochement with wings of party's neat (5)
- 14 A school paragon gets a blue (6)
- 16 Lord and lady steeped in sloth (8)
- 17 What could be indigner? (That must be wrong) (8)
- 19 Suppose confusion in unity (5)
- 20 This crusher pounds pavements (6)
- 21 Wound hasn't, without bit of cotton-wool, something to stop bleeding (6)
- 22 Having 150 grandchildren in Edinburgh palls (5)
- 23 E.g. trawls, recovered secure cod (8)
- 26 Pipe's roughly true about note (6)
- 29 Boat's coming in crooked—its skipper will curse (6)
- 30 Bottom, translated, turning Titania's head with love, did — her (5)
- 32 Poison plant in strange rites—they're anything but urbane (10)
- 33 I provide fine wood, half mahogany perhaps (4)
- 34 Eels stewed the old way, differently (8)

DOWN

- 1 Freshman: what he hopes to be before a month. (That's short) (5)
- 2 Insects wounded 'er, we hear, in tangle of hair (10)
- 3 Pile-driver lifted by force (3)
- 4 The blasted chigres make you scream (7)
- 5 Antelope, one formerly current in Japan (5)
- 6 Eager soubrette on the way up (4)
- 7 Shrewd fellow, good-for-nothing at heart, gets silk (9)
- 8 Kind of suit, latest in male fashion (4)
- 9 They held Spenser's records, I mean, his crusts (7)
- 12 Legally unalterable, it divides equally (6)
- 13 French paragon, we hear, will frighten off birds (10)
- 15 Read up note and cram (9)
- 18 Old battles, one of which was harsh (6)
- 19 It contains remains you should treat as yours (7)
- 20 Fungus, growing where breeze — spore? (7)
- 24 Lead on Scots grey, mounted (5)
- 25 Scots appear stuffing bit of haggis in their belly (5)
- 27 Curdle after a year? That's long (4)
- 28 It might mean evil: look in the tea-leaves (4)
- 31 Be aground? Help sailors like Susie (3)



AZED No. 10 Solution and notes

ACROSS

1, Spirit (rev.); 12, P-led, 13, Ut-ensil(e); 14, s.v. plump (3); 17, see Suppt. 22, Bis(s) in sans & lit.; 25, O melt round e(xtras) & lit.; 29, Nick, Scratch-Satan, 32, E for W in twenty, 33, R one in kr.

DOWN

4, Prop (rev.) SS in see (rev.) & lit.; 5, S-lush, 9, Un and anag. & lit.; 15, Gr., labella; 16, Pilt, skin.

CHESS

by HARRY GOLOMBEK

Position No. 11



White to play — how should the game go?

Continuation of Position No. 9

This came from a game played in Leningrad last year between K. Grigorian and Karslev — 1r2rbk1; 4g2p; 2R5; 1p3Q2; 3p1P2; 1P3B2; P4KPP; 3R4. White won by 1. R-K4, Q-KB2; 2. B-Q5, K-Kt2; if 2... QxQ; 3. R-KB3 ch, K-R1; 4. R-K4, K-R1; 5. R-K4, K-R1; 6. R-K4, K-R1; 7. R-K4, K-R1; 8. R-K4, K-R1; 9. R-K4, K-R1; 10. R-K4, K-R1; 11. R-K4, K-R1; 12. R-K4, K-R1; 13. R-K4, K-R1; 14. R-K4, K-R1; 15. R-K4, K-R1; 16. R-K4, K-R1; 17. R-K4, K-R1; 18. R-K4, K-R1; 19. R-K4, K-R1; 20. R-K4, K-R1; 21. R-K4, K-R1; 22. R-K4, K-R1; 23. R-K4, K-R1; 24. R-K4, K-R1; 25. R-K4, K-R1; 26. R-K4, K-R1; 27. R-K4, K-R1; 28. R-K4, K-R1; 29. R-K4, K-R1; 30. R-K4, K-R1; 31. R-K4, K-R1; 32. R-K4, K-R1; 33. R-K4, K-R1; 34. R-K4, K-R1.

3. Q-Kt5 ch, K-R1; 4. R x R, resigns.

A sweet disorder

A scientific exploitation of enemy weaknesses that leaves the adversary no alternative but to resign after some 40 moves of pure ice-cold logic gives one a satisfying impression that the world of chess is an orderly and pleasantly methodical place in which truth always triumphs. And yet there are occasions when one tires of seeing the victory of correct logic; though these are, curiously enough, when one is on the losing side.

It is at such moments that one feels how exciting a game of chess can be when order is not regarded and victory comes through some rough and tumble with both players making abundant errors and the win going, according to Tartakower's phrase, to the player who makes the blunder before the last.

Such a game is the following, played at the second tournament at Vrsac in Yugoslavia last year. Followers of Tarrasch would say that both players deserve to lose, whereas followers of, say, Mieses or Marshall, would be inclined to give them both wins.

White: Tešic. Black: Vujovic.
Sicilian Defence.

1. P-K4, P-QB4; 2. P-QB3, P-K3; the best move here, according to both theory and practice, is 2... P-Q4.
3. P-Q4, P x P; 4. P x P, P-Q4; 5. P x P, P x P; 6. Kt-KB3, Kt-KB3; here, as a well-known German saying goes, both sides played badly.

7. B-Kt5 ch, Kt-B3; 8. O-O, B-K2; 9. Kt-K5, B-Q2; 10. Kt x B, Q x Kt; 11. Kt-B3, O-O; 12. B-Kt5, P-QR3; 13. B-QR4, P-Kt4; 14. B-B2, P-R3; 15. B-KR4, QR-B1; 16. R-K1, KR-K1; 17. P-QR3, tempting is 17. R x B, since then 17... Q x B is met by 18. Kt x P, but Black can reply 17... Kt x R; 18. B x Kt, P x B; 19. Q-R5, K-Kt2; and he is safe 17... Kt-KR2; 18. Q-Q3, Kt-B1; 19. B x B, Kt x B; 20. R-K3, P-Kt3; 21. QR-K1, Kt-K3; 22. R-K5, R-B5; 23. Q-K3, Kt-B3; a mistake; better was 23... P-QR4, threatening P-Kt5.
24. R x P, Q-B1; 25. Q x P? a bad error; he overlooks the pleasing continuation 25. Kt-K4, R x B; 26. Q x P.
25... Kt-B5; 26. R(Q5)-K5, another mistake; he should have tried 26. B-K4.
26... Kt x R; 27. P x Kt, R x Kt; 28. B x P, Kt x B; 29. P x R, Q x BP; White resigns.

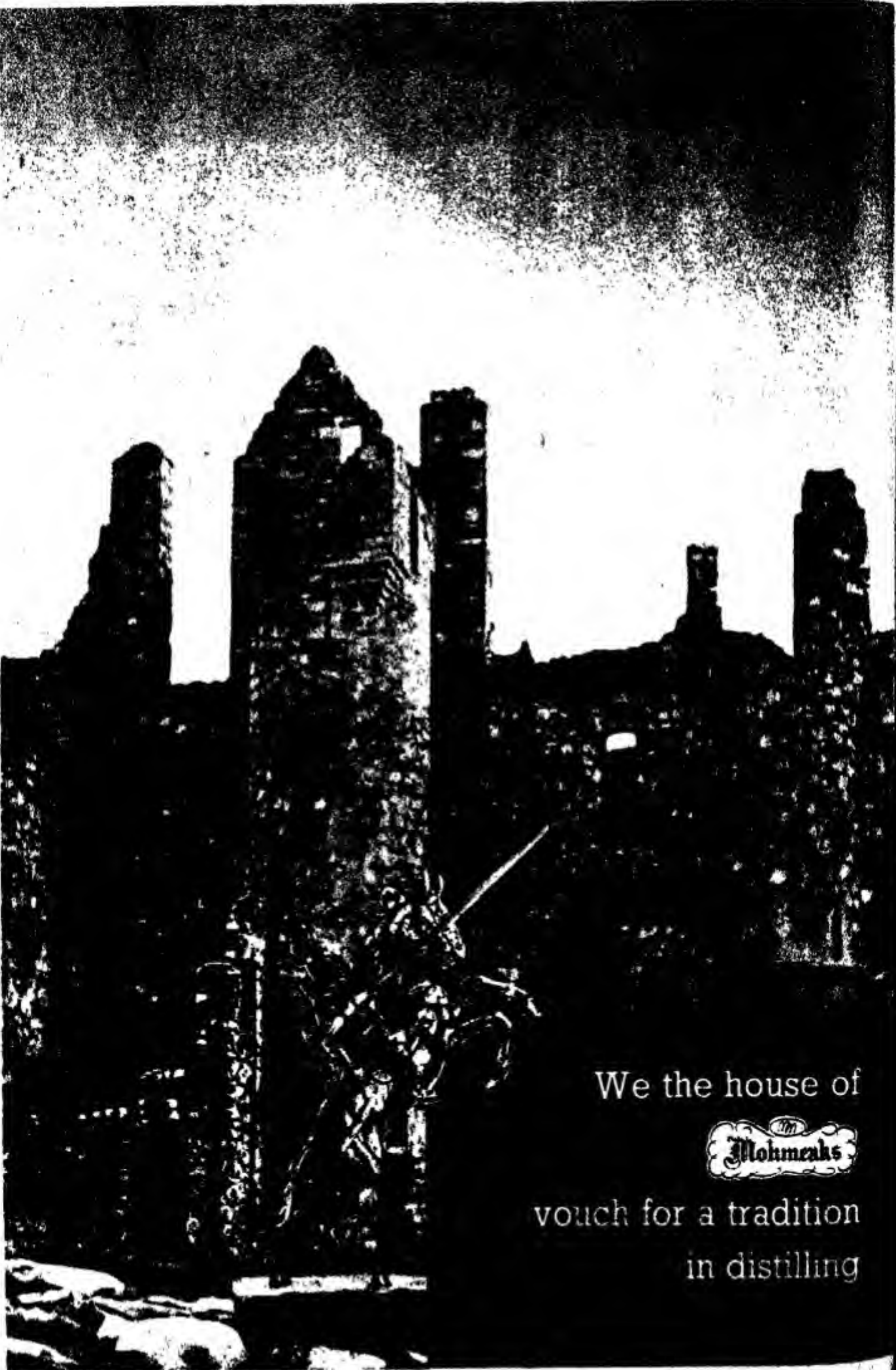
A drop too much Scotch

Played in the Grandmasters Tournament at Wijk-aan-Zee, 1972.

White: L. Ljubojevic. Black: J. Smajkal.

Scotch Gambit.

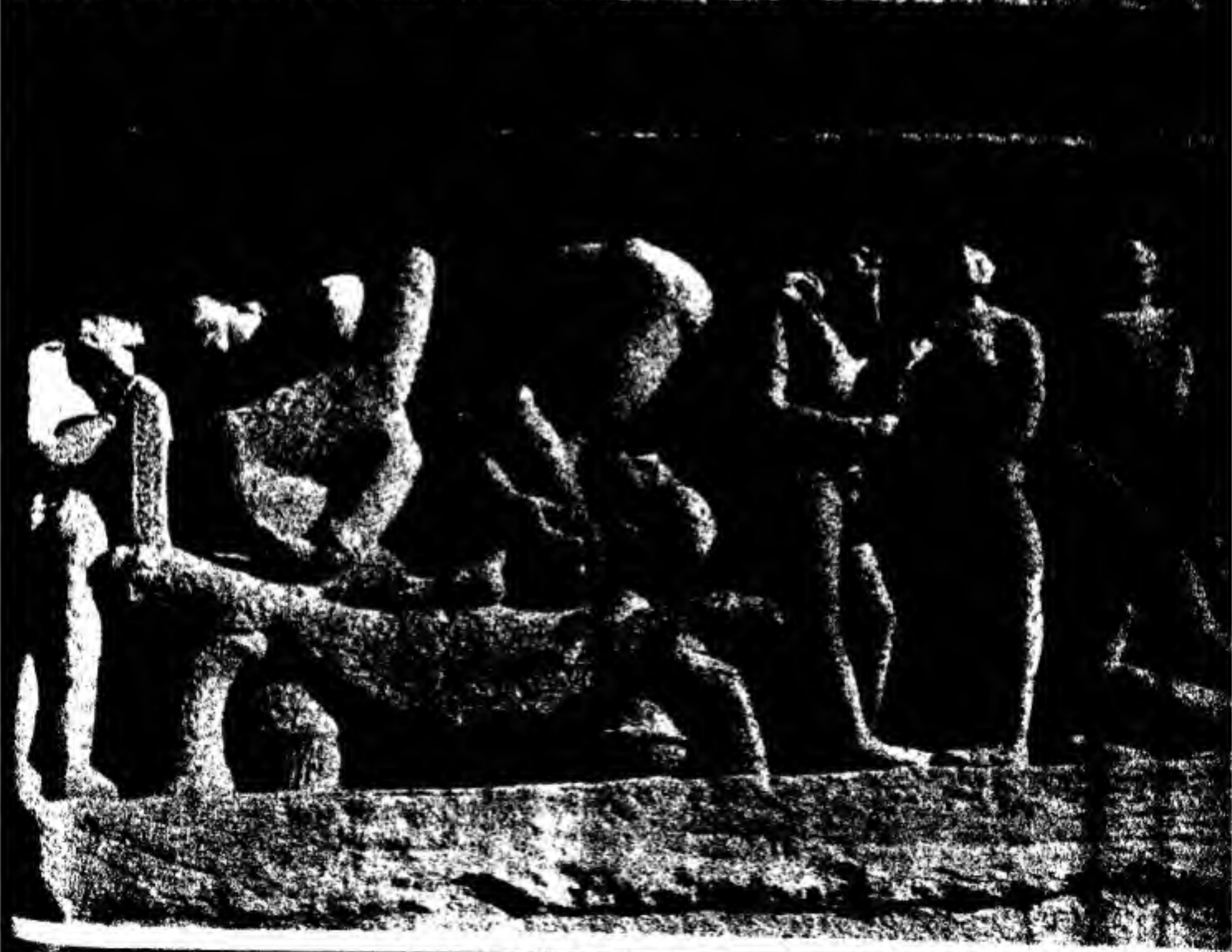
1. P-K4, P-K4; 2. Kt-KB3, Kt-QB3; 3. P-Q4, P x P; 4. P-B3, P x P; 5. B-QB4, P-Q3; 6. Kt x P, Kt-B3; 7. Q-Kt3, Q-Q2; 8. Kt-Kt5, Kt-K4; 9. B-Kt5, P-B3; 10. P-B4, Kt(K4)-Kt5; 11. P-KR3, P x B; 12. P x Kt, P-Kt5; 13. Kt-Q5, P-QKt3; 14. Kt x Kt ch, P x Kt; 15. R x P, R x R; 16. Kt x R, B-K2; 17. P-Kt5, P x P; 18. P-B5, Q-B3; 19. Q x P, P-B3; 20. Q-Q4, K-B2; 21. B-K3, B-Kt2; 22. R-B1, Q x P; 23. R-B7, R-R1; 24. Q x P ch, resigns.



We the house of

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सुन्दरी



The tender moment
MULK RAJ ANAND

Sunday week

Week beginning with June 3



ARIES (March 21 — April 20)

Outside your routine, the planetary transits will compel you to turn to hobbies including mystic studies. If you are interested in fine arts and sports, you will have ample opportunities this week. Approbation from superiors indicated. Businessmen should defer investment for some time. Professionals can make some gain. If you are single, restrict your dealings with the opposite sex.



TAURUS (April 21 — May 20)

Your personality and outlook will undergo a change for the betterment of your career. Early success may make you optimistic but do not argue with your seniors over official matters. Professionals will gain some advantage against their rivals. Business-executives may well expect higher ranks. Welcome changes for Government servants and new contacts for those in artistic fields.



GEMINI (May 21 — June 20)

A week of fluctuating experiences. Social workers should avoid contact with opposite sex to avoid possible disgrace or scandal. Business executives should take extra care in all activities. There is also a likelihood of accidents. Bachelors and maids may encounter opposition from their seniors. Control your temper, select your career and settle down in life.



CANCER (June 21 — July 21)

Get ready for some abrupt changes around you. If you are unemployed you are likely to enter service for the first time. Doctors and advocates will have much improvement in their working life. Authors may get unexpected money in the form of royalties in the mid-week. If you are single a pleasant proposal will surprise you on Thursday.



LEO (July 22 — Aug. 21)

You are likely to take on more work and approach the end of a series of difficulties in your service, enhanced income and official favour will be received. This week favours all of your activities. Talented people will make a mark in social work and enjoy increased popularity. Financial position will be satisfactory and investments will bring good dividends.



VIRGO (Aug. 22 — Sept. 22)

Unforeseen changes in working life indicated. You are to face opposition from your colleagues. Mental depression will keep you occupied till Thursday. Friday and Saturday are auspicious for monetary gains and social activities. To businessmen the second half of the week will open new prospects. For married, the domestic life will be normal and good but the health of children may cause you great worry.



LIBRA (Sept. 23 — Oct. 22)

Prospects of journey westwards, good. Honour and recognition from professional associates indicated. Thursday is good for meetings and exchange of thoughts. If you are in service wait a while before giving vent to your grievances. If you are in intelligence service fame and honour will come. Businessmen invest with caution.



SCORPIO (Oct. 23 — Nov. 22)

This is not the time to vacillate. Postpone making any changes in your job. Planetary influences are not balanced between good and bad and this week tilts slightly to the unfavourable side. Health will suffer, minor injuries are feared. Businessmen and industrialists will suffer handicaps for lack of desired resources. Persons connected with film industry may expect new contracts.



SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 23 — Dec. 20)

Carefree and smooth week. Comfort and ease in domestic front. If you are in business financial gain will be more than average. Authors and journalists will have unexpected opportunities in their fields. Business-executives may expect relief from pressure of work and conquest of obstacles. Bachelors will experience increase in expenditures for social commitments. Professionals! avoid wasteful travelling.



CAPRICORN (Dec. 21 — Jan. 19)

The best time for social get-togethers and entertainments. Professional and free-lance journalists may find a new link which will later bring them prosperity. You are to experience a tricky situation at home and outside. Unemployed may expect an appointment letter. Marriage indicated for those who are single.



AQUARIUS (Jan. 20 — Feb. 18)

Aim at building your career rather than thinking of marriage. For your best interests keep your temper in the leash. If you are in service, conflicting trends are indicated. Businessmen may expect gains in business. This week is very crucial for industrialists. Government authorities may stand in the way of industrial expansion. Actors and actresses may enter into fresh contracts on Friday.



PISCES (Feb. 19 — March 20)

This is not the proper time to contemplate change of residence or present job. Have patience — condition will change on Thursday dramatically. For businessmen, unforeseen difficulties indicated. Professionals will have disputes and conflicts with colleagues and associates. Cardiac patients should observe discipline. If you are in politics be careful of your close associates.

This magazine is distributed
FREE with sunday's
Hindusthan Standard

THE ART AND ECSTASY OF GLIDING



Gliding is the closest man can come to the freedom and grace of the eagle soaring on still, outstretched wings. The first National Gliding Championship, recently held at Kanpur, marks the coming of age of this Sport in India. Jyotirmoy Datta, who learnt gliding in order to cover the Kanpur rally, holds that it is a pure sport, an art which is its own reward, though military and social uses have been extracted from the ballet of the skies.

sunday

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3 JUNE 1973

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the tender



Desire arose in the heart of the Supreme and, by the force of this passion, the One became Many.

This is one of the earliest Indian myths which seeks to explain the birth of the universe. There is no doubt that it is a popular interpretation based on the various insights of the first thousand years of our conscious history. Perhaps it humanises the abstract speculation of the 'Hymn of Creation' in the Rigveda. But, maybe, it has some reference back to the fertility cults of the earliest neolithic inhabitants of India, the men of the forests — the so-called *Dasyus*.

There is a treasure of images from those remote ages when everything seemed to have its double. The ambiguous essences were symbolised and made into ritual objects. The totem was the escape of the dark will into freedom. The shape was necessary for contemplation. The necessity for appeasement of the brooding fears of the violences of nature was constant. Expiation was the only way out.

One can see the excited faces of those primitive astrologers charting the Planets. One can see them imaging the hunt on the cave walls before going out. One can hear their thump-thump, and the gyrations of the dance, with the one, two, three beats. One can hear the ejaculations of the first poetry. And, in their two dimensional world, the fundamental image seems to have been the holy triangle, which later appears as the female fertility symbol.

Did the worship echo the early cults of the remote civilisation before the Flood, which spread from the Aegean Sea to the near Arctic and to tropical India? — the cult of the universal mother?

Certainly, she appears as the Isis type in the remains of the Mediterranean, the Ishtar type of the great Peninsula of mid-Asia; and she is personified as Yoni in the Ahichchatra terracottas.

The prominent features of the mother goddess are slightly different in each area. But she is often full-breasted, the holy mounds being exaggerated in size, or in number. She is usually pregnant, with a protuberant rounded belly lovingly configured. And she has a child in her arms, being suckled, or held up to the face lovingly. She is often a young



moment

MULK RAJ ANAND

woman, especially in the Ishtar type — a sublimated divine female, made into the object of man's desire, alluring him with her soft limbs, her exquisite face and the aura of virginity about her.

The Egyptian incarnation of the universal woman, the goddess Baubo, reappears in the Roman period, in a new form, seated on the ground, legs spread out so as to display the pudendum with high emphasis. Sometimes, the Baubo-Phryne is seated in the frog attitude, showing the outward spread of the thighs, legs apart, the arms raised in invitation.

Always, however, in these figures the pudenda is made the centre of attention.

The naked goddess was obviously accepted beyond the stark question of good and evil in the Mohenjodaro-Harappa complex.

And, after centuries of feeling years, in spite of Gautama's rejection of desire, she reappears, without taint of sin, in the worship of the lovely Yakshinis of Barhut and Taxila and Mathura and Kausambi and Sanchi and Pataliputra.

In our contemporary imagination, we can see the myth of this nude goddess taking shape from the mounds of Sirkup and Kausambi and Nevasa and Bhita and Ter. She is being transformed under the Satvahana Kings of Western and Central India, during the first Christian centuries, into Durga or Parvati, in her headless incarnation in Satara, with Nandi the bull by her side. And then she is called 'Lajja Gauri', or 'the shy woman'.

And when the forest people were told by the orthodoxies that only women who do not get children worship 'Lajja Gauri', who is a 'shameless woman', they seem to have cut off her head, applied butter and red oxide of mercury on the pudendum and breasts and prayed to her for children in a million wayside shrines.

There is visible a dominant dualism in the Indian tradition. On the one hand, there is the primitive, earthy and intimate awareness of the 'quick' of birth, from the conjugal embrace of a man and woman, naked and unashamed in the acceptance of the fundamental phenomenon of the magic of the bodies in union, the celebration of the private moment with the pull of desire in the





dark night. On the other hand, there is the metamorphosis of instinct into feeling, and feeling into thought, which exalts the mother, the consort of Brahma himself, into ultimate Desire for union with God into a Myth. The people turn inward and brood on the intimacies of physical union from the tensions of the highest excitement in the cycle of endless days. And they begin to prefer images of woman to woman herself, hoping to catch the contagion of the senses in the radiant warmth of the legend.

The custodians of the mystery of the life-divine are overjealous of the mystery of woman and the involvement she brings in the veils of Maya. With a subtle awareness of the pull of the senses, the violent urges of the heart, and the inevitable facts of birth, conjugation and life, the priests concede to the worshippers, on behalf of the Supreme God 'Whosoever seeks me, in whatever form he likes, will find me'.

The poets of the golden Gupta age from Kalidasa downwards resurrected the splendour, the agony, and the absolute urgency of human love in romantic poetry, cast in classical modes, in the sophisticated towns of the fourth and fifth centuries. The world was accepted, even though as a series of lived-in illusions, and the life of the senses was part of the earthly evidence, without much hypocrisy. The relationship between men and women were analysed by Vatsyayana in his Kama Sutra, based on earlier texts. The moods and flavours were laid bare, the seasons for mating were described. The psychology of approach was explored, and a thousand different intricate considerations were portrayed with a sensitiveness that siezes on the moment of tenderness of the connection between two equals in desire. The metaphors of Kalidasa, Bhavabhuti, and Bhartihari, beckon a free universe of human expression, in which the shame of sex does not enter, as it had already entered the Christian world in the west and made it into a sin.

The images of poetry often found their counterparts in the paintings on the walls, as at Ajanta, Bagh, and Bedami and Sittanvansal, with the dark girls aflame, tempting the princes and priests against the everwaiting Death.

The transformation of the male and female principle in the village life of the early middle period came through the beckoning of the wild god Shiva, the potent creator, whom Parvati woos, through tremendous austerities, to make him her lord. The open aboriginal confrontation of sex is accepted by all the castes, except the highest. The holy men are compelled to administer the faith by

the exaltation of the disreputable Shiva, the mated hair vagabond, who personifies the fecundity of mountains and forests and storms, because his name had become the battlecry against the frequent invaders from the north.

The Kaula and Kapalika sadhus, wandering from darkness to darkness, adumbrate, through the ecstasy of drinking and dancing and physical union, the power necessary to be human, on the intensest levels. They absorb the magical cults, the aphrodisiacs, and the necromancy, into the doctrines of Tantra, inventing ways to achieve ecstasy in secret rituals.

Away from the philosophy of salvation, through the mortification of the flesh, and the 'purification' of the body and mind for the union with the One Supreme, many expressionist life-concepts were evolved, which accepted the world, the flesh, and desire, as part of the Samasara, which flows like a river, whose waters go into the ocean of eternal life. In fact, there were many who felt that what is desirable in life is pleasure and this god is not beyond man's reach. They said that death is the final ceasing to be. And the highest joy lies in awakening the dormant powers that lie in the human body-soul. They wished to escape the death in life by a vivid private history.

The forms that thus came to be adopted in the middle ages, were seemingly orthodox — the temples, the priests, the jewels and the offering.

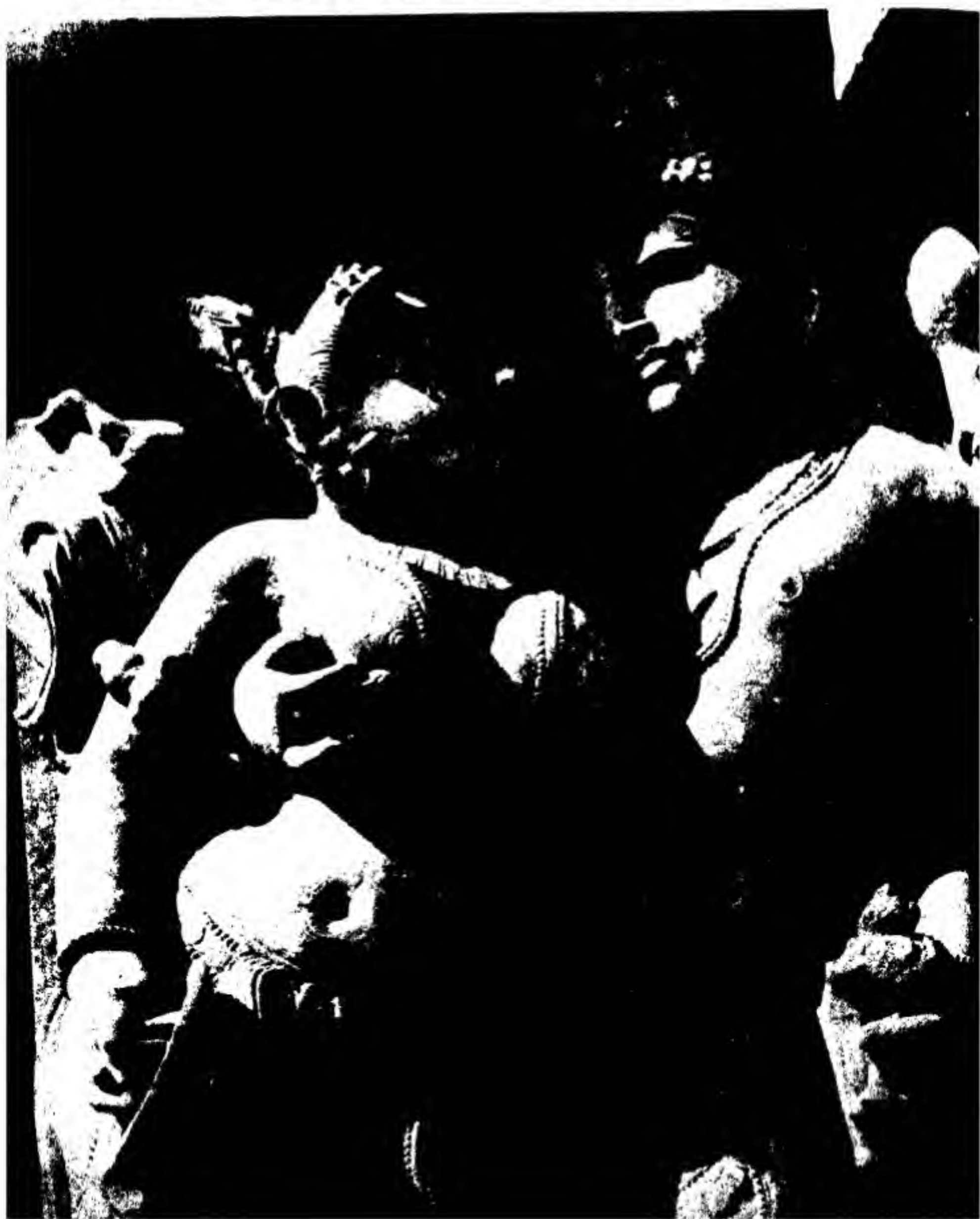
But the real content was in images of human desire.

Especially, the feudal monarchs, uneasy on their thrones, wished in their small principalities to make the way of happiness the path of Salvation. The arts were necessary for the heightening of the slow rural life. The deep sound of the shenai stole through their palaces at dawn, awakening the exalted from their slumbers. The Priests offered the temptation of a ritual in shrines, where faith itself had been made luscious by the artisans. The empty days were thus filled by the life of the imagination. The boring routine of administration for a few hours was followed by siesta. And, in the evenings, the daughters of the gods regaled the princes and princesses with the enactment of those ambivalent poems, stories and myths, in which the gods themselves dance the fugitive phenomenon of the universe, through temptations of the flesh. The fantasy and the dreams enabled the senses to vibrate to the sounds which lead to the depths of the sensibility.

The carvings on the temples of Khajuraho of the 11th century A.D. are some of the few surviving examples of the



*No classical sculpture anywhere
Indian workmanship in some of the
as at Konark. The world here*



n the world has surpassed the delineations of the flavours of love, lila (sport) of youth in pure play

sculpture where the yoga of the sexual embrace has been made incarnate in hundreds of sylph-like, cylindrical, intertwining male and female forms, redolent with the sap of life, running through their smooth and graceful presences. The lovers bow down, with infinite grace, while the beloveds look up with inspired tenderness. And their four eyes seem to explore the pools below pools of yearning. The *apsaras*, surcharged with the beauty of youth, play indolently. One takes a painful thorn out of her foot. The other pats a ball. The third combs her tresses of hair. The fourth looks at herself in the mirror. The fifth ties the bells to her ankles in preparation for the dance. The world here is *lila* (sport) of youth in the pure play function of the senses, in the enjoyment of passionate embraces, where each becomes both.

No classical sculpture anywhere in the world has surpassed the Indian workmanship in some of the delineations of the flavours of love, as at Konark. But we have to look at it from within the orbit of a philosophy of salvation through pleasure, and not from the superior standpoint of a Christian, or later-day Hindu puritanism. As the sun was supposed to be the source of energy, of heat and light, which make for velocity, movement and sound, the worship of the sun became fused with the doctrines of the phallic cults. And the ecstasy of enlightenment was often cultivated through Yoga as *bhoga* — the path of pleasure through eating and drinking and dance and music and painting and sculpture and love-making.

The Konark temple, the culmination of centuries of sedulous belief in the sun, is a giant sculpture, with the walls as part of the body of god, showing the flow of sex energies above the chariot of Vishnu, the Sun God. After the classical mystery at Khajuraho in the north, after the ivory finish of the creeper-like figures of nearby Bhubaneshwar, the giant monolith of Konark, the so-called 'black pagoda', seems to be the work of the gods. A hundred Michael Angelos may have spent themselves, for two generations, to achieve a structure as elemental as any in Carnac or Nubia of ancient Egypt, or the Parthenon in Greece. The space

relations, the statutory, and the placing of mountains of stone one upon the other, bespeaks architectural skills behind which the faith in the Sun God must have been passionately held. The energies of the figures, as they embrace each other, penetrate, caress, and yield the fruit of loving, are conceived as universal energies of the sun. Man, beast, bird, even vegetation, carries the sap of the eternal warm flow. The Amazonian girl-musicians play the drum, the cymbals, the flute, to produce the dithyrambs of ultimate sound. The *apsaras* dance. All is gay. And, in this atmosphere, the ecstasy of male and female union is represented with a masterly handling of forms which fuse with each other in their silent urgings. The interminglings of human bodies, inspired by the vitality of the sun, defy the scorn of those who look at the body's rapture from their own contemporary frustrations in love.

Ambivalence is obvious: specially in the later art of the mediaeval period, in the paintings of the Krishna legend in Rajasthan and the Pahari area. Only through the enactment of the arduous agonies, and blandishments of the god of love, sporting with his consort and the maids, could the feudal princes of small city states express their own human longings and aspirations. However, there are few love paintings in the world which can compare with the lyrical, delicate and yet discreetly passionate interpretations of the tensions of desire in Rajasthan and Pahari pictures. And some of these compositions with their suave colour harmonies, and their fine curvaceous lines, become the quintessence of the Indian faith in the tender moment.

This art of the tender moment in India is beyond our present-day prudery, the expression of the sacredness of love between the male and the female, encompassing the preparation through prolonged toilets, interpreting the nuances of the agonies of separation, waiting and fulfilment, enacting the play function of sex through the perfection of nerves and tendons and muscles, until the violin strings of emotion are fused into silence, which is itself a kind of music of the deeper layers.



Sketches: M. F. HUSSEIN.

Pix: D. H. SAHAR.

COURTESY: MARG Publications.

step by step

manicure and pedicure



You need nail polish, base coat, turkish towel, nail polish remover, nail clipper, cuticle remover (if you have one from abroad), talcum powder, cold cream or hand and body lotion, nail file or preferably emery boards, orange stick, cotton wool, two bowls and a basin of warm, soapy water for a pedicure and a manicure.

PEDICURE :

Do your pedicure first.

Dry method :

This should be done after a bath, when the skin is soft.

- (1) Wipe feet dry with a soft towel.
- (2) Remove old nail polish with nail polish remover.
- (3) Clip nails with a nail clipper. Cut them straight across, otherwise the nails tend to grow inwards.
- (4) Now smooth corners with an emery board.
- (5) Dust feet lightly with talcum powder, including the space in between the toes.
- (6) Use a few drops of moisturizer and massage feet gently for five minutes. Wipe feet and nails with a soft towel.
- (7) Apply base coat on the nails, starting from inwards and going outwards.
- (8) Apply two coats of nail polish.

Wet method :

More suited to Indian conditions.

- (1) Remove old nail polish with nail polish remover. (Avoid using acetone, which is harsh on the nails and can turn them yellow and brittle. Saving a rupee or two will ruin your nails in the long run. It is better to buy a nail polish remover with an oil base).
- (2) Clip nails straight, or with a very slight arc, smooth rough edges with an emery board.
- (3) Remove dirt from under the nails.
- (4) Rub in cold cream or hand lotion over and under feet and massage for a while.
- (5) Soak feet in a basin of warm soapy water. (This is a good time to do your foot exercises).
- (6) Wipe feet dry on a turkish towel : not forgetting the area in-between the toes.
- (7) With a blunt instrument, remove dirt from soles in swift, vertical movements.
- (8) Use a base coat. (Indian nail polishes do not come with a base coat. A good substitute is colourless nail varnish. This is essential, as it prevents the nails from going yellow).
- (9) Apply two coats of nail polish in smooth swift strokes, starting from the centre inwards to outwards.

in our fashion in our fashion



Hiplength hair, plus a stunning figure, plus 20 steel bangles, plus black nail varnish plus a yen for modelling equals Nandini Shelar. Nandini stands at a statuesque 5 feet 7 inches, and is so poised that you guess wildly at her age and reel a little when she tells you she is only 17. All she has to substantiate her years (or lack of them!) is a schoolgirl-type, slightly breathless giggle. All yours, we told her grandly, waving at the rows of maxis, long skirts, pants and tops in the boutique. Select your kind of outfits.

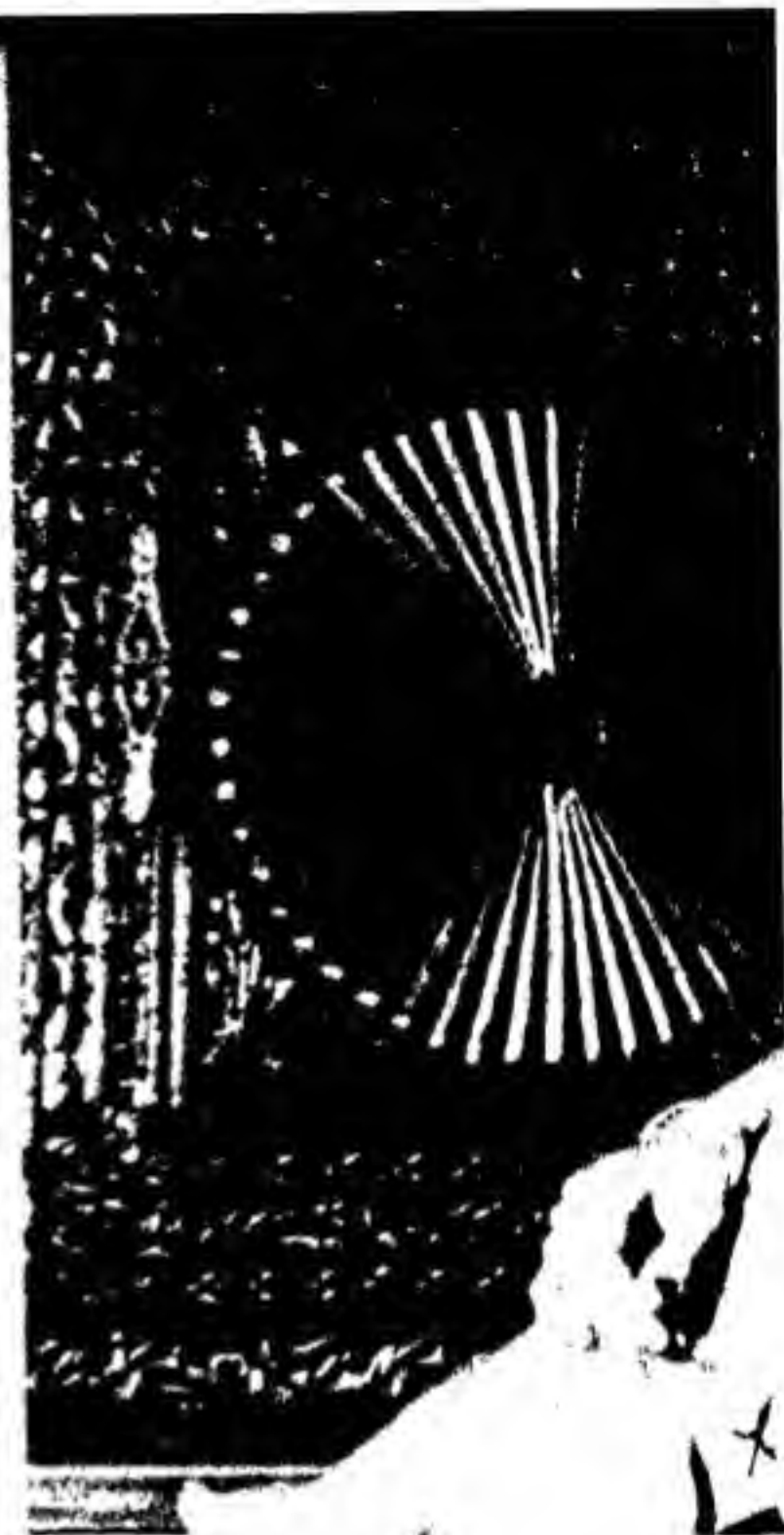
"Oh I love this" Nandini beamed, rummaging happily through silk, velvet and seersucker.

(1) She finally picked out an unusual organza shawl-like top, in autumnal shades outlined with tar work. The frill at the hem extends to form a tie-up in front. (Rs. 108-70). This top is dressy, provocative, formal without looking stiff. Ideal for a special party or a cocktail meet. Nandini donned an Afro-wig to go with the top. Just right!

(2) Her mood guiding her selection of formal wear, Nandini next appeared in a printed pure silk cover-gown, quilted and trimmed with silk edging, back and front brought together at the sides with tie-ups (Rs. 282). Nandini wore it over black velvet flares (Rs. 85). She loves pants, and wears them beautifully.

(3) A terrific combination was her next choice — pure silk and chiffon with a matching print! Some idea, that — the long skirt with a shocking pink floral print against gold was of pure silk (Rs. 172) and the soft chiffon top, with long scarf-ends in front and broad cuffs at the sleeves complements it perfectly (Rs. 157). The skirt and the top are available — as separates too — so the great thing to do would be to buy up both, and then freak out with mix 'n' match ideas.

(4) Think of the coolest colours possible, soft blue, lime green, royal blue.... Put them together and you have another gorgeous printed pure silk outfit — with the most way-out idea since the invention of hems — the handkerchief hemline. The material is so cut that the skirt looks like it is made up of layers of V's, the point facing down. The V-neckline follows



the line of the dress. A long scarf, made of the same material completes the outfit (Rs. 288 with scarf).

A fitting finale to this collection of "specials" (now you know where your bonus is going!) was a rich velvet printed gown, banded with strips of satin and touched with zari (Rs. 359-7) on Nandini it acquired an aura of mystery with the element of shock contributed by the deep pink satin slashing across the velvety depth. These outfits (which woman doesn't long for an 'extra-special' in her wardrobe?) are ideal for the more important moments in your social life, when you feel a confidence boost will do no harm at all!

For Nandini, it was an exciting exploration, as she is essentially a jean and-shirt girl, like most collegians (Nandini is in her first year at college). Accessory-wise she goes for rings, dangler earrings, and bangles. Her make-up — eyeliner and lip-gloss, and nothing more!

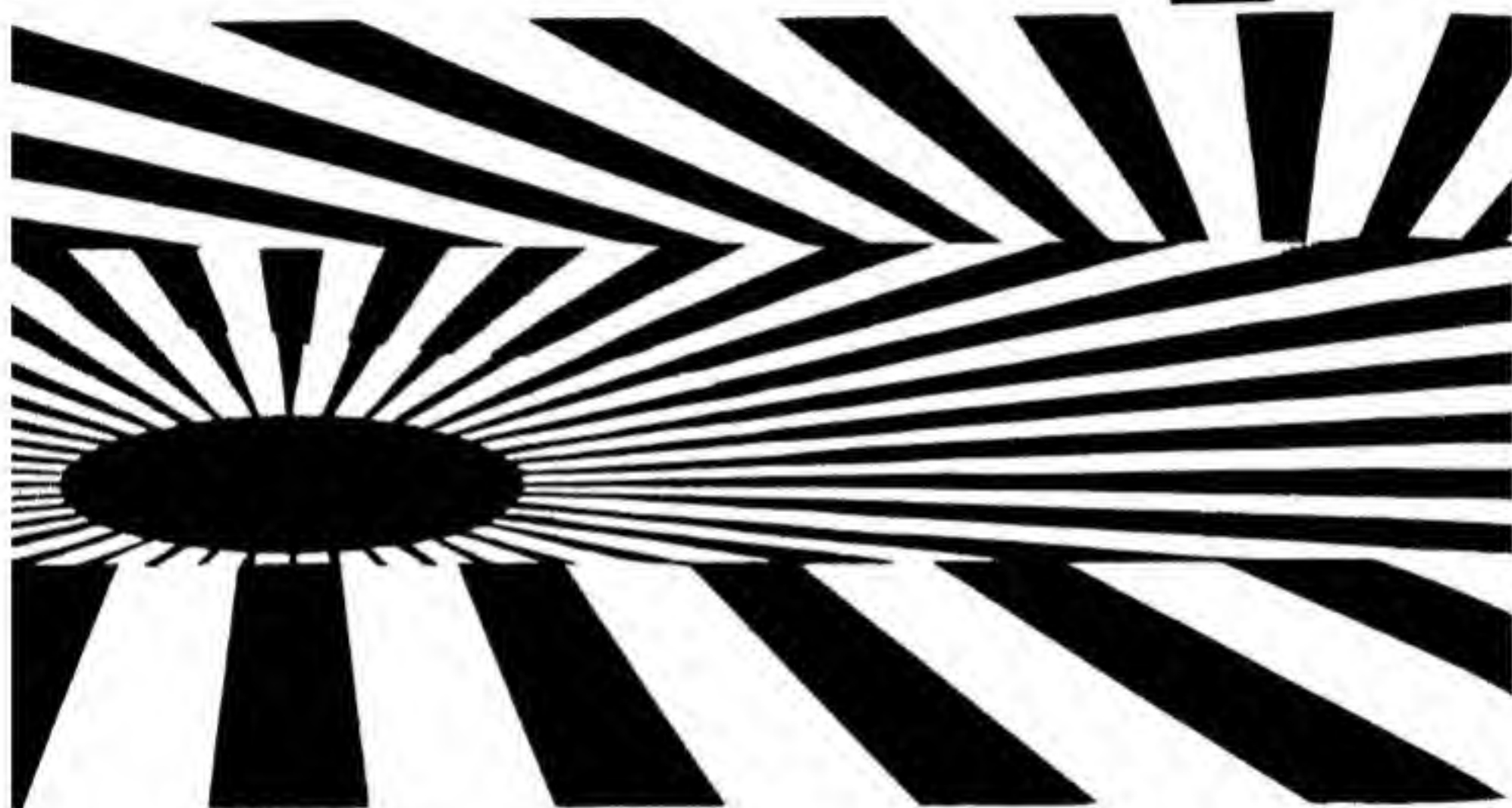
Outfits : DAGINA BOUTIQUE, Bombay.
Photo : TAIYEB BADSHAH.



by GEORGES SIMENON

PART II

MAIGRET



Without offering her hand, she walked stiffly to the door, as if afraid of losing her balance.

'Thank you all the same for agreeing to see me,' she said, in a remote voice.

And, throwing Maigret one last glance, she made her way towards the large staircase.

The two men stared at each other, as though to postpone the moment when both would open their mouths to begin asking questions. The difference was that Lapointe seemed dumbfounded, while the chief superintendent's expression still remained solemn, although there was a malicious gleam in his eye.

He went over to open the window and began to fill a heavy pipe which he had chosen. Lapointe could no longer contain himself.

'What do you think, *patron* ?'

Those who worked with him rarely ventured to ask such a question, since he usually replied by grunting, in a now familiar way : 'I don't think.'

Instead, it was now he who asked a question :

'About this vanished husband story ?'

'About her particularly'

Maigret was lighting his pipe as he stood by the window, contemplating the Quais. He gave a sigh.

'She's a strange woman'

Nothing more. He did not try to analyse his impressions, still less put them into words. Lapointe could see that he was troubled and regretted having thoughtlessly asked the question. Nevertheless, he murmured :

'Perhaps she's mad ?'

The chief superintendent looked at him searchingly, without speaking. He remained a long while by the window, then asked :

'Will you have lunch with me ?'

'Certainly, *patron*, especially since my wife's gone to see her sister at Saint-Cloud.'

'Shall we say in fifteen minutes ?'

When Lapointe had left, Maigret picked up the phone and rang the Boulevard Richard-Lenoir.

'Is that you ?' his wife's voice asked, even before he had opened his mouth.

'It's me.'

nd Monsieur Charles



'I bet you're going to tell me you're not coming home for lunch.'

'You win your bet.'

'At the Brasserie Dauphine?'

'With Lapointe.'

'A new case?'

His last important case had ended three weeks earlier; this wish of his to have lunch at the Place Dauphine was, in fact, his way of celebrating his return to active duty. It was also partly his way of cocking a snook at the chief of police and the Minister of the Interior, who had wanted to lock him up in a luxurious office.

'Yes.'

'I haven't read anything in the papers.'

'The papers haven't mentioned it yet; perhaps they never will.'

'Have a good lunch — I only had grilled herrings for you.'

He remained in thought for a few minutes, then picked up the phone again, staring at the armchair where his visitor had sat. He could almost picture her sitting there again, so edgy, with those staring eyes and nervous tic.

'May I speak to Maitre Demaison,

please?'

He knew that Maitre Demaison would be at home at this hour.

Maigret speaking.'

'How are you? Got some poor old murderer you want me to defend?'

'Not yet. I only want some information. Do you know a solicitor on the Boulevard Saint-Germain by the name of Savin-Levesque?'

'Gerard? I'll say I do! We read law together.'

'What do you think of him?'

'Has he gone off again?'

'You know about that?'

'All his friends know. He falls for a pretty woman now and then and vanishes for the night, or for a few days. He's got a taste for what you might call semi-professionals, such as strippers or night club hostesses.'

'Does this happen often?'

'As far as I know, about ten times a year....'

'What's he like as a solicitor?'

'He inherited one of the best practices 15 in Paris, practically the whole of the Faubourg Saint-Germain, but he's



nothing like the conventional type of solicitor. He wears light-coloured suits and sometimes check tweed jackets.

'He's a very cheerful, easygoing fellow who looks on the bright side of life, but that doesn't prevent him from managing his clients' affairs very astutely....'

'I've known several men and women who are clients of his; they think the world of him....'

'Do you know his wife?'

There was a pause.

'Yes.'

'Well?'

'She's an old woman. I wouldn't like to live with her, and I dare say Gerard feels the same way, since he makes a point of avoiding her.'

'Does she ever go out with him?'

'Not as far as I know.'

'Does she have any men or women friends?'

'I don't know of any.'

'Any lovers?'

'I've never heard any gossip about her. Most people think she's either neurotic or mad. She's a heavy drinker.'

'I've noticed that.'

'I've told you all I know.'

'It seems the husband disappeared a month ago.'

'And no one's heard from him?'

'Apparently not. She was worried and so she came to see me this morning.'

'Why you and not the Bureau of Missing Persons?'

'I pointed that out to her. She didn't answer.'

'Usually, when he's away for several days, he keeps in touch by phone with his head clerk, whose name I've forgotten.... Have you spoken to him?'

'I'll probably be seeing him this afternoon.'

A few minutes later, Maigret opened the door of the inspector's duty room and motioned to Lapointe. The latter darted forward with a clumsiness he could not conceal in Maigret's presence. For Maigret was his god.

'We don't need our overcoats,' the chief superintendent said in a low voice. 'We're not going far.'

That morning he had only taken a light overcoat, which he had found hanging up on a hook.

The pavement echoed under their footsteps. It was good to be in the atmosphere of the Brasserie Dauphine again, with its mingled smells of cooking and drink. At the bar there were several police officers, to whom Maigret waved.

They went straight into the cosy dining-room, which overlooked the Seine.

16 The proprietor shook hands with them.

'A little glass of *pastis* to greet the Spring?'

Maigret hesitated, then finally agreed, and so did Lapointe. The proprietor brought the drinks.

'An enquiry?'

'Probably.'

'Mind you, I'm not asking any questions.... We're discretion personified here and our lips are sealed.... How would you like some sweetbreads with mushrooms?'

Maigret sipped his *pastis*, his first for a long time. The *hors d'oeuvres* was set out before them.

'I wonder if she'll be more talkative this afternoon when I'm not there.'

'I wonder too....'

They took their time over the meal, and the proprietress insisted on their trying her home-made almond cake with which, after wiping her hands on her apron, she now served them.

It was not quite two o'clock when the two men climbed the vast staircase of the Police Judiciaire.

'They've modernized the buildings but it never occurred to them to put in a lift, Maigret grumbled, out of breath.

He went into his office, lit a pipe and began to sort through his mail in a desultory fashion. It consisted mainly of administrative forms which needed filling out and reports to be countersigned. The time passed slowly. Occasionally, he would look out of the window and let his mind wander far away from the office.

For once, Spring was on time. The air was crystal-clear, the sky a delicate blue, and the buds on the trees were already swelling. In a few days, the first leaves would begin to show their pale green shoots.

As he passed the door of the inspectors' duty room, he called out:

'I don't know when I'll be back.'

He had decided to walk to the Boulevard Saint-Germain, but he soon regretted the idea, for it seemed a long way to number 207 bis, and he had to mop his forehead several times during the journey.

The huge stone building, which had turned grey with age, looked like most of the other houses along the Boulevard. He went in through a highly-polished oak door and found himself in the vaulted entrance, at the end of which he could see a paved courtyard with old stables which had been converted into garages.

On the left-hand door there was a solicitor's gilded escutcheon and a brass plaque which stated:

Maitre G. Sabin-Levesque

Solicitor

Across the way, to the right of the other entrance, a man was peering at him through the window of the concierge's lodge.

Madame Sabin-Levesque had told him

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that the flat was on the first floor. On the same side, there was another brass plaque which read :

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The doctor's fees must have been high. The lift was vast. Since the flat was only on the first floor, Maigret decided to walk up the elegant staircase, with its thickly-carpeted steps.

When he reached the first floor, he rang the bell. Almost instantly, an attractive young maid opened the door and took his hat.

'Will you please come in? Madame is expecting you....'

He found himself in a panelled hallway. The large drawing-room into which he was next ushered was also panelled, with nineteenth-century portraits hung on the walls.

He did not sit down. The furniture was massive, mostly in the Louis-Philippe style, and though the total effect was of luxury and comfort, all gaiety was absent.

'Madame is waiting for you in her boudoir. I'll take you there....'

They went through two or three more rooms, which Maigret did not have time to take in, until they at last came to the boudoir, hung with blue silk, where Madame Sabin-Levesque lay reclining on a chaise-longue. She was wearing a *peignoir* of darker blue and held out a hand loaded with rings to Maigret, who, not knowing whether to kiss or to shake it, merely touched it with his finger-tips.

'Please sit down. I'm sorry to be receiving you in this fashion, but I'm not feeling well and I think I'll go back to bed after our talk.'

'I'll try not to keep you long.'

'What's your impression of me?'

'I told you this morning that you're a very intelligent person.'

'You're wrong about that. I only follow my instincts, nothing more.'

'First of all, let me ask you a question. Before you came to tell me your husband had disappeared, did you check with the head clerk to find out if he had any news of him?'

'I rang him several times during the last month.... There's a private line between the flat and the office.... I ought to tell you that my husband owns this building. He inherited it from his father....'

'Monsieur Lecureur.... that's his name, isn't it?.... Monsieur Lecureur hasn't heard from him either?'

'Not once.'

'Did he on previous occasions?'

18 'I didn't ask him. I think I told you that I'm not on very good terms with him.'

She hesitated.

'Would you care for a brandy or anything else to drink?'

'No, thank you.'

'I'm going to have a brandy. You see, I'm not ashamed to drink in front of you.... Anyway, everyone will tell you I'm an alcoholic, which is true.... They'll probably also tell you I'm mad....'

She rang a bell and the butler arrived a few moments later.

'Bring me the brandy and a glass, Honore....'

'Only one glass, Madame?'

Yes, just one. Superintendent Maigret doesn't want a drink....'

Her manner had become rather aggressive. She stared at him defiantly, a smile hovering painfully on her bitter lips.

'Did you share a bedroom with your husband?'

'We did for about three months immediately after we were married. Now the rooms on this side of the main drawing-room are mine. My husband's domain is those on the other side.'

'Do you usually have your meals together?'

'You've asked me that already.... Yes, we do, once in a while, but we don't keep the same hours and we have different tastes....'

'What do you do during the holidays?'

'We have.... Sorry, I mean Gerard was left a big villa near Cannes.... We go there.... He bought a yacht recently and I see even less of him than I do in Paris.'

'Does he have any enemies that you know of?'

'None that I can think of.... except for me....'

'Do you hate him?'

'Not really. I don't even resent him. It's just his character.'

'Are you his heir?'

'Yes, his sole heir.'

'Is he very wealthy?'

'Enough to make quite a few women wish they were in my place. But, you see, it so happens that I'm not interested in money, and I'd be happier living in a garret....'

'Why don't you ask for a divorce?'

'Too lazy. Or too indifferent. There comes a time when one doesn't feel like anything any more; one just goes on repeating the same gestures, day after day, without thinking....'

She picked up her glass with a shaking hand.

'Cheers....'

She emptied it to the last drop.

'There, you see? I suppose I ought to blush with shame....'

'Who said you ought to? Your husband?'

'Yes, when I began drinking. That

was many years ago....'

'And now?'

'He doesn't care.'

'Would you be relieved to discover he was dead?'

'Not really. He means so little to me, alive or dead.'

'You think some misfortune's happened to him, don't you?'

'I think it may have; that's why I came to see you.'

'What do you think could have happened?'

'He usually picks up his....shall we call them his girl-friends?....in night-clubs, where one meets all sorts of people....'

'Do you know any of these clubs?'

'I know of about two or three, from finding some matchboxes with the names printed on them....'

'What were they?'

'The *Chat Botte*....the *Belle Helene*....let me see....the *Cric-Crac*....'

'Have you ever felt tempted to go and see one of them for yourself?'

'I'm not curious....'

'So I see....'

She was helping herself to more brandy and her lips had begun to twitch again. Her gaze was blank and unseeing. Maigret had the feeling that at any moment she might look up and demand to know what he was doing there.

'In other words, you think there may have been a crime?'

'Don't you?'

'Couldn't he have fallen ill?'

'He's as strong as a horse.'

'An accident....?'

'I'd have seen it in the papers.'

'Did you ring up the hospitals?'

'I did, yesterday.'

If she was capable of doing that, then despite appearances she was keeping her wits about her. There was a photograph in a silver frame on the white marble mantelpiece, and Maigret got up to have a closer look at it. It was a posed portrait of Madame Sabin-Levesque when much younger, probably before her marriage. She had been very pretty in those days, with something rather waif-like about her face.

'Yes, it's me....I've changed, haven't I?'

'Was this photograph taken before or after your wedding?'

'A few weeks after, Gerard insisted on having it done, by a well-known photographer in the Boulevard Haussman....'

'He must have been in love with you in those days....'

'I don't know. He seemed to be.'

to be continued

by TERENCE REESE

BRIDGE

YOUR PARTNER opens One Spade as dealer and you survey:

♠ 83
♥ A Q 8 5 3
♦ A K 8 4 2
♣ A

Before you have a chance to set your machinery in motion there is a butt-in of Four Clubs. Very awkward! The situation arose at several tables in the Masters Pairs.

Dealer, South. N-S vulnerable.

♠ 83
♥ A Q 8 5 3
♦ A K 8 4 2
♣ A

♠ 10 7
♥ 7
♦ 10 3
♣ K J 9 8 7 5 3 2

♠ 9 8 5 4
♥ K J 10 9 2
♦ J 9 7 5
♣ -

♠ A K D J 2
♥ 6 4
♦ Q 6
♣ Q 10 6 4

My partner gave the matter long consideration and finally bid Four Spades. As we were playing the Precision system he knew my hand was limited and that I had five spades. A double of Four Clubs produces 900 as the cards lie, but the popular selection was Five Clubs, leading as a rule to Six Spades.

If West leads a club against a spade contract South is held to eleven tricks, but at most tables West led his singleton heart. Declarer goes up with the Ace, draws trumps, and tests the diamonds, arriving at this position:

♠ -
♥ Q 8
♦ 8 4
♣ A

♠ -
♥ -
♦ -
♣ K J 9 8 7

♠ -
♥ K J 10 9
♦ J
♣ -

♠ 2
♥ 6
♦ -
♣ Q 10 6

South knows the hand exactly and on the next diamond must discard his losing heart, leaving East on play. Several good players missed this line, and I heard of only one pair, Broad and Monckton, bidding Six Spades and making it. One North player made 12 tricks in notrumps by end-playing East—but alas, he was in Seven Notrump!



KING ARTHUR is one of four characters from traditional British stories who appear on stamps issued recently in the West Indian island of Grenada. The other stamps show Robin Hood, Robinson Crusoe, and Mary with her little lamb.

The issue honours Unicef, the United Nations International Children's Emergency Fund, whose mother-and-child symbol appears in each design.

Other new issues from Grenada include a series to commemorate the victory of Eric Gairy's United Labour Party in the general election held on 28 February and a series to publicise Interpex, the New York international philatelic exhibition. The latter series consists of last year's stamps featuring the 1971 Miss World, Miss Jennifer Hosten of Grenada, with the overprint 'Interpex 1972'.

by C. W. HILL STAMP ALBUM

Climbing up five floors on a hot Sunday afternoon is not a very pleasant task. To run down because you are in the wrong wing, and to jog up another five, is even worse. But when there's someone as pleasant as Zahida ready to greet you at the end of your journey, it all seems worthwhile.

She cautioned me at the beginning. "If I don't like you, I won't talk to you". That gave me the cue to plunge straight into the villain Roopesh Kumar vs. Zahida battle of words. We didn't delve into the causes of the quarrel, but it reached a stage when Roopesh would swagger on to the sets and greet all and sundry loudly, leaving only Zahida out. Often, the screen villain had passed nasty remarks while Zahida faced the camera. The crowning insult had been an incident which took place on an outdoor shooting locale (after 8 p.m.) in a shady part of Bombay. Zahida found to her dismay that an unruly crowd had gathered around, and soon dirty words and stones were hurled at her. Almost in tears, Zahida discovered the next day, that Roopesh was behind the incident. Like I told her, Roopesh will be one actor she won't be paired with, when the film is released (or rather, if it is released, since 'Prabhat' is facing serious scissor-trouble!).

So we zeroed in on her co-stars, Dev Anand and Vinod Mehra. With her refusal to play Dev's sister in 'Hare Ram Hare Krishna', her friendly relationship with Dev Anand came to an end. And it left a bad taste. "I told Dev Saab he'll realise one day that I was right in refusing his offer. I was really keen to do that role, but not with Dev playing my brother". How far is it true that her reported romance with Dev Anand led to her part being lengthened and Waheeda's being shortened in 'Prem Pujari'? "Well. One thing is, if there's a second female in the film, the leading lady had better watch out. Dev Anand is very fond of his second heroines. But there's no truth in the other allegation. In fact, both roles were placed before Waheeda. She opted to play his sweetheart and the other came to me".

Zahida's affair with Vinod Mehra. "Vinod and me? I thought it was Vinod and Rekha!" she exclaimed. She says she has no real friends in the industry. "Amarjeet? Yes. A good friend till he married my sister", she joked. Seriously, she added: "My whole unit is composed of my friends. They've given me such

good support the last few months. I can claim to have only my unit me for my friends".

The unit she was referring to is of her forthcoming film 'Neelima' which she has placed all her hopes on. The film, made on a real shoe-budget, is almost ready. "I challenge anyone to make ten-colour reels with two lakhs!" Zahida said.

Very enthusiastic about this, Zahida is currently going through a frustrating phase of film-making - her director had to be changed (aunt who directed it on two occasions), the finances are running low (How can I ask Dutt for monetary help? After 'Rang aur Shera', the poor man has no money left"), and now, the film hasn't been sold to a single distributor, in any terms. "But I'm confident. My film will do well," she added. Leading man Vinod Mehra has been a real help to her at all times (no payment till film fetches return).

So you now find Zahida with 'Prem Pujari' and 'Jail Hamara Desh' (originally titled, 'Maalik tere bandhe' and 'Maalik' flopped renamed 'Jail Hamara Desh') on one side and her ex-boyfriend 'Neelima' on the other. For the time being, she has exhausted all her energy. In fact, the afternoon I met her, she was dressed in a maxi with a warm cover over her head - a precautionary measure against catching a head cold after a stint of late-night outdoor shooting. She has to work so hard that sometimes she just takes the car and drives aimlessly to keep desperation at bay.

Then we went back to the very beginning. "Your first film was 'Anokhi Raat'?" I asked her. "Anokhi Raat? Okay. Say it's 'Anokhi Raat'," she smiled, like she had something to say but had decided against voicing it.

Next. A jolt. Shocking. But another good artiste quitting film industry. "If 'Neelima' clicks, I'll continue making one film every year. Otherwise I'm out of the film industry. Good, because people like us can't stand this rate."

Winding up on pleasant topics, she decided to tackle matrimony. "I'm not set to get married. Only hitched if I find a fiancé. I've yet to find him". She continued lightly: "I'm going to London for a holiday, to get away from the maddening crowd, and to hunt for a husband!"

N. BHARATHI.

'I'm going to London

for a holiday...

and to hunt for a

husband'





Four events elbowed one another for importance, and of course, three of them were Rajesh-oriented. The non-Rajesh one was the annual Filmfare Awards event, marked with much glamour on one side and rancour on the other.

Pran refused his award on protest that the Best Music award should have gone to the creator of the "Pakeeza" songs — the late Gulam Mohammed — considering the sales of discs, the highest in H.M.V. history.

The next protestor was Asha Bhonsle, who ignored her Best Singer award and went off to Calcutta with R. D. Burman for another show, because he was not given the best composer award, and she was voted for his song "Dum Maro Dum".

And, of course, Rajesh Khanna didn't go to the awards function. He had arranged a "rival party", as a visiting BBC crew called it, at the Taj Mahal hotel. Baldev Pathak of Shriman Boutique officially held the party, in celebration of his wedding. The BBC crew had set up lights and got the cameras cranking — taking shots of a party in film-land. It seemed like one walked into an elegant set and the party was part of a film — the way everyone was more courteous than usual, keeping the better profile in focus as also the better manners. Surprise of the evening, Dilip came sans Saira (she must have been posing elsewhere) while he turned on his velvety voice and silken mannerisms for the BBC. The other newlyweds, Raakhee and Gulzar, were also felicitated.

That was the party at which Chunibhai Kapadia told me, after his nth peg: "I never forget faces or phone-callers. That was the eighth party after the marriage that he kept insisting his daughter and

Rajesh had had no romance going between them, that Rajesh had not so much as touched her hand.

And finally came the night of his premiere, and the third event. This was quite similar to Rajesh's wedding-reception. The narrow road where the theatre was situated, right in the heart of Bombay's busiest junction, looked like day with all those brilliant Broots lights. The Police Band struck up as Yash and wife stepped down from their car and the photogs got busy — there was also a TV man. Raakhee came with hubby Gulzar and stood with Yash to receive the entrants. Almost the whole industry was there, with Rajesh holding up the show for more than an hour — he had to make sure the whole world was there to look at him as he walked in, Dimple by his side and the BBC cameras in tow. They are becoming "chamchas" of his, as they confessed, with a prominent lady-journalist who normally keeps a personal tab on Rajesh. "Daag" should prove a big hit — he has pinned a lot of hope on it.

The "Daag" premiere got a further 'daag' when one of the two Bengali-tigresses and heroines, deliberately did not attend. Sharmila — as you have guessed by now. Raakhee seems to have swept the entire film with the power of her acting and voice. In spite of all the scheming Sharmila did, in the film's shooting-stages, like getting all the glamour, the fantastic hairdos, all the songs, all the bedroom work, which were more than usually hot, the rape scene, all the sympathy that the lead-part should carry, the whole of Rajesh, more of footage, more of tears, all the oomph — like the shower scene and the choli-tearing scene, advance reports voted Raakhee as having stolen the whole film. Even Rajesh went up to her and admitted: "It is your film". This must have irked the other 'shernee'. She rang up Yash before the premiere and shouted at him. It seems that she called him a cheat, a schemer and some unprintables for giving all the credit to Raakhee in the film.

Finally, the fourth event. The get-together at Copper Chimney after the premiere. The stars who never lose an occasion to meet and drink and eat — the later the hours the more welcome the event — all assembled at this place at one-thirty. The vapour rising from the tandoor and barbeque could not compare with the spice coming from group-talks. Jaya Bhaduri: "O God! How my head is splitting. I can't stand crowds, the premiere was too much for me". Later, looking reproachfully at an enjoying Amitabh, like an angry wife, she said: "Do you know the time, it's two, and look at you!" But she was still there when we left (the first to leave) half-an-hour later.

AZED CROSSWORD

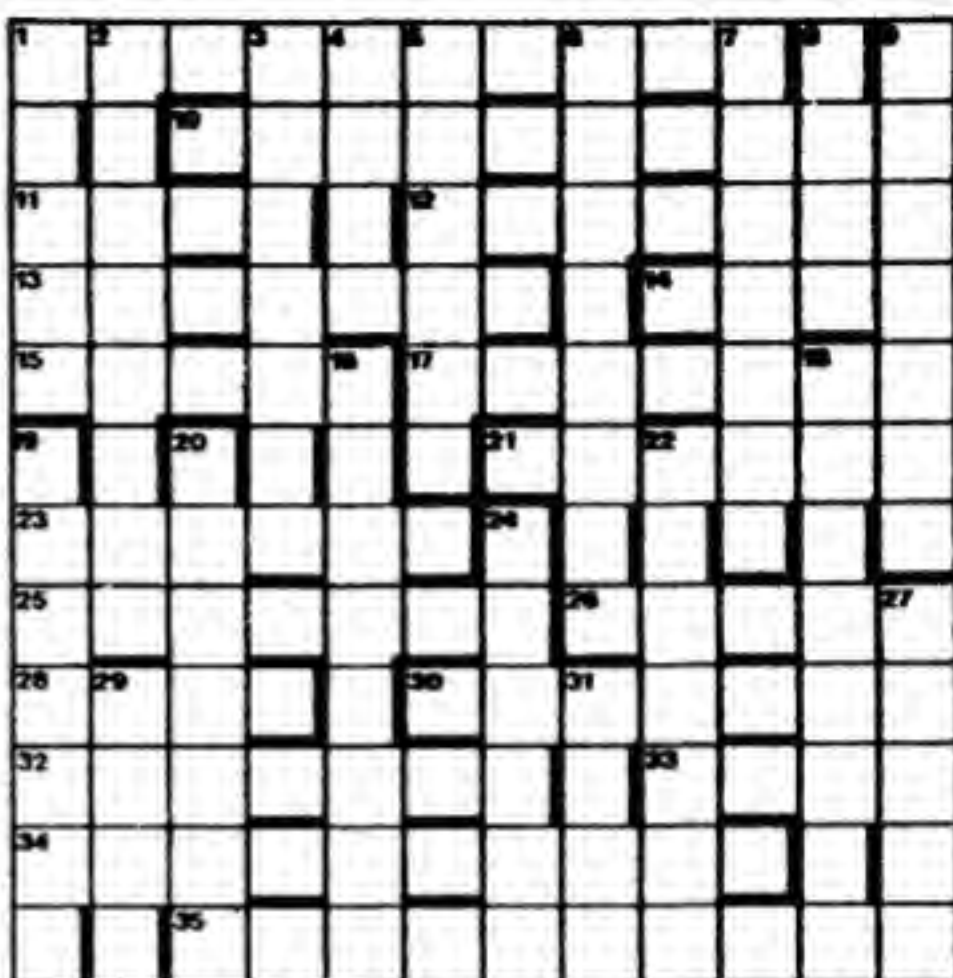
No. 12: PLAIN

ACROSS

- 1 See mobile canteen toss and shake forward (10)
- 10 Electrical apparatus: howler for scene of Spartan heroism? (10)
- 11 Swing à la Jimmy Shand, endlessly tuneful (4)
- 12 John, perhaps, seen in tea (7)
- 13 Treasure. 'I'm embraced by mine' (Oliver) (7)
- 14 Blab, giving and away, natch (4)
- 15 What might hug a sailor? Bairn does (5)
- 17 I Stern breaks his first string in 4th movement (7)
- 21 Blunt a groove (6)
- 23 Be fond of turning contrariwise, right round (6)
- 25 Cocoons spun in a lather (7)
- 26 Old town-hall meeting finally unproductive in Edinburgh (5)
- 28 Goodness, love and bravery's reward (4)
- 30 Count one's fortune endlessly 'arsh, looking back (7)
- 32 Original Ximenes was, and one taking name in more recently (7)
- 33 Tops in Orcadian demesnes and land (4)
- 34 Congregations a service got together on Sabbath (10)
- 35 You'll find I turn nicely, make cross and corner (10)

DOWN

- 1 Conspirator has nothing in place of a lighter (5)
- 2 I threw 'Oz' out, it's lethal (8)
- 3 So long the birth of Epaphus did? (7)
- 4 Worn by E. Sharples in preposterous chenille, knitted (4)
- 5 Artist involved in using shade (6)
- 6 Love in U.S. extra-large breakfast dish (8)
- 7 It describes where hermits live, trainin' uncomfortably (7)
- 8 Attend topless variety show (4)
- 9 At least three umbrellas? They keep dry (7)
- 16 Flashed past an ugly messy street (8)
- 18 Part of coster's liabilities, what's not fresh involves arrest (8)
- 19 Delicacy, a scrap of food incomplete alone, perhaps (7)
- 20 Hardy's unlikely greeting in Zend (7)
- 22 Bowler's first ball, a swinger, traps Yorks opener - me? (7)
- 24 Ship's band, providing Taffy with beer? (6)
- 27 Facing a lake in a valley (5)
- 29 It's foggy and quiet under the embankment (4)
- 31 Spots winner, about Newbury's No. 1 (4)



AZED No. 11

Solutions and notes

ACROSS

7, F.S.; 10, Miss-couplet-4-ic; 17, Anag. & M., s.v. nothing; 21, wound (v.); 23, Barges, bar in vry.

DOWN

2, i.e. plipped 'er in hair (anag.); 3, Force (vb.); 6, Dwa (rev.); 7, Lost in file; 12, 3 meanings; 13, Gallic rose; 15, s.v. read (2); 19, As yours (anag.); 24, Liar (rev.); 27, (Y)earn; 28, Hidden; 31, S. sews shirts for sailors.

CHESS

by HARRY GOLOBEK

Continuation of Position No. 10

Thus was the finish of a game played in the 1971 Dutch Championship between Ree and van Baarle: -r f b r 2 k 1; 1 p q k t p p b 1; p 1 k t 3 p p, 2 p 1 p 1 k t 1, 4 B P 2, K t 1 P 1 B 3, P P 3 Q P P, R 4 R K 1. White won by 1. Kt x P, K x Kt; 2. P-K6 ch, K x P, or 2. ... K-Kt1, 3. P x Kt, followed by 4. B x BP with a won game. 3. P-B5 ch, K-B2; if 3. ... K-Q3; 4. Kt-B4 mate. 4. P x P db ch, K-Kt1; 5. Q-B7 ch, K-R1; 6. B x RP, R-KKt1; if 6. ... Q-K4; 7. Kt-B4. 7. B x B ch, R x B; 8. Q-K8 ch, R-Kt1; 9. P-Kt7 ch, resigns, mate being inevitable.

The Solingen worthies

Just as we in England have our National Club Championship so the West Germans have their team championship contested by clubs comprising quite a number of the leading players of the country. But whereas ours is a knock-out championship the German method is to have a small American (or all-play-all) tournament amongst the best four clubs of the country.

For some time now the Solingen Club has dominated the proceedings and this would seem to be chiefly owing to their fielding, as it were, honorary players from outside the country. On the last occasion the event was played Solingen had on the top two boards the Belgian grand-

grandmaster, Kavalek, now resident in the U.S. I remember, too, that the previous year when O'Kelly was acting as chief arbiter at the Interzonal at Palma de Mallorca, they went to the trouble and expense of flying him back for the weekend so that he could take part in a club match of vital importance.

Remarkably, the Solingen team also contains some of the best German players from other quarters of Germany so that the list of players representing them, for instance, in their first round game against the Porz Chess Club, reads almost like a German national team, if it were not for the two foreign grandmasters: O'Kelly, Kavalek, Hecht, Dr Lehmann, Gerusel, Essing, Friedhoff and Dr. Christoph.

In that match O'Kelly won the following neat game against Dr Troger, deputising for the German grandmaster Robert Hubner, who was away ill.

White: O'Kelly. Black: Dr Troger.

English Opening

1. P-QB4, P-K4; 2. Kt-QB3, Kt-QB3; 3. P-KKt3, P-Q3; 4. B-Kt2, B-K3; 5. P-K3, Q-Q2; a little too dogmatically played; true, it is a good idea to eliminate White's Bishop but not at such a cost in time and development. 6. Kt-B3, B-R6; 7. B x B, Q x B; 8. Kt-Q5, Q-Q2; 9. P-K4, KKt-K2; 10. O-O, Kt x Kt; 11. BP x Kt, Kt-Q1; 12. P-Q4, P-KB3; 13. B-K3, B-K2; this landlocked Bishop contrasts badly with White's active piece. 14. Q-Kt3, O-O; 15. P x P, BP x P; 16. Kt x P, though this move does not win material it increases White's command of space. 16. ... P x Kt; 17. P-Q6 ch, K-R1; 18. P x B, Q x P; 19. KR-Q1, P-QK3; 20. Q-Q5, Kt-B2; 21. Q-Q7, QR-K1; 22. QR-B3, Q-K5; he should have taken

P-B4, though even then his position would be bad.

23. R x P, R-Q1; 24. Q-Kt4, R x R ch; 25. Q x R, Q x KP; immediately fatal, in any case, his game is hopeless. 26. R x Kt, resigns.

Why does he resign?

A game played on Board One in the Anglo-Dutch match in London, 1971.

White: Keane. Black: Donner.

QGD Catalan System.

1. P-Q4, Kt-KB3; 2. P-QB4, P-K3; 3. Kt-KB3, P-Q4; 4. P-KKt3, P x P; 5. Q-R4 ch, OKt-Q2; 6. B-Kt2, P-QR3; 7. Q x BP, P-B4; 8. Q-B2, P-QKt3; 9. O-O, B-Kt2; 10. Kt-B3, P-QK4; 11. B-Kt5, R-B1; 12. P x P, B x P; 13. P-QR3, P-R3; 14. B-Q2, O-O; 15. KR-Q1, Q-K2; 16. Kt-K1, B x B; 17. K x B, Kt-Kt3; 18. Kt-Q3, B-Q3; 19. Q-Kt3, Kt-B5; 20. P-QR4, and White resigns without waiting for 20. ... Kt-QR4; 21. Q-R2, P-Kt5.

The decentralised Queen

A game from the 1971 US Open Championship.

White: Browne. Black: Saidy.

Caro-Kann Defence.

1. P-K4, P-QB3; 2. P-Q4, P-Q4; 3. Kt-QB3, P x P; 4. Kt x P, B-B4; 5. Kt-Kt3, B-Kt3; 6. P-KM4, P-KR3; 7. P-R5, B-R2; 8. Kt-B3, Kt-Q2; 9. B-Q3, B x B; 10. Q x B, P-K3; 11. B-Q2, KKt-B3; 12. O-O-O, Q-B2; 13. Q-K2, O-O-O; 14. Kt-K5, Kt x Kt; 15. P x Kt, Kt-Q2; 16. P-KB4, B-K2; 17. B-K3, Q-R4; 18. K-Kt1, Kt-Kt3; 19. P-B4, Q-Kt5; 20. R-QB1, Kt-R5; 21. R-B2, R-Q2; 22. Kt-K4, Kt-Kt3; 23. P-R3, Q-R5; 24. B-B5, KR-Q1; 25. K-R2, K-Kt1; 26. Q x B, Q x R; 27. Kt-Q5, resigns.

INTRIGUING?



SO
IS THE
ART OF
BLENDING

HOUSE OF *Mohineaks* SINCE 1855

Sundog



THE ART
AND
ECSTASY OF
GLIDING

Sunday week

Week beginning with June 10



ARIES (March 21 — April 20)

Whichever way you look at it — a lively week. Tuesday is a significant day when you will get the green signal and a new enterprise will be under way. Businessmen, your plans will be moving into a steady uptrend. Executives, do not fret over trivial details, much desired task will be accomplished by you. Industrialists making an important decision — Tuesday and Thursday are propitious.



TAURUS (April 21 — May 20)

A topping week for enjoyment. Improvement in monetary condition is assured. Home affairs will be demanding. Industrialists! if you have applied for Government sanctions your expectations are likely to be fulfilled on Thursday. Social workers will find the week highly suitable and achieve popularity. Extremely favourable for actresses. Good news will cheer up people in business.



GEMINI (May 21 — June 20)

This week marks a beneficial time. In love and romantic sphere there is gaiety and much affection surrounding you — guard against being moody. Your versatility, sociable nature, quick wit and ability to entertain others will make you a fascinating person. Your social and professional associates will seek your valued opinion on different matters.



CANCER (June 21 — July 21)

Week opens with some financial worries and hardships. But difficulties are likely to disappear and your ambitions fulfilled in an unexpected way. Your home is your inspiration, it gives you strength to face hard realities. Business executives! take great care before giving your opinion or criticising. For the businessmen, there will be sufficient money for investment.



LEO (JULY 22 — Aug. 21)

It is time to be bold in matters connected with changes. If you are in service you will be highly benefitted. Success in departmental examinations indicated. Business executives! approbation of superiors, co-operation from colleagues and betterment of status will stamp this week. The time is wholly favourable for all feminine interests. If you are single, marriage may be fixed.



VIRGO (Aug. 22 — Sept. 22)

You are in for big events in personal life. Development on the romantic scene will bring contentment. Your strivings for enhancement of social status will be fulfilled on Friday. Professionals! expenses will increase. If you are in social service increasing popularity indicated. Artists will receive unexpected offer.



LIBRA (Sept. 23 — Oct. 22)

If you keep yourself alert and receptive, enhancement of social and official position assured. Authors and journalists! recognition from professional colleagues indicated. From the professional and emotional angles you will sense that things are looking up for you. Travel chances are strong. If you are single this week is not favourable for courtship and love.



SCORPIO (Oct. 23 — Nov. 22)

This is the time to grasp at opportunities. If you are in service, don't let others irritate you unduly. Professionals! you will have to face some arguments. Artists! your associates will be very critical. Businessmen and industrialists! a long term financial policy is called for. Women in service are likely to be favoured by the authorities. Journalists and authors will fare better.



SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 23 — Dec. 20)

Awaited opportunity will come and take full advantage of situations. If you are in business expansion of scope by dint of your wisdom and foresight assured. Industrialists! financial position is free from worries. Journalists and authors! tact is necessary for proving your integrity and honesty. Business executives! the more tight-lipped you are, the better.



CAPRICORN (Dec. 21 — Jan. 19)

A pleasant surprise will help bring about better trends. You will be inclined to take interest in making improvements in office. If you are in business you are heading towards a hectic period. Industrialists! direct your attention towards making your financial position secure. Bachelors! something that has been restricting you will be cast aside and you will feel more content.



AQUARIUS (Jan. 20 — Feb. 18)

Prepare yourself for unexpected changes. Industrialists and businessmen! instead it would probably be better to decide your plan on priority basis. Business executives and top-officials! a trip to some foreign country is likely in near future. If you are single, new relationship should be entered into after much careful thought. You can push ahead on Monday and Friday.



PISCES (Feb. 19 — March 20)

This week you may have grievances and dissatisfaction on various matters connected with your official and personal life. Do not take chances. Prepare yourself to fit in with the plans and ideas of your superiors. Usually busy week for businessmen and industrialists. Financial commitments should be undertaken in consultation with experts. Restraint and patience will help you succeed in your endeavour.

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Hindusthan Standard



EIGHT MINISTERS IN SEARCH OF A ROLE

Dr. B. C. Roy asked them to keep off politics. Mr. P. C. Sen scourged them as political rabble. Mr. Jyoti Basu dismissed them as a force in State politics. But the voting public had other ideas. The youngmen now dominate the decision-making apparatus of the West Bengal Government. They started in a hurry to change things but have already — within a year of coming to power — hit the political morass.
Next Sunday.

sunday

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COLOUR MAGAZINE
10 JUNE 1973

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Editor: A WEEK SARKAR

One of the worst things that progress has done to modern man is that it has taken from him the great experience of going on a journey. We do not any longer travel; we merely take a trip. Till as late as only a few decades ago, every journey ended as a sentimental one. To go to Europe in 1890, Rabindranath Tagore had to change boats in Aden, disembark at Brindisi and take a train through the vineyards on the Adriatic Coast and the olive and mulberry orchards of Lombardy. He crossed tunnels ("they brought in the lanterns at the approach of Mont Cenis"), sleepy borders (a polite douanier leans through the door and wonders if anyone has any-

ings than most around-the-world economy tours by TWA jets.

O! How good were those long, slow voyages and those overland journeys over bandit-infested caravan routes for the healing of broken hearts! At the end of such a journey, a scorned and dispirited boy, with pained eyes that darted and flickered to avoid an encounter ever with yet another pair of dark eyes, had become a scarred and sun-browned man who had looked unblinkingly into the eyes of that faithless and mocking tart, Mademoiselle Fortune. What is there left these days to launch a boy into manhood? Progress has left us only with tranquillizers to get over our heart-



thing to declare at which an old Briton proudly declares: "I don't parlez-vous francais!"), and noticed the gnarled fig trees of the plains of Italy yield to the upright fir of the Alps and the tall poplar of France. At the end of the journey he had not only crossed seas and continents; Tagore had arrived on the coast of immortality, with his first mature work, *Manashi*, in sight of the masthead. Young Jamshetji Tata had to hire ponies to cross the Levant. Even such a short journey — short only in English miles — as Sanjibchandra Chatterjee's from Calcutta to Palamau in a palanquin was more full of marvels, unexpected adventures and fateful meet-

breaks.

We no longer travel; with the coming of the jets, we have time enough only for quick trips. The airlines boast that they have turned the once vast and proud Atlantic that the great Columbus took two months and nine days to cross into a tame little pond which millions of secretaries and stockbrokers and Government agents cross every year without once taking their eyes off their comics. The jets are marvels of technology; they fly "over the weather", meaning they fly above the clouds, so that, once aloft, the air traveller has just as intimate a view of their green planet as astronomers peering through telescopes have

of veiled Venus. The lights of the dials make the cockpit appear to be an autonomous firmament, and the commander of the liner need not look out at the real one, with its stars that even till the other day pilots and mariners used to steer by, but need only concentrate on his instruments to get a fix on his position. The aluminium tube might be flying at ten thousand feet above the altitude of Mount Everest; the thin air outside — two-thirds of the oxygen in the atmosphere would lie below the aircraft — might scream around the fuselage at velocities above the maddest cyclone; the temperature would be so far below zero as to make the top of

dead time. The interior of the aircraft has the same coldness and facelessness as petrol stations and Bata stores; the service is poorer than at Basanta Cabin; and I would prefer any day, a ninety-paisa *anda* roll from Calcutta's Nizam, stuffed with a double *khiri*, barbequed on charcoal, to the same diced canned carrots and souffles and sauteed fish and steaks of indeterminate thickness, hue, warmth and taste served on all the airlines of the world. There is nothing to be done on entering the steel coffin of a plane except fold one's hands in an attitude of prayer and wait for resurrection at the next airport.

But, strange though it may seem to-



THE ART AND THE ECSTASY OF GLIDING



hotse appear subtropical. But the passenger, reclining at an angle of 70° in his sleeperette, with all the elegance and languor of one about to have a tooth pulled out, would have no suspicion of the coldness and violence of the elements outside; the most frozen thing in his experience would perhaps be the pre-cooked steak reheated over the Carpathians and eaten over the Atlantic, — if not the stare itself of the grim airhostess, whose meditations he had disturbed by asking for a second something, be the coldest phenomenon of the flight. Despite all the alluring colour advertisements in magazines like *Playboy* and *New Yorker*, the time spent in air travel is

day when the supersonic jet has become the very symbol of meaningless speed, of the paralytic wish in man to cripple his senses and his body and transfer all his potency to the machine, the early aeroplane was born out of man's delight with nature and with himself. The early biplanes, with their bicycle-tube-frame, their canvas wings, their tiny motors, did not seem to promise ever to become "useful"; instead, they were like campions and skis, little pieces of metal on which eccentrics escaped from society into nature and solitude. The airline industry is the epitome of modern, technological society; it has achieved the highest degree of computerization



The craving for freedom, for purity, for doing something not for profit but for the joy and wonder of it, is undying in the human heart, and for the flier the answer is the comparatively ancient art of gliding.

and of organization; it is destructive not only of the physical environment — everytime a jet crosses the Atlantic, it burns up four tons of irreplaceable oxygen — but also of the human environment, turning beautiful and quiet places into bits of America. Yet, these very airlines were founded by hawks of the air; lone wolves who refused to be shut up in an office; who took to giving joyrides and dropping mailbags just in order to stay afloat. They loved giving displays of aerobatics, holding races, and competing for trophies. J. R. D. Tata failed by a few hours to bag the Aga Khan trophy for the first England-India solo flight by an Indian; he was marshal for the stopover in India of the England-Australia race; he founded Air-India. One finds this metamorphoses of youthful-hawk-turned-airline-tycoon all over the globe. Success has a strange capacity for turning yesterday's rebels into today's rulers.

But the craving for freedom, for purity, for doing something not for profit but for the joy and wonder of it, is undying in the human heart, and for the flier the answer is the comparatively ancient art of gliding. The first heavier-than-air flight was a gliding feat by Otto Lilienthal in 1878; this great German designed a winged structure in imitation of the birds in which he could run up a hillside and hover in the air long enough to answer the questions of reporters gathered in the shadow of his wings. Lilienthal's design was excellent; he found the answers to most of the riddles of flight except one; where was he to get the power to ascend to a height from which he could glide to any point he desired? The bulbul or the sparrow looks frail; but its body is a miracle of stream-designing, of perfect balancing on its needlelike feet; and compared to its weight, the shoulder muscles that power its wings are a thousand times stronger than man's. The Wright brothers did not so much solve the problem as drown it under the noise of motors. The glider pilot found his answer by watching the kite and the gull soaring on still, outstretched wings.

The kite soars on invisible columns of warm air that rise from the surface of the earth to the upper regions of the atmosphere in great slow spirals that are speeded up during the formation of cumulus clouds. These are called thermals; the glider pilot rides one of these to gain the elevation he desires. On cross-country flights, he hitchhikes rides from thermal to thermal; with a properly designed sailplane, he can keep afloat almost endlessly. Previously the Federation Aeronautique Internationale used to enter duration flight records;

but too many glider pilots killed themselves by trying to break the 1952 record by the Frenchman, Charles Atger, of 56 hours from overstrain and sleeplessness; mere staying up is, therefore, no longer regarded as a feat worth recording in the honour rolls of the association. As for distance, transcontinental flights are a possibility, but haven't been made. The longest aerial voyage by an Indian was the glider flight of five hundred and odd kilometres made by Captain Loughran in Poland. Loughran — who is skipper of an Air-India Boeing — will be flying India's newest and most advanced glider, *Mrigasheer* at the Kanpur championship; I am sure that Loughran's own record and more will have tinkled to the ground at this rally.

The *Mrigasheer* has been designed by India's remarkable Director-General of Civil Aviation, Ramamritham, who also fathered all the five generations of the country's flock of engineless aircraft, including the gooselike, tubby and despised two-seater training glider, *Rohini*, and the fast and hawkish, *Kartik*. The smart instructor-trainees may feel embarrassed to be spotted in the cockpit of an ungainly *Rohini*, but I can say from my own experience that for one barely moulting his flying feathers, here is no more comforting and sweet-tempered a boat than this gondola of skies. It has dual controls, and a very simple, ascetic "dashboard", with the minimum of instruments — indicators showing speed, height, bank of the plane, and a red-and-green cosimo variometer. When the red bead of the variometer goes up it means you are losing height at the rate marked; when the green bead mounts, it means the glider is climbing; one does not need any flying experience to realize that the red to be jumping in its tube is bad. The cockpit has no cover; when you are indolently turning circles in the air like a hawk that is feeling relaxed and replete after its noontime meal, and is soaring merely for the joy of it, the wind merely whistles old forgotten tunes in your ear. But the *Rohini*, for all her matronly lines, can be made to scream like a siren when she is put into a steep dive by an expert — as is my flying guru — and then the blood rushes into one's head, there is an ecstatic pounding in the heart, and an electronic whine deep within the ears. O, the *Rohini* can do all the things that another bird of her class, say a *Scheizer*, can do — though she lacks all the fancy dials and gadgets — plus a few tricks more that can be pulled off only under the Indian sun. She can pick up a thermal from as low as four hundred feet — which we caught when we had gently banked over the



The Lucknow railway closed two rather disparate halves of the country-side like a zip-fastener; on one side were the geometric shapes of the fields; on the other were the braided reaches, shoals and sandbanks of the Ganga, looking like a huge microphotograph of the nervous system of some deep, patient, suffering creature.



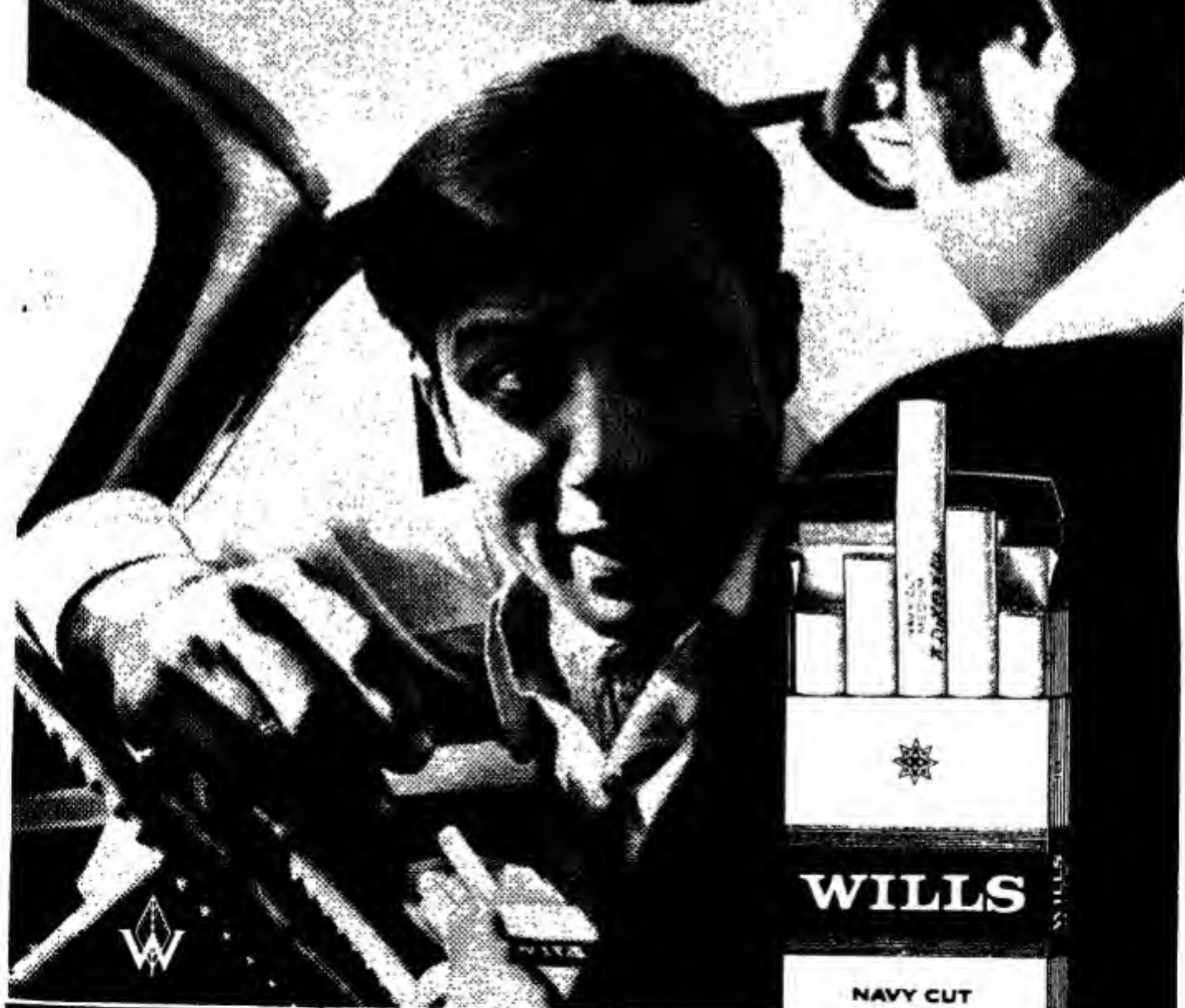
airport hangar and was getting into line for the landing run — and go up to five thousand in minutes, and she can do it with great composure.

It had been a day of miracles. The wind had been gusty and westerly; but now the inflated phallic indicator on the edge of the tarmac, that showed the strength and direction of the wind, had gone limp, after standing spastically erect for days. The sky had been hard and blue; now it has beginning to mist over dreamily. We had had three launches in the morning; we had let the winch fall off after gaining a thousand feet; then I tried to keep the plane level and straight as we made the learner's practice run up to the edge of a group of oxydization tanks. Then I practised a banking turn and came back to the
8 Grand Trunk Road, to a height of five hundred feet, speed down to thirty-five km., before putting up the air brakes

for the landing. I was beginning to acquire a certain proficiency in the routine, when we caught my first thermal and the glider came to life. My instructor covered the knob of the control stick with his huge, hairy, manly fist, but he did not exert any force, only caressed it gently, sensuously, making the plane go round and round like a pirouetting ballerina with outstretched arms. The green bead, which I had long stopped watching, fluttered in the glass; it showed a gain of two feet a second; it began to rattle in the tube like dice; we were soon gaining five, ten, fifteen, twenty feet a second! We rose to four thousand feet in barely five minutes and then we skimmed along the smooth, satin back of the wind. I had been so engrossed with the ascent of the craft that I had barely glanced at silly old earth, the coir mats of its ripening wheat fields, the blue vein of the East Ganga canal.

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the ruins of Bithur on a bend of the Ganga. The Lucknow railway closed two rather disparate halves of the countryside like a zip-fastener; on one side were the geometric shapes of the fields; on the other were the braided reaches, shoals and sandbanks of the Ganga, looking like a huge microphotograph of the nervous system of some deep, patient, suffering creature. We coasted along at the speed of the air stream; we did not battle with it, there were none of the bumps an aircraft knifing through the air is subject to. I became aware of a bluish light all around the edge of my vision. I could see far and far; and all around me; my vision formed an entire globe instead of being cut into half by the ground under my feet. The eyes felt rested by that blue light and all that immense space. The sky and the hazy, rose-and-mauve earth formed the two lids of the cosmic oyster in which this glider *Rohini* was the centre and the pearl. The taut wings of the glider shivered in palpable ecstasy; *Rohini* was beginning to hum to herself. I suddenly became aware of the silence of the sky. Not a horn, not a hoot, not a shout! The air was not only cool and free of dust and smoke but also of the shrieks and the whispers that do such wanton damage to our nerves. I leaned back. You don't have to goad or coax a glider, nor switch gears. I did not wish to be anywhere. I did not have any place else to go. I had no dreams to chase and no appointments to keep. If I wished for anything at all, it was for a pair of misty eyes to glance at and smile and wordlessly communicate this ecstasy. My instructor is a wise man; he himself must have experienced this need many a time. He pointed to a white-striped vulture, with the ageless and skinny head of a lizard, coasting along beside us. Obviously, it too needed some kind of communion. When I looked at it, it distinctly blinked.

The one defect of gliding is that after a time you have to come down; the mountaineer can build a shack and live all his life by a running brook; the sailor can make his boat his home, and keep himself endlessly occupied, scrubbing the deck and polishing the brass-work. But gliding is pure art, pure ecstasy. There have been attempts to extract some economic, military and social use from this vessel of joy; during the war, whole droves of gliders were used to ferry troops across enemy lines. The 31,000 lb behemoth named the Trojan Horse was the largest glider ever built in the U.S.A. It was the first 10 airplane of any sort to carry a two-and-a-half ton truck or a 155-mm. howitzer in flight. This was designed by the

famous Jack Laister to sneak-drop allied troops on German territory. But despite repeated such attempts to coax some use out of these aerial surf-boards, gliding has remained a very special and lonesome kind of sport. True, the Germans took to gliding as a consequence of the treaty of Versailles which prohibited the Weimar Republic from floating an air force. The glider pilots became the cream of the Luftwaffe. It is claimed that gliding is encouraged by Governments because it provides such a cheap reservoir of trained airmen who can be quickly converted to powercraft on outbreak of war. But, then, it is said that Wagner's music contributed to German militarism. A poem by that most private and withdrawn poet, Rilke, is said to have inspired German soldiery during the First War. Has not even mathematics, even that purest of all sciences, astronomy, been put to military use? And it is not the Germans alone who did it! Perhaps, someone in India will find some grosser use for this pure bird dance by man on top of a thermal in the belly of a cumulus cloud. It has obvious uses for meteorology; and this may funnel some funds into gliding, making it a big and popular movement. The championship itself may achieve this result. But to this writer, who would be prouder to be called a Ganga boatman instead, who is saddened by the rape of the air by jets, and the damage to ourselves and our cities by the internal combustion engine, the chief gift of the glider is its silence and its beauty. The Spanish philosopher Ortega Y. Gasset writes: "The damagogues... who have already caused the death of several civilizations, harass men so that they will not reflect; manage to keep them together in crowds so that they cannot reconstruct their individuality in the one place where it can be reconstructed, which is in solitude." To these wise words, may I add a few in free verse by Eunice Tietjens, that echoed my feeling as I came down to the hot plain of Kalyanpur that afternoon?

But I shall go down from this airy
space; this
swift white peace, this stinging
exultation;
And time will close about me, and
my soul stir
to the rhythm of the daily round.
Yet, having known, life will not
press so close,
And always I shall feel time ravel
thin about me.
For once I stood
In the white windy presence of
eternity.

JYOTIRMOY DATTA.

step by step manicure and pedicure

MANICURE

- (1) Clip nails straight across, then snip edges to form a rough square. Smooth edges with an emery board. Try as far as possible not to use a metal nail file as it tends to break nails. Emery boards are not long lasting and do tend to break easily, but a packet of six for about Rs. 1.50 should last you for a month.
- (2) Remove old nail polish.
- (3) Rub in cold cream or hand lotion and massage gently.
- (4) Soak palms in two bowls of warm, soapy water.
- (5) Dry hands on a turkish towel. Smooth uneven edges. Now gently push back cuticles with cotton wool wrapped around an orange stick, or use cuticle remover.
- (6) Use a base coat, then two coats of nail varnish. Allow to dry.

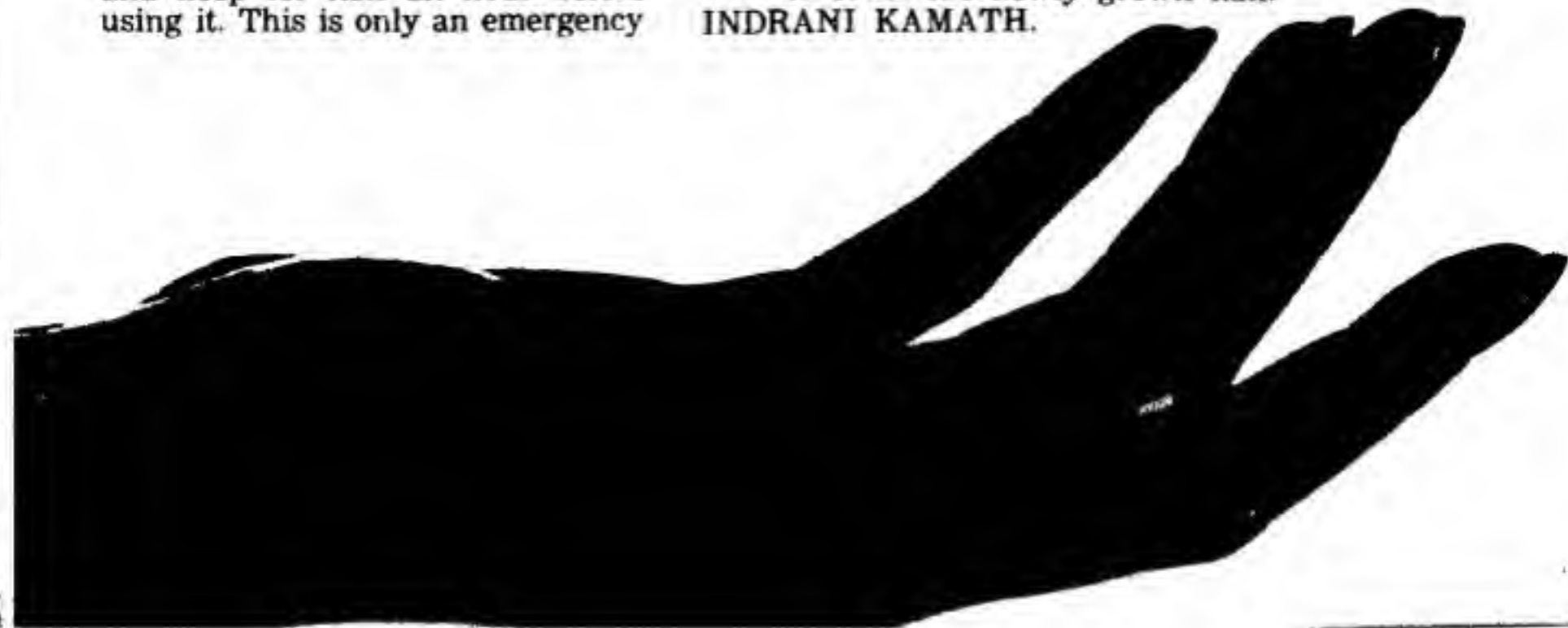
General tips:

- (1) The best time to do your nails is just before bedtime, so that the polish can harden right through the night. Don't do it, however, if you toss and turn at night!
- (2) One way to dry nails is to hold palms under running water.
- (3) Do not sit under a running fan when doing your nails. It will dry up the polish in the bottle.
- (4) One way to thin thickened nail polish is to put in half a teaspoon of acetone in the bottle, shake well and keep for half an hour before using it. This is only an emergency

method, it's not really good for the nails.

- (5) Allow nails to breathe once in a while. Do your pedicure and manicure, but do not use the base coat or varnish for a day or two.
- (6) Cut nails in a short, square shape. Apart from being in fashion, long, talon-like nails are cumbersome when washing clothes or typing. Not the working girl's cup of tea, anyway.
- (7) Your lipstick and nail polish, apart from matching each other, should also match your clothes. But you cannot obviously change your shade every day. The best thing, under the circumstances, is to use neutral colours like beige, peach or coffee for the week and reserve matching colours for special occasions.
- (8) Frosted colours are no longer in fashion, but clear opaque colours are not only 'in', but are also more long lasting!
- (9) Talking of colours, we have gone through the whole gamut of discarding the pale frosted and going in for pearls, gold and silver then switching to clear reds, then maroons and chocolates, and have finally arrived at lemons and yellows for 1973! However, yellow makes stubby nails look stubbier.
- (10) Your manicure and pedicure session should ideally be once a week, with an extra coat added midweek to cover the newly grown nail.

INDRANI KAMATH.







The Indian male as chef, colffure creator and couturier is a rare species, particularly for women's fashions in dress-making, hairstyling or cooking their way into women's hearts. (Professional thakurs, darzis and napits excluded — we are talking of the male cultured pig.)

With these preconceived notions, we walk into the clothes-designing world of Vien Singh wondering what on earth makes him tick at forty rupees to tailor a pair of trousers. "You can't price a creation" is his pointed answer to our musings, as he guides us through a pretty bedsitter to a verandahful of nine handpicked tailors and a profusely mirrored fitting room. There are no overfull racks of ready-to-wear or bulky bales of material. For 28-year old Vien is basically an artist and in a manner, tailors temperaments. He conceives a creation according to the personality of the wearer and the resilience of the material. For client Shaguffa Singh, who is an enviable 5 feet 6 inches, and whom he considers very "mediterranean looking and vivacious", Vien transformed a black and turquoise piece of chinese silk dumped on him by her into a flouncy flamenco dress with tudor sleeves (featured on the facing page). Another piece of Thai silk becomes an evening gown slashed away around the midriff and slit up bravely to the waist to reveal very flared purple trousers.

For casual wear, its see-through shirts for both men and women with Vien's own exclusive prints and embroidery drawn up by himself.

Want an exclusive suit? His male clientele will cheerfully pay up to Rs. 250 for the cut. Which it must have become possible to acquire after a bout of working with the well-known Cecil Gee boutique in London, an eight-week cutting course with the Paris Academy and a full designers course back in India.

His measure of success? A captive clientele, who rarely go to a second tailor. And its fun to visit a couturier who can dash off oil paintings with a fruit knife during lean hours of business.

RITA BHIMANI.

Pix: ALOKE MITRA.



VIEN SINGH
DESIGNER

in our fashion

PART III

by GEORGES SIMENON

MAIGRET



'Did you grow apart suddenly?'

'No. The first time, he went off for twenty-four hours and I didn't say anything. He told me he'd gone to see one of his clients in the provinces. . . Later on, he began to do more or less as he pleased. He stopped telling me in advance. He'd go out after dinner and I'd never know when he'd be back.'

'What sort of man is he?'

'Everyone will tell you that he was a very cheerful person, who got on well with everybody and who was always ready to do others a favour. Some people found him rather childish. . . .'

'And you?'

'I can't really complain. Either I simply didn't know how to handle him, or else he was mistaken about me. . . .'

'In what way?'

'He took me for a different kind of person than I am. . . .'

'What did you do before you met him?'

'I was a secretary in a law firm. . . . Maitre Bernard d'Argens, Rue de Rivoli. . . . Gerard knew my boss. . . . he came to his office several times. . . and then one day he asked me to go out with him. . .'

'Were you born in Paris?'

'No. In Quimper. . . .'

'What makes you think he's been murdered?'

'Because there's no other explanation. . .'

'Is your mother still alive?'

'Yes. My father's dead. His name was Louis Frassier. He was an accountant. My mother's maiden name was Countess Outchevka. . . .'

'Do you send her any money?'

'Of course I do. Gerard doesn't care about money. He used to give me as much as I wanted, with no questions asked. . . .'

She emptied her glass and raised her handkerchief to her lips.

'Will you allow me to look around the flat?'

'I'll come with you. . . .'

She got up from her chaise-longue and, walking carefully, made for the door. There was an atmosphere of wealth, the grand families of the last century, austerity even, about the apartment, which occupied a whole floor of the building. Madame Sabin-Levesque, still unsteady on her feet, began by showing Maigret round her rooms.

The boudoir gave on to a vast bedroom.

nd Monsieur Charles



also lined in blue silk, which seemed to be her favourite colour. The bed was unmade, though she did not seem bothered at giving Maigret this intimate glimpse of her life. The furniture was white. There was a half-empty bottle of brandy on the chest-of-drawers.

'What's your first name?' Maigret asked her.

'Nathalie. I suppose because of my Russian blood.'

The bathroom walls and floor were covered with grey-blue marble; it was as untidy as the bedroom.

There was another room, completely lined with cupboards, and a kind of small sitting-room not unlike the boudoir.

'This is where I take my meals when I don't wish to eat in the dining-room.' Her manner was detached, like that of a museum guide.

'Now we're going into the servants' quarters.'

They first entered a very large room containing glass cabinets full of silverware, then a small white-painted dining-room, and finally into the kitchen with its old-fashioned stove and copper saucepans. There was an old woman at work

in the kitchen.

'That's Marie Jalon. She was already here when my father-in-law was still alive.'

'When did he die?'

'Ten years ago.'

'So you lived here with him?'

'For five years....'

'Did you get along well with him?'

'He was completely indifferent to me. I used to eat in the dining-room in those days and I could easily count the number of times he spoke to me.'

'How did he get on with his son?'

'At nine o'clock, Gerard would go down to the office, where he had a room of his own. I don't really know what he did there.'

'Was he already in the habit of disappearing in those days?'

'Yes, for two or three days at a time.'

'What did his father say?'

'He'd pretend not to notice anything...'

Maigret felt as though he had stumbled on a different world, a decayed world, turned in upon itself.

They must have given balls and soirees 15 here in the last century, or the beginning of this one, for there were not one but



two drawing-rooms, of which the second was nearly as enormous as the first.

The panelling which covered the walls had grown dark with age.

The pictures hanging everywhere, portraits of gentlemen with side-whiskers and very high starched collars, also spoke of a bygone era.

It was as though at a given moment time had stopped.

'We're going into my husband's domain now....'

They went into a book-lined study. There were walnut library steps to get to the higher shelves, which reached the ceiling. The desk, placed at an angle near the window, was topped in brown leather, with leather accessories. Everything was tidy, as though no one lived there.

'Does he stay here in the evenings?'

'When he's at home.'

'I see he has a television.'

'So do I, but I never watch it.'

'Have you ever spent an evening in this room?'

'Yes, just after we were married.'

She spoke with some difficulty and seemed totally indifferent to what words she was uttering. Those once more downturned lips of hers gave her face a bitter expression.

'His bedroom....'

Maigret had had just enough time to establish that the drawers of the desk were locked. What did they contain?

The ceilings everywhere in the flat were extremely high. The windows were also high, though the dark red velvet curtains prevented much light from coming in.

The walls of the bedroom were not panelled but lined with light brown leather. It contained a double bed and some armchairs which showed signs of wear.

'Did you ever sleep here?'

'A few times during the first three months....'

He wondered if he could detect any hatred in her voice or her face.

She went on showing him round like a museum guide.

'His bathroom....'

He observed the toothbrush, the razor, the hairbrush and the comb.

'He never took anything with him?'

'Not as far as I know.'

A room lined with cupboards, like the one in Nathalie's suite, then an exercise room.

'Did he use it?'

'Hardly ever. He's grown rather lump; not exactly fat, but overweight....'

She was opening a door.

'Here's the library....'

It contained thousands of books, mostly old ones, with very few modern works.

'Did he read a great deal?'

'I didn't come to check on what he did in the evenings. We've reached the far side of the building, so these stairs will take you straight down to the office. Do you still need me?'

She was going off to her bottle again.

'I suppose you're going down to the office now?'

'As a matter of fact, I'd like to ask Monsieur Lecureur a few questions. I'm sorry to have disturbed you....'

She left him. Maigret felt sorry for her, but also found her irritating. He began filling his pipe as he went downstairs, for he had refrained from smoking in the flat.

When he entered the large office, where six typists were working busily, they looked up at him in surprise.

'Monsieur Lecureur, please.'

In the filing cabinet were hundreds of green-backed dossiers, of the type used by civil servants and most solicitors. A small dark-haired woman led him through a room which was quite bare except for one long table and a large old-fashioned safe.

'This way....'

In the next room, an elderly man sat alone, poring over a huge ledger. He glanced up without curiosity as Maigret went through, into the next room where five more people were working.

'Is Monsieur Lecureur alone?'

'Yes, I think so.'

'Will you please ring through and ask him if Chief Superintendent Maigret can see him?'

They stood waiting for a moment, then a padded door opened.

'Come in, please.... I must admit I'm rather glad you've come....'

Lecureur was younger than Maigret had imagined, after hearing that he had worked for Monsieur Sabin-Levesque's father; he did not seem more than fifty. He was dark, with a small moustache, and wore a very dark grey suit, which seemed almost black.

'Please sit down.'

More panelling. The firm's founder must have had an exaggerated passion for walls covered in dark wood.

'I imagine you've been notified by Madame Sabin-Levesque?'

'Yes. In fact, she came to see me in my office this morning.'

The mahogany furniture was in the Empire style.

'I assume you take over Monsieur Sabin-Levesque's work when he's away?'

'It's my duty, as his head clerk. However, there are certain deeds I can't sign, so it's rather awkward.'

He was a self-assured man and, like many men who constantly deal with important people, there was something

not exactly servile but perhaps slightly deferential about his manner.

Was he in the habit of warning you when he went off like that?

No. It was never planned in advance. Of course, I know nothing about his private life... I'm only guessing. He often went out in the evening... almost every evening, in fact...

Just a moment. Did he play an active role in the running of this practice?

He spent most of the day in his office and he saw nearly all the clients personally. He never gave the impression of being a busy man and yet he worked harder than I did... Especially at anything which concerned the handling of private fortunes or buying and selling country houses and estates. He was incredibly shrewd and I couldn't have done the same in his place...

Is his office next to yours?

Lecureur went over to a door and opened it.

Here it is... You see, it's just like this one except that it's got three more armchairs.

The spotlessly tidy office overlooked the Boulevard Saint-Germain and the monotonous rumbling of the traffic could be heard outside.

The two men went back into Monsieur Lecureur's office.

I gather he usually appeared again after two or three days...

There have been times recently when he stayed away for as long as a week.

But he kept in touch with you?

He nearly always rang me up to find out if he was needed...

Do you know where he rang you from?

No.

Do you have any idea if he had another flat in Paris?

I've thought about that possibility. He never had much money on him and he paid for nearly everything by cheque... I saw the cheque stubs before they went to the accountant...

He stopped talking and frowned.

I wonder if I have the right to go into these matters. I am still bound by professional etiquette.

Not if, say, he's been murdered...

Do you really think something like that may have happened?

His wife seems to think so.

Monsieur Lecureur shrugged, as if to imply that anything she said was of no account.

To tell you the truth the idea's crossed my mind too. It's the first time he's been away for so long and hasn't telephoned me. He had an appointment here more than a week ago with one of our clients, one of the largest, if not the largest landowner in France.



He knew about it... he may have seemed absent-minded or rather frivolous, but in point of fact he never forgot anything and he was if anything over-conscientious as far as his professional life was concerned...

What did you do?

I postponed the appointment and pretended he was ill.

Why didn't you warn the police if you were worried?

It was up to his wife, not me, to do that...

She tells me she never comes down here.

That's true... She came in once or twice, years ago, but she didn't stay for long...

Did she get a chilly reception?

No one was exactly delighted to see her, not even her husband.

How come?

Once again, Lecureur stopped, even more embarrassed this time than previously.

Please excuse me, Monsieur Maigret, but you're placing me in an awkward position. My employer's relations with his wife are no business of mine...

Not even if a crime's been committed?

Naturally, that would be a different matter... We all love Monsieur Gerard... I call him that because I've known him almost since his student days...



Everyone who works for him admires him.... They don't presume to judge his private life....'

'I gather they don't feel the same way about his wife.'

'It's as though she were a discordant element in the house. I'm not saying she's mad, but the fact is that she gets under everyone's skin.'

'Because of her drinking?'

'There's that, too.'

'Was your employer unhappy with her?'

'He never complained. Over the years, he's made another life for himself....'

'A moment ago you spoke about those cheque stubs that would pass through your hands. I imagine some of those cheques were made out to the women he stayed with now and again....'

'I suppose so, but there's nothing to prove it.... the cheques weren't made out to specific people but to the bearer.... Some of them were for five thousand francs, anything up to twenty thousand....'

'Were any of the cheques made out for the same sum every month?'

'No. Which is why I don't think he did rent another flat.'

The two men looked at each other in silence. Eventually, the head clerk continued, with a sigh:

'Some of our employees saw him now and again going into a nightclub.... On those occasions, he nearly always vanished for a time....'

'Do you believe something's happened to him?'

'I'm afraid so. What do you think, Superintendent?'

'Judging by the little I know so far, I think something may have happened to him, too.... Did he ever receive calls from women in his office?.... I'm assuming all incoming calls go through a switchboard....'

'I've asked our operator about that, of course.... There's no record of any calls of that kind....'

'Which leads on to suppose that he took an assumed name whenever he disappeared like that....'

'I think I ought to mention one thing.... I began to get worried two weeks ago.... I rang up Madame Sabin-Levesque to tell her so and advised her to get in touch with the police....'

'What did she say?'

'That there was nothing to worry about yet and that she would take care of the matter in due course....'

'Didn't she ask you to come upstairs or else come down here herself to talk it over with you?'

'No.'

18 'I haven't any more questions to ask you for the time being. If you have anything new to tell me, will you please

ring me up at the Police Judiciaire? Oh yes, I just wanted to know one more thing.... Do the servants upstairs feel the same way about Madame Sabin-Levesque as the staff do down here?'

'Yes, they do. Particularly the cook, Marie Jalon, who's been there for forty years and who knew Monsieur Gerard when he was a child. She absolutely loathes her.'

'What about the others?'

'They just put up with her. Only the maid, Claire Marelle, is devoted to her. It's she who undresses her and puts her to bed when she collapses on the floor....'

'Thank you.'

'Are you going to open an enquiry?'

'Yes, though I haven't much to go on. I'll keep in touch.'

Maigret left the building and went into a cafe next to the Metro Solferino. He did not order a brandy, for Madame Sabin-Levesque had put him off that drink for some time; instead he had a big glass of ice-cold beer.

'I want a *jeton* for the telephone.'

He went into the phone-booth and looked up the number of the lawyer Nathalie claimed to have worked for before her marriage. The name Bernard d'Argens was not in the directory.

He drank his beer and then took a taxi, asking the driver to take him to the Rue de Rivoli.

'Wait for me. I shan't be long.'

He went to the concierge's lodge, which was like a little parlour. The concierge was not a woman but a white-haired man.

'Where can I find Maitre d'Argens, please?'

'He's been dead for over ten years.'

'Were you here in those days?'

'I've been here for thirty years.'

'Who took over his practice?'

'No one. There's an architect there now.'

'Is all his staff gone too?'

'Maitre d'Argens only had one old secretary, who retired to the country.'

'You don't remember someone called Mademoiselle Frassier?'

'A very lively, pretty brunette?.... She worked for Maitre d'Argens over twenty years ago.... She only stayed for a year because the job didn't suit her. I don't know what became of her....'

Maigret went back to his taxi, his brow clouded over. Of course, the enquiry had only just been opened, but it had got off to a bad start. There was almost nothing to go on, and they would also have to be very discreet, just in case the solicitor turned up suddenly without warning.

to be continued

A hysterically-tearful visitor to Vinod Mehra's sets was Rekha — she booed at the sight of Vinod's dead body for the film-scene, of course). Vin-Vin turned red with embarrassment.

But he's always embarrassed, like at another set when he had to look at Zahida and say: "If I ever marry, it will only be to you". Lookers-on say that with Rekha glaring from her corner, he could not look into Zahida's eyes and say the words, and his face turned red.

Anju has a strange story to tell. It seems that before every premiere, Rajesh Khanna used to ring her up exactly at 11 p.m. to talk off his nervousness. She would soothe him in that cool way of hers and he'd get back his confidence. Now, his first film after marriage was *Dang*, and he had postponed his honeymoon to attend this movie which he felt would set him back on the pedestal from which he had fallen. Anju's story: On the *Dang* premiere night, exactly at 11 p.m., there was a phone-call. A silent call. Three times her maid picked it up, but each time it clicked dead. When it rang again, Anju decided to pick it up. She said "Hello", and could hear the sound of breathing. But the caller put the phone down. It never rang again. Anju said: "I always get silent calls, but this one — was it only a coincidence?"

The libel suit which Mumtaz filed against the proprietor, editor and writer of a film fortnightly came up for hearing on April 30. The lawyer for the magazine-people gave an assurance that no article maligning the star would ever again be published and offered to apologise for the one that was printed. But Mumu's lawyer was adamant. Mumu seemed quite determined to fight, "even if it makes me come to court a hundred times".

Here are some snippets about a pre-married Dimple Kapadia. The maiden was a fast one and not the bored madam that she is, now that she is forced to sit out among a group of Rajesh's "buddhas" (old fogies). Oh, for those terrific days of chain-smoking and male-slapping!

The trainer who tended Dimple and her Simple's horses, had floated stories of how he was asked to bypass the Kapadia house and go on to the Sanjay residence. But Sanjay's youngest brother, was Dimple's target then.

Jennifer, Shashi Kapoor's English wife, came to a party with a new hair-trim. At least half-a-dozen people remarked about it, even though it was a slight trim. "But Shashi hasn't yet noticed it. I had it cut in the morning and I was in his make-up room for over an hour, and he didn't notice at all", she sighed. Maybe he did but, like all long-married men, did not want his wife to know that he knew!

But that was only in the mornings. Her last flame was Rishi (Chintu) Kapoor. When someone asked her if she was "carrying on" with Chintu, her cold reply was: "Of course, silly, how do you expect me to act without being personally involved with my hero? I would never be able to!"

A crisp, low-keyed voice said hello into the receiver. "No, Sharmila's gone out, may I know who's calling? I'm afraid you won't be able to contact her at any studio, she's not working today — she's away shopping and will be back after seven. Would you care to ring back? I'll tell her your name though. Good-bye." The attractive, cultured voice was actually speaking from a filmstar's home! Not at all like the crudes who are usually posted on star-phones to receive and give incoherent messages. Curiosity egged me to ask who was speaking. "My name is Pataudi", said the fascinating voice.

Zeenat missed her flight to Calcutta from where she was to take the connecting one to Bagdogra for her Darjeeling location of "*Premshastra*". Dev Anand was early as usual and the first to enter the security-check zone when the flight was announced. Where was Zee? After seeing off everyone, the wife of the producer, Mrs. Amarjeet, went back to the reception to see Zeenat and her mother relaxing on a sofa, eyes closed. The lady was shocked. Zeenat said in high-pitched wail: "The people at the counter would not check me in. Oh, I've never been so late in my life, I've never missed a single flight, oh, oh, oh. I'll have to waste a day in Cal if I don't make it to the connecting one with the next flight". Anyway, Mrs. Amarjeet pooled her money with Zeenat's mother and they got them seats for the next flight.





We were sitting in a little dubbing centre — Shatrughan Sinha, Anil Dhawan, Batra Mohinder, Mukul Dutt and I. A tall man in a printed shirt, with grey hair at the temples and a little white patch at the top of his head, walked in, went up to Mukulda and, ignoring the lady present, loudly exclaimed: "How are the six bastards you've given birth to? Anyway, give them 'my regards'". That was my first glimpse of Navin and my first taste of the Nischal brand of humour.

Later, when I rang Navin for an appointment, he sounded pleasant, and was chivalrous enough to come all the way to town from his suburban residence, with his brother and Vinod Mehra in tow. But whatever happened to his charm and pleasantness throughout the interview? He said: "Shoot". So I fired an "Is your relationship with Shatrughan Sinha strained?"

"Shatru and I? Not at all. You're completely on the wrong track. I know it was reported, but it's completely untrue. We are on very cordial terms

Anand giving an interview on the sets?" And then he made it clear that the majority of the artistes had this attitude towards visitors on the sets and he personally didn't care much for Shatrughan Sinha's friendliness and warmth.

I asked Navin about his reported tiff with Yogeeta Bali. His usual, "Of course not. We're not at loggerheads". So once again I dipped into my bag of tricks and gave him Pinky's comments about Navin. He blindly jumped and said: "What do I care what a daft girl like Pinky says? Of course she's daft!"

Navin Nischal's comments and outbursts on films and the movie-going audience, I've faithfully reproduced below, without any comments. They speak volumes.

"People say we act in rotten films. If they call these films rotten, then we can call the audience rotten too. Why allow rotten films to be box-office hits?" Then, very painstakingly, he showed me the overall percentage rise in the number of commercial films that have become box-office hits.

"What do people take us for? Uneducated imbeciles? Don't you realise that sometimes for the kind of roles we get and for the kind of audience we

Audience wants big bhel-puri

with each other". Exactly. Cordial, with no warmth, I pointed out. "I said, very cordial", Navin stubbornly repeated. "Then why weren't you effusively friendly the other day at the dubbing?" I pressed. He gave me an are-you-crazy-woman kind of look and said, "We were both busy with our work".

I tried a different approach. After a few minutes of talking about unimportant things, I steered the conversation back to Shatrughan Sinha, giving Navin a few instances of Sinha's boasting. Mr. Nischal fell headlong into the trap and opened up. "How do you feel when the guy brags non-stop?", etc., etc., gushed forth. But it's nice to meet a perpetually pleasant guy like Shatru on the sets, I pointed out. "Visitors on the sets? They're insulting the artiste at work. A guy is sweating, making his bread and butter in front of the camera. Visitors ogling at him are an insult to an actor — treating the actor's work as child's play. I assure you acting is no soft job. Not all of us can be flamboyantly friendly like Sinha". You're in show biz, so whether you like it or not, isn't it part of your work to be nice to people on the sets? "Who said that? Ever heard of Dilip Kumar or Dev

have, we actors have to come down from our level of intelligence to cater to a much lower audience I.Q.?"

Explain your up, down, up graph, I said. "Why only me? Every actor has it in his career". Later, he admitted: "It was very marked in my case I suppose. I made a bad choice of films. Actually, while my first movie was being made I signed two other films. We didn't know if 'Sawan Bhadon' would click. So I had 'Parwana' and 'Ganga Tera Pani Amrit' lined up to fall back on in case my first release wasn't successful". What followed, every moviegoer knows. 'Sawan Bhadon' was a runaway success, taking Navin's name straight to the top of the list of successful newcomers. Navin now flooded with offers signed only 'Victoria No. 203', 'Dhund' and 'Hanste Zakhm'. Meanwhile the films he was working in prior to the release of 'Sawan Bhadon', fared badly at the box-office, bringing the downward slope in Navin's career graph. With the success of 'Victoria No. 203', Navin is back in circulation, having about eight assignments on hand.

How do you feel when a film flops? "What can you do? You put in all your best efforts and while you're at it, you



DAVIN NISCHAI

Audience wants big bhel-puri

think it's shaping well. But only after the release can you say how your best efforts have been accepted by the audience".

Navin declined to answer which of his future films he thought would click instantly. "It's so tricky. One can never say". (I agree. Like Rajesh had his hopes pinned on 'Raja Rani'. What happened?) Anyway, Navin was enthusiastic about his working with Chetan Anand as a director, in "Hanste Zakhm".

Art to Navin is: "The expression of a strong emotion", which he finds sadly lacking in the Hindi cinema. "Tell me one film where I can show any one strong emotion. It's all a big bhel-puri which is what the audience wants. All that I have to do is to sing "Dekha Mainne Dekha"! And don't give me that one about new-wave films. There's a world of difference between an art film and a low-budget film, which most people consider synonymous".

What do you do during your free hours? "No free hours at all. If you're not shooting, you're slogging over the script or going over the story". You mean you don't relax at all? I drove my point home. "Of course, I do. There's our little club in Bandra where we play squash or go swimming. There's always some reading to do before retiring at night". I naturally asked him what he liked reading. Light or heavy books? "I read Ramakrishna and Swami Vivekananda", he promptly said. I swear I thought he was joking and asked him if he was pulling my leg with his poker face (good actor that he is) or being serious. At this, Navin exhibited his short temper, his lack of a sense of humour, and his quick, touchy way of misunderstanding anything that is said to him, and shouted: "Why should I pull your leg? There's no room for sarcasm in me!" "You people think we actors don't read serious stuff". Like pal, you're saying that. Not I.

When I asked Navin what kind of roles he liked playing, he said: "Oh that's stale. Ask me something else". O.K. Give me some scandal about yourself, I said. He actually believed me and raised his volume, "If it's scandal, you're after you won't find any on this side". Pal, surely your intelligence isn't letting you down into thinking I'll blatantly ask you to bare all the skeletons (if any) in your cupboard?

N. BHARATHI.

BRIDGE

STAMP ALBUM

WHEN DECLARER plays a suit in what seems a strange manner it is usually possible to work out what is going on. On this hand from the Spring Foursomes, which my team won for the second year, the play of the club suit opened up the whole hand for the defenders.

Dealer, South. Game all.

♠ 8 2	♥ 7
♦ Q 6 5	♦ 10 2
♣ Q J 10 9 4	♣ A 6 5 3 2
♠ J 6 5	♠ 10 9 8 7 4
♠ K Q J 4 3	♥ A 10 9 8 5
♥ A 9 7 3	♥ K J 8 4
♦ K 8 7	♣ A K Q 3
♣ 2	

With two good teams in opposition, the bidding went:

SOUTH	WEST	NORTH	EAST
1♠	No	1NT	No
2♥	double	No	No
No			

West's double was a risky venture at i.m.p. scoring. Perhaps the state of the match had a bearing.

West led a low heart, which ran to the 10 and King. To the second trick South led a low spade, which looks as good as anything. West went up with the Jack and switched to his singleton club. East played the 7 and declarer the King. South then led a low club.

What was the meaning of this unexpected play? The only explanation, it seemed to West, was that South held ♠ A K Q 3 and therefore 5-4-4-0 distribution. This made the rest of the defence fairly clear. West ruffed the club and led a low spade for his partner to ruff. East gave his partner another club ruff, leaving this position:

♠ -	♥ -
♦ Q 6	♦ -
♣ Q J 10 9 4	♣ -
♠ K Q 4	♥ -
♥ A	♦ A 6 5 3 2
♦ K 8 7	♦ 10 9
♣ -	
♠ A 10 9	
♥ J 8 4	
♦ -	
♣ -	

West cashed the Ace of hearts, the fifth trick for the defence, and exited with a low diamond. With only one trump left in dummy, the declarer had to lose a spade and go one down. Hard work for an extra 100!



THE SAMOAN Post Office has appealed to philatelists for help in finding a portrait of the eighteenth-century Dutch explorer Jacob Roggeveen. He left Holland in August 1721 in command of an expedition to the South Seas and the following year he became the first European explorer to sight the Samoan islands.

To mark the 250th anniversary of this landfall, four stamps have been issued in Samoa. The 10-sene stamp (above) shows two of Roggeveen's ships passing an island from which Samoans are launching a canoe. The New Zealand designer of the stamps, James Berry, searched in vain for a portrait of Roggeveen to include in the series before the Samoan Post Office launched its appeal.

AZED CROSSWORD

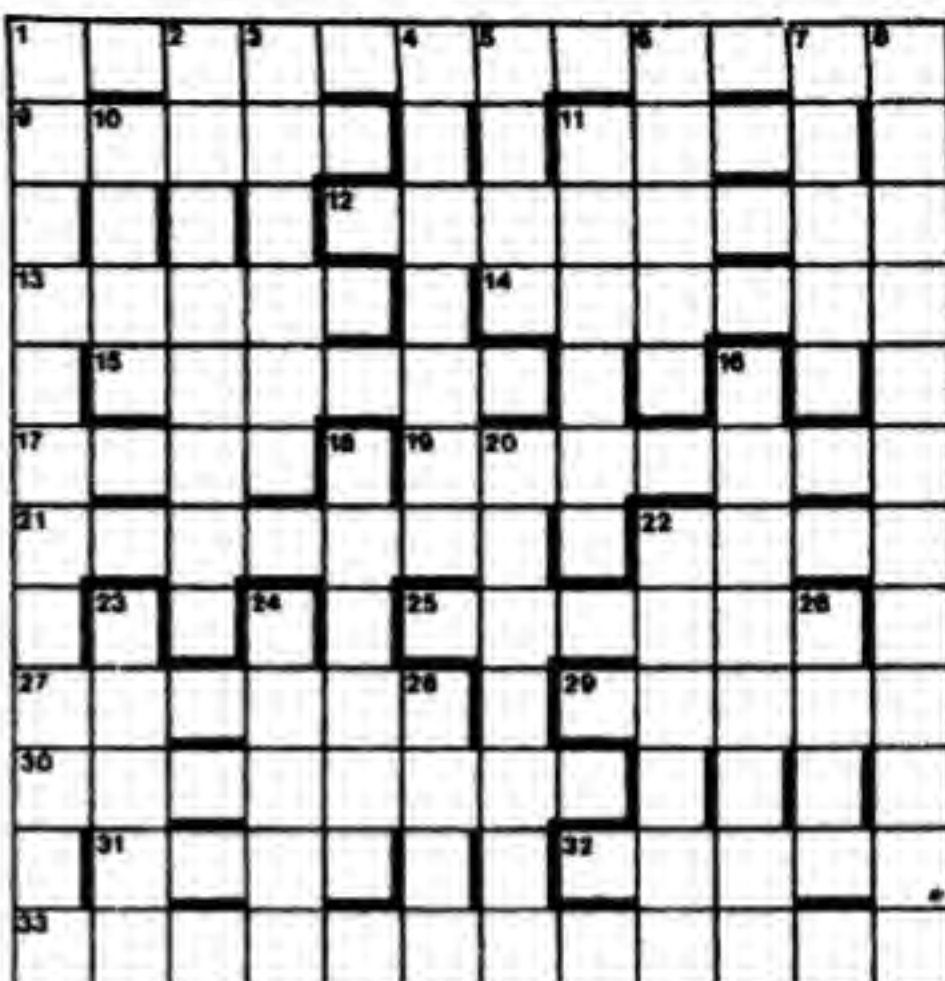
No. 13: PLAIN

ACROSS

- 1 Fungus: stuff to cut short growth of shoots (12)
- 9 Sort of rabbit? Excellent skins got from young, we hear (5)
- 11 Never bolsterous? Partly. Sometimes passive (4)
- 12 Herb. light a lag (8)
- 13 Thrusts away with old swords (5)
- 14 I'll take writing in knowing second copy's wanted (6)
- 15 Tetrasyllabical, perhaps, like ranunculus? (6)
- 17 Anyone with drive can destroy ogre (4)
- 19 Love Latin e.g. so, I cut e.g. maths and physics (7)
- 21 Lyon's arranged round a river, like another city (7)
- 22 Cur: see good dog by it (4)
- 25 Wild hederia will where it grows (6)
- 27 Goddess: grimace, rejected, towards one (6)
- 29 Porgy devours a pochard (5)
- 30 It might well produce hasty ire (8)
- 31 Month one gets endlessly gloomy in (4)
- 32 Me, once in Taunton I cut school (5)
- 33 An independent, peevish old barrister? (12)

DOWN

- 1 Sort of engraving—pah!—copy light's ruined (12)
- 2 One Scotch and a wag's climbing a tree (8)
- 3 Jazzman overcome by deserted lounge in Edinburgh (6)
- 4 Bun? Bit of gâteau in Loire town (7)
- 5 Cut Cape Town garden with knife-edge (4)
- 6 Scots bird creates excitement with oomph (5)
- 7 Needing to be clothed in very large end of range? (5)
- 8 Bloomer with female undergarment for each (12)
- 10 By implication always peckish in Peebles? (4)
- 11 Base metal, in Weller's parlance the opposite of rich? (6)
- 16 Listen, excellent rising church suits me (8)
- 18 US fish inspector (6)
- 20 It's explosive and can make you tiddley (7)
- 22 Flush, with counterfeit chit that's taken in City (6)
- 23 Baron, not quite royal, turbulent (5)
- 24 Courses for canons in R.C. tribunals (5)
- 26 Old wood, huge, sprawling (4)
- 28 Wagon without a horse (4)



AZED No. 12 Solution and notes

ACROSS

10, Thermopylae; 12, A-post-le; 13, As You Like It, Celia; 17, E, violin string; 23, Love (rev.) in rt. & lit.; 26, G-yeld; 32, I n, in later & lit., X II taught Classics.

DOWN

1, Caeca (J. Caesar); 3, Cheer lo (beloved of Zeus); 4, Hidden in rev., hairnet; 8, 2 meanings; 8, (H)olla; 18, lag in state; 20, Ave Stan (Laurel); 22, Cott-hamrock (swinger).

CHESS

by HARRY GOLOBEK

Continuation of Position No. 13

This position arose in a game played in the 39th Soviet Championship at Leningrad last year between Geller and Kapengut:—5r1k; pb2r1bp; 1p2B1p1; kt7; 4q KtQ1; 4B3; P4PPP; 2RR2K1. White won by 1. R-O4, R x Kt; if 1... B x R, 2. B x B ch, and if 2... Q x B, 3. Kt x P ch, or if, in this line, after 2. B x B ch, R-Kt2, 3. Kt x P ch, Q x Kt; 4. Q x Q, P x Q; 5. R-B7. Finally, if 1... Q-K4; 2. Kt x P ch, P x Kt; 3. Q-R3 ch, Q-R4; 4. R-KR6. 2. R-Q8 ch, B-B1; or 2... R-B1; 3. R x R ch, B x R; 4. Q x Q, B x Q; 5. B-Q4 ch, R-Kt2; 6. R-B8. 3. R x B ch, resigns, since again after 3... R x R; 4. Q x Q, B x Q; 5. B-Q4 ch, R-Kt2; 6. R-B7 and wins.

Homage to youth

In chess, more than in most sports, arts, sciences or avocations, it is profoundly true that the utmost reverence should be paid to youth. Nor, really, is it a question of this being a modern phenomenon. Boy prodigies have always been and Emanuel Lasker was world champion in the 19th century at the age of 24. I have no doubt that such a state of affairs existed many hundreds of years ago and that the missing annals of say the early Middle Ages would have revealed that something like a Bobby Fischer was inflicting heavy defeats on his seniors in Rome or Paris.

For all we know, the very inventor of chess in the fifth century may have been a child of 10. It would be fitting for an infant to have spawned this particular Pandora's box.

No, chess geniuses of a puerile type (if I may be allowed to use the word in its original Latin sense) are not new; but there seem to be many more of them now. Players in their teens already seem able to cope quite satisfactorily with the heaviest strains of international chess competitions as the Brazilian boy, Mecking, has shown. At 21 they are already winning major international tournaments, cf. Karpov and Ljubojevic. In their late twenties they are maturely ripe for seizing the world championship title—I need hardly add I am thinking of Bobby Fischer. While in their middle thirties they seem a little passé if the present world champion's recent results are any criterion.

What set me off on all this was finding a very finely played attack by one Ingolotti in the last American Team Championship at Tucuman. He is only 18 and was Paraguay's first board at that event.

White: Ingolotti. Black: Benitez (Uruguay).

Sicilian Defence.

1. P-K4, P-QB4; 2. Kt-KB3, Kt-QB3; 3. P-Q4, P x P; 4. Kt x P, Q-Kt3; 5. Kt-Kt3, Kt-B3; 6. Kt-B3, P-K3; 7. B-K3, Q-B2; 8. B-Q3, B-Kt5; 9. O-O, B x Kt; 10. P x B, Kt-K4; 11. P-KB4, Kt x B; wrongly rounding off White's pawn structure; correct was 11... Kt-B5.

12. P x Kt, P-Q3; and not 12... Q x QBP on account of 13. B-B5.

13. R-B1, O-O; 14. P-Kt4, P-K4; 15. P-B5, Kt-Q2; 16. P-Kt5, Q-Q1; 17. R-QB2, P-KKt3; 18. P-KR4, P-Kt3; 19. P-R5, B-Kt2; preparing to play P-Q4; White at once nips this in the bud.

20. P-B4, Q-K2; 21. P-B6, Q-K3; 22. R-R2, KR-Q1; 23. Q-B3, Kt-B1; 24. P x P, BP x P; if 24... RP x P; 25. Q-R1, R-R2; 26. Kt x P; 27. R x R.

25. P-B7 ch, K-Kt2; 26. Q-Kt3, B-B1; 27. R-R4, Q-K2; 28. Kt-Q4! starting a brilliant series of moves that makes up a most elegant finish. 29... B-Q2; 29. Q-R2, QR-B1; 30. R-B6, R-B2; 31. Kt-B5 ch!, P x Kt; 32. R x P ch!, Kt x R; 33. Q-R6 ch, K-R1; 34. P-Kt6, resigns.

A plethora of diagonal pieces

Played in the Grandmasters' Tournament at Wijk-aan-Zee, 1972.

White: V. Savon. Black: W. S. Browne.

King's Indian Attack.

1. Kt-KB3, P-QB4; 2. P-KKt3, P-KKt3; 3. B-Kt2, B-Kt2; 4. O-O, Kt-QB3; 5. P-B3, P-Q4; 6. P-Q4, P x P; 7. P x P, Kt-B3; 8. Kt-K5, O-O; 9. Kt-QB3, B-B4; 10. Kt x Kt, P x Kt; 11. Kt-R4, Kt-Q2; 12. B-B4, Q-R4; 13. B-Q2, Q-Kt4; 14. B-QB3, QR-B1; 15. R-B1, KR-Q1; 16. P-Kt3, P-K4; 17. P x P, Kt x P; 18. B-Q4, Kt-Q6; 19. Kt-B3, Q-R4; 20. B x B, Kt x R; 21. Q-Q4, Q x Kt; White resigns.

Daylight robbery

Played in the Grandmasters' Tournament at Wijk-aan-Zee, 1972.

White: A. Pomar. Black: K. Langeweg.

Q.P. Nimzowitsch Defence.

1. P-Q4, Kt-KB3; 2. P-QB4, P-K3; 3. Kt-QB3, B-Kt5; 4. P-K3, O-O; 5. B-Q3, P-B4; 6. Kt-B3, P-QKt3; 7. B-Q2, B-Kt2; 8. O-O, P-Q3; 9. Q-K2, QKt-Q2; 10. KR-Q1, Q-K2; 11. QR-B1, QR-B1; 12. P-QB3, B x Kt; 13. B x B, Kt-K5; 14. B x Kt, B x B; 15. Kt-Q2, B-Kt2; 16. P x P, Kt x P; 17. P-K4, P-K4; 18. Kt-B1, Kt-Kt1; 19. Q-Q3, QR-Q1; 20. Kt-K3, Kt-B3; 21. Kt-B5, Q-Kt4; 22. Kt x QP, resigns.

INTRIGUING?



SO
IS THE
ART OF
BLENDING

HOUSE OF *Mohineaks* SINCE 1855

EIGHT
STERS
EARCH
A ROLE



EIGHT
MINIST
IN SEAR
CFA ROI

EIGHT
STERS
EARCH
A ROLE



EIGHT
MINIST
IN SEAR
CFA ROI



Week beginning with June 17



ARIES (March 21 — April 20)

You may be tempted to behave irrationally when you are going to enjoy enormous personal success. If you are an artist your creative work will be highly acclaimed. Businessmen! your general good fortune will improve. Industrialists! around midweek you will discover new ways to resolve complicated personnel problem and find it easier to communicate with labour leader or a politician.



TAURUS (April 21 — May 20)

The first half of the week is a tricky period for you. In office you are likely to experience restrictions. If you are contemplating taking up a new assignment, do not go for any positive action before Friday. Businessmen! with a little effort on your part desired advance can be had from your bank and in certain cases blocked money will be released. Industrialists may have a business trip abroad.



GEMINI (May 21 — June 20)

In the early part of the week it may be difficult for you to know who your real goodwishers are. The planetary transits will give you superstar qualities and these will enhance your professional prestige. If you are in the literary field, this week will bring you fame. Editors should be extracautious in publishing disputed news items and editorials — displeasure of governmental authorities indicated.



CANCER (June 21 — July 21)

This week will be marked with fulfilment of ambition. Opportunities to enhance your official position will come to you. If you are unemployed you may find it difficult to concentrate on your career. Businessmen and industrialists may have to face labour demonstration. Professionals! you will begin to realise your real self. An anxious state of mind is indicated. Think twice before you sign any agreement.



LEO (JULY 22 — Aug. 21)

You can look forward to a comparatively prosperous time. Do not load yourself with heavy commitments now. Businessmen may find expenses are heavy and commitments difficult to meet. If you are in service irksome working conditions will be experienced. Persons in managerial position will receive honour and respect from associates. Executives! opportunities knock at the door, take snap decisions.



VIRGO (Aug. 22 — Sept. 22)

This week accentuates all legal matters for you. Colleagues could be thorn in your flesh and you may have to face new trials for improving official position. Industrialists! complication in every issue becomes nerve-faxing. Journalists and P.R. men! throughout the week you will find companions generous and may indirectly benefit from them.



LIBRA (Sept. 23 — Oct. 22)

Something beneficial will emerge from the confusion and chaos in your personal life. Changes should start to occur in your life with travel and your working life may change radically. This is the proper time to summon up the courage to take a final decision in personal relationships. Uncertainty indicated in money matters. For journalists and authors a smooth time begins from Wednesday.



SCORPIO (Oct. 23 — Nov. 22)

This is an exceptionally good time for chancing your luck. If you are in business you will find yourself with more ready cash available than before. Persons in service will have pleasing success in departmental examinations. Improvement in status and prospects can be anticipated. If you are single, events will prove that you are one of the least understood and yet the most wonderful of persons.



SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 23 — Dec. 20)

Financial matters come under mixed influences. Professionals! nothing to be achieved by speed. Slow but steady should be your motto. If you are in service, this week has some peculiar aspects which will centre mainly around your own reactions to events set in motion by others. Businessmen! Tuesday is auspicious for launching an important venture. If you are single, a fortunate week for romance.



CAPRICORN (Dec. 21 — Jan. 19)

Week begins with financial gains. If you are looking for a change in profession, this is the opportune moment. This may keep your mind irritable. If you are thinking of expansion of your industrial setup pick up the second half of the week. Business executives! this week you can show your real worth. Emotionally, a zig-zag track with plenty of thrills.



AQUARIUS (Jan. 20 — Feb. 18)

Your talent to be expressive and eloquent is more keen this week. Financial position will be satisfactory. Persons in service may expect promotion. Professional situation takes on a favourable note. Bright days for persons in creative work. Business executives! caution is required in dealing with your colleagues. If you are single, romance may mature in matrimony.



PISCES (Feb. 19 — March 20)

The bad period is over. Ideas to improve financial condition will strike you on Thursday evening. Your imaginative mind and sincere efforts will help to further your business prospects. Industrialists and businessmen! you are heading towards a period of ease and comfort. Help will be forthcoming from friends and associates. Journalists! be on your toes to exploit the situation.

This magazine is distributed
FREE with sunday's
Hindusthan Standard

WHAT IS "INDIAN" IN INDIAN ART

Contemporary Indian painters are often accused of not accepting their heritage. This, argues Paritosh Sen, is levelled from a parochial point of view. Riding on the crest of Indian nationalism, the artists of the Bengal School wrongly believed that to be truly Indian their art had to be religious, mythological, linear, etc. But the history of art tells us that the best work does not spring from the endowments of that all too friendly purveyor which absolves us from the need to live at our highest.
Next Sunday.



sunday

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EIGHT MINISTERS IN SEARCH OF A ROLE

Mr. Pradip Bhattacharjee.



Dr. B. C. Roy asked them to keep off politics, and Mr. P. C. Sen scourged them as political rabble. Mr. Jyoti Basu, strong man of the two United Front Governments in West Bengal, almost dismissed them as a force in State politics. But his countrymen thought otherwise of the youth and student forces. The revamped Congress, spearheaded by these long despised youngmen, fought the 1972 elections in West Bengal to return to power with an unprecedented majority.

For the first time, younger men who never had any part in the freedom struggle, now dominate the decision-making apparatus of the West Bengal Government. The youngmen, it appears, started in a hurry to change things, but within one year of coming to power they have already hit the political morass. Men, who had valiantly fought together to make the Congress a cohesive force in the dark days of 1970 and 1971, have become divided after the first flush of victory. In this article, we will not go into the political mishmash, but will try to see what the young leaders wanted to do and how they have fared in the past one year.

The directness and sincerity of the younger men to go for things befuddled the senior members of the West Bengal ministry, who still hold their younger colleagues in some sort of awe. The Chief Minister, Mr. Siddharta Sankar Ray, a tall, handsome barrister, who has often changed colour in the State politics, recently admitted to the editor of a Bombay journal that he was not worried about the left political parties, rather he was more concerned about "my own boys". In the present political milieu, the Chief Minister has to indulge in tight-rope walking to maintain peace in the party as well as in the cabinet.

But then are the young men losing their grip so early? Are the mighty youth leaders becoming mere factional heroes? Almost inevitably, the youth in West Bengal has again become somewhat restive. Subrata Mukherjee or Pradip Bhattacharjee does not carry the entire student mass with them any longer. Yesterday's hero is being maligned today as a traitor.

Almost all the 8 ministers who are between 27 and 36, after one year in power, now say that bureaucracy is the main stumbling block. They admit they are yet to learn the way to circumvent the apparatus. During talks, it appeared that none of them was quite clear about his goal.



Mr. Subrata Mukherjee.



Atish Sinha

Take for instance, the dark and portly Pradip Bhattacharjee (27), Minister of State for Labour. A victim of partition, Mr. Bhattacharjee, brought up in Suri, Birbhum, is very confident about his views. The reopening of a number of closed mills and re-employment of about 1.5 lakh people, Mr. Bhattacharjee considers his greatest achievement. Son of a petty official, Mr. Bhattacharjee says, "people are with us, if the bureaucracy does not cooperate, we will go direct to the people." But then, "who's people?" Mr. Bhattacharjee or his department has so far failed to arrest chronic sickness of West Bengal industries. Since labour does not live in a water-tight compartment, Mr. Bhattacharjee can do very little to achieve his goal of "better industrial relations."

In fact, the gap between goals and achievement, the young ministers will find, is ever increasing. Mr. Atish Sinha, weighs each word before he delivers it. Pragmatic in approach, he says the rules and regulations of the finance department are holding up quick implementation of many schemes. He has not lost all hopes, but asks, "what can we do, if we are to seek permission from finance even for purchasing a cushion?"

Basically apolitical, Mr. Sinha woke up to politics while campaigning for his uncle in Kandi (Murshidabad) in 1969. "I found people still had good will for my

father and our family". Mr. Sinha's father, the late Bimal Chandra Sinha, as the land reforms minister in the early fifties was instrumental for abolition of zamindaris in the State. Mr. Sinha, who prides in the successful performance of Westing House, Saxby and Farmer, is now restive about the callousness and indifference of a section of the bureaucracy, despite his urbanity and soft-spokenness. He would prefer drastic steps to make the official machinery effective.

In contrast to Mr. Sinha, who is the scion of one of the oldest zamindar families of Bengal, Mr. Anandamohan Biswas, Minister of State for Community Development, comes from pure peasant stock. An M.A., B.L. of Calcutta University, Mr. Biswas, it appears, specialises in off the cuff remarks. He says, "I had a brush with my departmental secretary, I got him transferred."

Tall, gangling with a drooping moustache, Anandamohan reminds one more of the boy next door than a minister. He said point blank, "you cannot expect much work from me since I have to spend at least Rs. 5 crores of my Rs. 10 crores annual budget for the departmental staff."

Talking about his party, Mr. Biswas claims it has undergone a qualitative change. With a tinge of humour he said, "previously ministers were autocrats, now we are constitutional monarchs."

No longer, he said, a minister arbitrarily decides where a tubewell is to be sunk or a primary school situated. It is the MLAs and officials of a particular district who take these decisions. For all this, Mr. Biswas claims, the younger men in the cabinet should be given credit.

One, even the senior bureaucrat, would also admit that it is now easier to argue a case with a young minister. Even Mr. Subrata Mukherjee, the mercurial home minister of West Bengal whose name has somehow become synonymous with youth power, does not hesitate to have the official point of view frequently. If he has somewhat mellowed after his marriage, he has become more poised. Men like the Minister of State for Health, Mr. Govinda Naskar or Mr. Sunity Chatteraj, are now learning the intricacies of administration. Mr. Naskar has earned a reputation for getting things going. Despite departmental protests, Mr. Naskar is busy setting up a colony on the charlands of Bidyadhari river in south 24-Parganas. He says, "I am here to get things done. I have done some little thing to trim the health department."

Twenty-nine, impulsive and carefree, Mr. Subrata Mukherjee, West Bengal's Minister of State for Home, told a stunned Legislative Assembly last month that

RSP members worked as police informers, precisely to keep the Government informed of the activities of the CPI(M).

Such a statement would never have been made by any other minister, young or old. But then, this is the very style of Mr. Mukherjee. The same day when this correspondent asked him why he had made such a statement, the minister said nonchalantly, "I would expose them further if they keep on nagging."

Mr. Mukherjee, by this time, knows that ministers are to maintain the oath of secrecy which they took during the swearing-in ceremony. He, however, made it clear that he cared two hoots for "all those secrecy stuff."

Strange, rather not in keeping with the democratic tradition so far practised in West Bengal. But some of the young ministers, who are now a power to reckon with in the State politics, are groping for a new code of conduct that would be less hypocritical but more direct.

True to Indian tradition, age rather than youth was always the main consideration for political leadership in West Bengal — be it a party post or a berth in the ministry. The newspapers and the public expressed surprise when Mr. Tarun Kanti Ghosh was made a full minister in West Bengal in July 1959 at

Mr. Sunity Chatteraj.



Mr. Gajendra Gurung.



the ripe young age of 34. Now, of the eight young ministers in West Bengal cabinet, which has a total strength of 27, at least 6 are below 32. This has pulled down the average age of Siddhartha Ray ministry to around 40, whereas the average age of both the United Front ministries was more than 50.

Here we will not go into the genesis of the Chhatra Parishad and Youth Congress, which has been described as a political phenomenon responsible for revitalising the West Bengal Congress. Nor is there any necessity to diverge into the Naxalite movement which was in a way the cause for the resurgence of the CP and the YC. But there is no denying the fact that these two organisations proved to be the platforms from which unknown, untested young men vaulted into adult politics. By their tenacity and sincerity these men carved out niches in the mother party, it appears, only to squabble for "old-type" control of the party machine.

The internal squabble, it can be said with certainty, has sapped the gusto and energy of some of the ministers. The determination with which Mr. Subrata Mukherjee had started to cleanse the Augean stable of administration is apparently missing. Mr. Mukherjee during his early days in power had almost intentionally clashed with the Home Commissioner. He did not hesitate to reprimand the Commissioner for referring the matter to the Chief Secretary.

This zeal perhaps led Mr. Mukherjee to collide with his party whip in the State Assembly, when both of them verbally attacked each other in presence of the entire Press. The dust has settled, and now it seems that the young men rubbed each other the wrong way. It was not that the young leaders had any political or ideological differences, rather it was a clash of personalities. The earlier spirit of equality in the Chhatra Parishad and the Youth Congress was lost.

Dr. Fazle Haq, Mr. Mukherjee's counterpart in the Home Ministry, is the perfect foil for his temperamental colleague. Tall, handsome and a fine specimen of north Bengal Muslim aristocracy, Dr. Haq is jubilant that a Muslim has been made a minister of State for Home, but already he feels frustrated since organisational factionalism is corrupting his department. Almost scared, he confided, "I am not for giving more powers to the police since it can be abused. But if police power is curtailed things might go the UF way".

Strangely, Dr. Haq now takes more interest in public works than Home whenever he visits the districts. "I will

Mr. Govinda Naskar.



be happy if during my tenure of office more roads, schools or hospitals were built." Dr. Haq was unwilling to claim anything as his personal achievement during one year in power, rather he would like to share the credit of the little that had been done with all his colleagues.

Men like Mr. Sunity Chatteraj or Mr. Gajendra Gurung are too modest to claim any personal credits. More so with Mr. Chatteraj since he is the deputy minister in the controversial power and irrigation ministry.

Nowhere in India, so few young men had ever controlled so huge an organisation as the State Congress. One can say that the new Congress rejuvenated under Mrs. Gandhi's leadership is not different from pre-split party. But in West Bengal, the experiment was totally unique. The leadership had undergone a thorough change — and old men were nowhere to be seen.

The hush-hush and the aloofness about the ministers are now almost a thing of the past. The young ones seldom hesitate to wash their dirty linen in public or to attack each other. Mr. Mukherjee recently said that the "other group is jealous of the public support we get."

But despite all this hullabaloo, one would like to know whether the young ministers are being able to get things done. A section of officers are almost openly airing their grievances against the "high-handedness of some of the young ministers." The Secretary of the Community Development department was eased out of his post as he did not see eye to eye with his minister of state. The young minister did not hesitate to declare publicly that the official was hampering the progress of his department.

But then what does this motley group of young people in West Bengal's corridor of power want to do in the next few years? None, it seems, is quite clear about this goal. At times they want to reshape the bureaucracy, or fight the monopolists, weed out the corrupt officials and such other things. At other times, they freely admit that they suffer from a sense of frustration. Recently, Mr. Subrata Mukherjee equated the Press with the monopolists as the twin enemies of the people. Privately, he was apologetic about his public gesture. This shows that he is already heading towards the beaten track. He has remarked that the Home Minister was nothing but a stooge in the hands of the I.G., Police Commissioner and other high-ups in the police department. In the same breath, he asked Chhatra Parishad cadres to bring the police to book. He has not, however, mentioned with which

weapons the task is to be achieved. But he certainly did not have Gandhian passive resistance in mind.

Only after one year in power, the young men have realised that they can do very little with the existing bureaucracy. After a stiff fight with the machine during the past year, Mr. Subrata Mukherjee says, "I hate the bureaucracy, but not the bureaucrats". Mr. Atish Sinha, 33, physicist by training, zamindar by birth, is the Minister of State for Public Undertaking. "Only a few black sheep in the administration are holding up decision-making," he says. He would be happy if the callous and the indifferent officers were eased out. He had a hand in the recent dismissal of the Managing Director of Durgapur Chemicals, a Government undertaking.

Senior officials appear to have come out of their initial stupor about the young ministers. They now openly say



that ministers can only go through the files "we intend them to see." Moreover, a minister can do very little if he is bypassed. Most of the ministers are yet to master the art of administration and in this regard they are helpless if the bureaucracy non-cooperates.

After the initial flare, some of the young ministers have already found out that it is better to keep the bureaucracy in good humour. They have also found out that there was no harm in accepting certain pleasures associated with the office of ministership. After all Rs. 850 a month as salary is a paltry sum for a junior minister to maintain family and friends, not to speak of cadres. And that perhaps explains the contradiction in their public and private utterances.

The haste with which the young men had started in "changing the world

Dr. Fazle Haq.



around them" has got a set back. Mr. Ajit Panja, Health Minister, is now busy fighting small pox and the probable epidemic of cholera, and his junior is engaged in setting up a colony in his own name near Taldi Station in South 24-Parganas. Neither of the ministers now talks of disciplining the Health services. Mr. Panja has already burnt his fingers by airing the decision to man West Bengal Health Centres with doctors from Orissa.

Mr. Pradip Bhattacharjee has found out that fighting the big and medium industrialists was not an easy task. He has realised the futility of bringing in more "sick industries" under Government control. To Mr. Ananda Mohan Biswas — Mr. Kashikanto Moitra is the enemy No. 1. One could gather very little about what Mr. Suniti Chattoraj or Gajendra Gurung had in the past one year done in their departments.

Frustration is setting in quickly. Officials, senior and junior, admit that the young ministers are more alert — and though they belong to different social strata, their outlook is almost similar in matters of administration.

At least two of the ministers are from the peasant stock, two belong to the landed aristocracy, and the rest from middle or lower middle classes. In interviews, almost to a man, they held that the bureaucratic set up needed to be changed, although the emphasis varied from person to person. All of them expressed dissatisfaction at the slow progress of work but did not know how to get things moving in the bureaucratic jungle that is Writers' Buildings.

If Mr. Subrata Mukherjee or Mr. Ananda Biswas are vociferous about their stand, men like Mr. Atish Sinha or Dr. Fazle Haque express it in a rather quiet way. A sense of failure, it appears, has cramped their style. It has made Mr. Subrata Mukherjee more erratic and some others less confident about themselves.

Describing Mr. Tarun Kanti Ghosh as the epitome of what Congress ministers were prior to 1967 — a senior Home Department official said, "Oh, then ministers had only 'chamchas' to feed

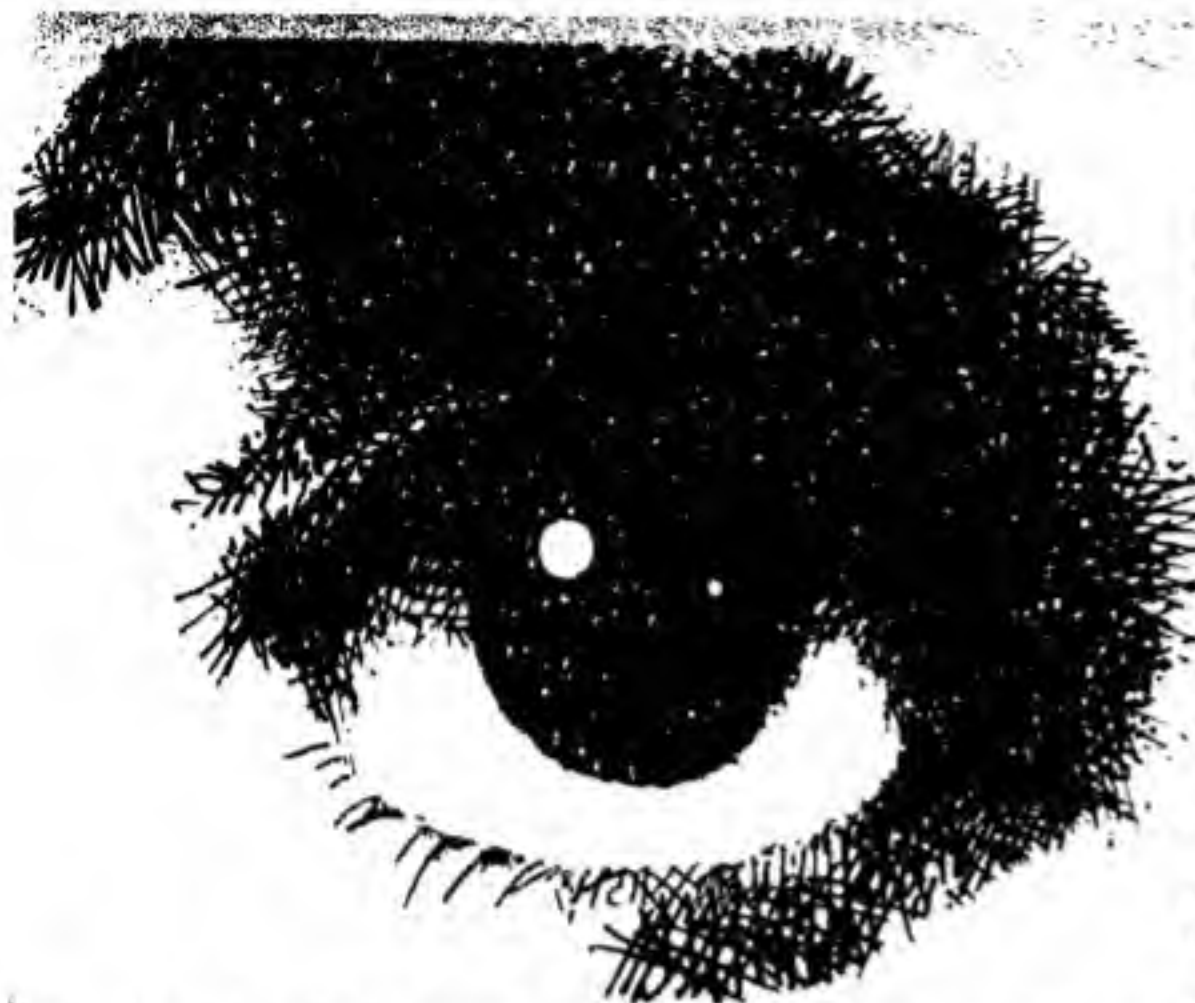
them with information." Too much dependence on "chamchas" no doubt led to the fall of the P. C. Sen ministry. For a change, men like Subrata Mukherjee or Mr. Pradip Bhattacharjee claim, "We have mass contact, if the bureaucracy fails us, we can always circumvent it." True to a certain extent no doubt, but the ministers should admit that they have so far failed to take advantage of the bureaucracy, "despite the tremendous support they have among the people."

The familiar features of past ministries are returning quickly. The young ministers are no doubt very much accessible to their cadres, to most of whom the young ministers are "firsts among equals". The egalitarian posture is rapidly giving place to conventions. The ministers are no doubt enjoying the kowtowing by officials in the mofussils. The psychopants are gaining their confidence. The impulsive anger of the youth against inefficiency and snobbery is turning mellow. The inexperienced youth has failed to notice that the same people will not look at them twice once they were removed from power.

So what started as youth power with 8 of the 27 West Bengal ministers belonging to ages below 36 in March 1972 is now a thing of the past. The young men are now part of the established order. The vigour with which they had started despising the bureaucracy, the system of Government, and everything around them — has now degenerated into petty squabbles. The budgeted amounts in different departments are being spent on schedule — but how much of that can the ministers control? The administration is taking advantage of the organisational differences in Congress, more than 50 per cent of the expenditure made by the CMDA is going down the drain, the police is moving its own way — but all along the young ministers can look on only as interested bystanders. The young men who tried to dominate West Bengal's destiny are now a bunch of men in search of a goal.

TARUN GANGULY.

PHOTO: Tarunada Banerjee



EYE MAKE-UP TRICKS

Young, on the go, Ayesha Ali has the most dazzling pair of eyes. "You know they are small, beady eyes on a flat face, it's just my make-up that fools you people," she laughs.

What is hi-fashion for 1973? "Well, in my case I've just thrown off all my peel-off and other eyeliners right out of the window. Heavy eye make-up is 'in' in the world's fashion capitals, but with the aid of crayon shadows, not eyeliners, which are unfortunately not available in India, but one can always look around for substitutes."

Ayesha also says that pencilled eyebrows are dead as the dodo. The natural line of the brows are now followed, trimmed into a thin narrow line, absolutely without any straggly hairs, but the aid of a pencil to achieve this effect is taboo.

The fish-eyed filmy look, with the eyeliner in an outward sweep, is out. A thick line drawn with eyeliner is out. False heavy eyelashes are out. But Ayesha says that if your eyes look dead without some kind of a definite line, then use *kajal*. This gives a softer effect. She advises only home-made *kajal*, the recipe for which was given in the last issue. The correct method to apply this is to put it on the lower rim, then blink the eyes furiously to get it on the upper rim. As for false eyelashes, very feathery lashes, used with a little mascara, is all right. Or, you get them in small, separate, uneven clumps, "which are a nuisance anyway on the mobike," she shrugs.

Since crayons are not available here, you can make do with frosted or plain eyeshadow. Elsa manufactures lilac, blue and green, while Gala of London is scheduled to come out with some colours specially suited to Indian skins.

Use a very very light touch when applying make-up to avoid that caked, heavy effect. Ayesha puts plain eyeshadow on with the ball of her little finger on the lower part of her upper

lid and outlines the lid with frosted eyeshadow. A cream eyeshadow is recommended, so that the sensitive tissues around the eyes don't get damaged. For extra dry skin, use a moisturizer on the eyelids before using make-up. The Binella hydrofilm is ideally light and non-greasy for this. White highlighter, which should be blended under the brows, can be substituted with white lipstick. For girls with small, slanting eyes on a flat face, add depth by softly smudging the crease line with a little brown colour.

The correct order of applying eye make-up would be:

Apply moisturizer on the lids and under the eyes and massage for five minutes.

Apply shadow on the lower and upper lids.

Now apply white highlighter under the eyebrows and stroke it gently outwards.

After smudging the creaseline, make sure it is well blended, otherwise there will be a heavy dried up make-up line at the crease, giving the face an aged look.

Now apply a little *kajal* if you wish. (*Kajal* is out for oily complexions. Those with oily complexions may use a thin line of blue or brown eyeliner).

Now apply the mascara. Or, a little vaseline or brylcream to curl the lashes and give them a shine. Don't blink when the mascara is still wet, otherwise it will smudge all over your eyes.

Another beauty tip from Ayesha: If you have dark circles under your eyes, apply a little talcum powder or highlighter over it before applying eye make-up.

The thing to remember is, according to Ayesha, dark make-up subdues, light make-up brings into prominence. For close set eyes, start make-up a little away from the eyeline near the nose and extend outwards towards the temples. Put the mascara more on the outer corners. Reverse this procedure if eyes are too wide-set. *Kajal* makes big eyes look smaller. For example, the definite line that an eyeliner gives makes small eyes look much smaller.

As for colour combinations, the mirror is the best guide to find out what suits a person most. Always make up in bright light. Check that your blues and greens don't turn any other shade in fluorescent light. Purple eyeshadows don't look good on dark skins. Use a thin brush to outline lids, a light touch with your fingers when applying and blending eyeshadow, a steady hand and enough innovation in you to stand in front of the mirror and mix and match shades to get a stunning effect.

Ayesha's parting tip: Wear sunglasses to avoid squinting in the sun and getting crows' feet and wrinkles around the eyes.



ARUNA CHANDIRAMANI
 19, FRESH-FACED AND 19, HAS A THING ABOUT PANTS AND
 TOPS.

Arana Chandiramani, fresh-faced and 19, has a thing about pants and tops. "No saris", she said firmly. Maxis and long gowns — well, only very occasionally. Very svelte, and very cool, Arana's choice of clothes was marked by simplicity with a lot of style.

(1) She selected a blousy black and white cotton printed top, with a ruffled neck and peasant sleeves (Rs. 89) to go with black cotton elephant pants (Rs. 50) that fell beautifully. This outfit should do things to girls who are a bit too skinny, and want to soften the angles!

(2) Another winner that Arana fell for, ideal for the very slim, is the cotton crepe "Poncho" smock. Orange polka dots look chirpy and are complemented with piping of the same colour around the pin tucked yoke. Loose butterfly sleeves fall in soft folds (Rs. 74).

in our



MEERA BOUTIQUE
PUNJABI LANE

ashion

(3) A green honeycomb crepe cotton shirt with stitched pockets (Rs. 59) can be worn either tucked in or hanging out. Worn here with the afore-featured black cotton elephants, it would look just as cool teamed with navy, or white, or brown!

Aruna, who is heading for an airlines career, wears only blush-on, and very rarely, lipper. Lipstick seems to have been almost totally discarded after the no-make-up look came in. The accent is almost totally on clothes and footwear these days.

Photos : TAIYEB BADSHAH.
Outfits and Accessories : MEERA BOUTIQUE, BOMBAY.
Location : OBEROI SHERATON, BOMBAY.

PART IV

by GEORGES SIMENON

MAIGRET



The sun had vanished behind the houses and it had grown cooler. Maigret was sorry to have left his overcoat at the office.

He felt like another beer, so he asked the taxi to stop at the corner of the Quai des Orfèvres and the Rue du Palais.

He kept on thinking of Nathalie, that strange Madame Sabin-Levesque, and he had a feeling she knew a great deal more than she was giving away.

He went back to his office, filled one of his pipes, then walked over to the door of the inspectors' duty room. Lapointe was typing and Janvier was looking out of the window. Lucas was on the phone.

'Janvier....Lapointe.... Will you both come into my office? ...'

Janvier was not getting any younger either; he now had a promising pot-belly.

'Are you free, Janvier?'

'Nothing important right now. I've finished with the young car-thief....'

'Can you face spending the night out?'

'Why not?'

'I'd like you to go to the Boulevard Saint-Germain as soon as you can, to keep a watch on number 207 bis....'

I'll give you the particulars of a woman....If she leaves the house, you're to follow her....You'd better have a car handy....'

'She's rather tall, dark and extremely thin, with staring eyes and a nervous twitch. If she goes out, she'll probably

and Monsieur Charles



be walking, but she does have a chauffeur and two cars.... A Bentley and a Fiat....

'Ask Gourtie to come and take over from you tomorrow morning and tell him what I've told you....'

'What is she wearing?'

'When she came here, she had a fur coat on, mink I think.'

'O.K., patron.'

Janvier went out and Maigret turned to Lapointe.

'How about you? Anything new?'

Lapointe blushed and stammered without looking at Maigret:

'Yes.... A few minutes ago.... There was a call....'

'Who from?'

'The woman this morning.'

'What did she want?'

'First she asked if you were there.... I told her you weren't. She sounded dead drunk.'

'"Who is it speaking then?" she asked.'

'"Inspector Lapointe."

'"What, the young nincompoop who was writing down everything I said this morning?"'

'"That's right."

'"Well, could you kindly tell your boss from me to go to hell.... and the same goes for you, too...."'

Lapointe, still embarrassed, went on:

'Then it sounded as if she were in a struggle with someone.'

'"Leave me alone, for christ's sake...."'



"Then someone must have snatched the phone out of her hand because the line went dead."

Just before he left the Police Judiciaire, Maigret said to Lapointe:

"Could you please come and collect me at my flat in one of the cars at eleven o'clock?"

"Tomorrow morning?"

"Tonight. I feel like going to take a look at a few nightclubs."

Madame Maigret had kept the herrings for him, since it was one of his favourite dishes. He ate while watching the news on television in an absent-minded way. Madame Maigret could guess, just by looking at her husband, that his new case was a rather unusual one and that he was taking a special interest in it, almost treating it as if it concerned him personally.

And indeed, this was true. On that mild, clear first day of Spring, Maigret had been plunged into a world which was foreign to him; moreover, he had met a type of woman quite disconcertingly unlike any he had ever come across before.

"Will you get a dark suit out for me? My best one."

"What's happening?"

"Lapointe is coming to fetch me at eleven. We're going to visit a few nightclubs."

"That'll make a change for you, won't it?"

"If only it can help me to clear up a few problems...."

He dozed in his armchair in front of the television set. At ten-thirty, his wife brought him a cup of coffee.

"You'll be staying up late...."

He lit a pipe, then started to sip the coffee; for him, a pipe always went well with coffee.

He had a wash in the bathroom and changed his clothes. Not that it mattered what he wore, but he belonged to a generation which had always changed into tails to go to the opera and into a dinner jacket for going out to a nightclub.

At five minutes to eleven, he thought he heard a car stopping outside. He opened the window and saw the small black police car drawn up at the kerb below, with a tall silhouette standing next to it.

He gave Madame Maigret a kiss and walked across to the door, grumbling, but at bottom delighted not to be the head of the Police Judiciaire.

"Now you're not to wait up for me..."

"I won't don't worry. I'm sleepy."

It was not too cold outside and the moon was rising over the roof-tops. Many windows were still lit up and some of them were open.

"Where are we going, patron?"

He took out an old envelope from his pocket. On it he had jotted down the addresses which he had found in the phone-book.

"Do you know the *Chat Botte*?"

"No."

"It's in the Rue du Colisee...."

They went down the Champs-Elysees, with its double stream of car headlamps and its neon signs blazing on either side. A doorman stood in front of the nightclub entrance. He was wearing as much gold braid as an admiral and he gave them a military salute as he opened the swing doors for them. They went through a heavy red curtain and left their hats and coats in the cloakroom.

The pianist was allowing his fingers to wander the keyboard at random, while the guitarist was tuning his instrument. There was also a double-bass, but the musician who played it had not yet arrived.

The room was entirely decorated in red. The walls, the ceiling, the seats, everything was red, a rather orangey red which seemed cheerful rather than garish. The bar, by way of contrast, was of stark white stucco. Behind it, the barman was wiping glasses and putting them away.

The *maitre d'hotel* came up to them, without much enthusiasm. He had perhaps recognized Maigret, or else it was just that the two men did not look like serious customers.

Maigret shook his head and went towards the bar. Three women sat at separate tables and, at another table, a couple seemed to be arguing. It was still too early; the club would not come to life until midnight.

"Good evening, gentlemen.... What can I get you?"

The barman had white hair and looked distinguished. He was watching them with a show of unconcern.

"I don't suppose you serve beer?"

"No, Monsieur Maigret."

"Give us whatever you like...."

"Dry Martini?"

"That'll do."

One of the women came over to sit at the bar, but the white-haired barman made a slight gesture in her direction and she went back to her table.

When he had filled their glasses, he asked:

"Well?"

Maigret smiled.

"You're right," he admitted. "We're not just here to have a good time. We're not here to make trouble for you either.... I need some information...."

"If I can help, it'll be a pleasure...."

A kind of complicity had been established between the two men. Maigret found it hard, however, to describe someone he

had never seen.

'Medium height, if anything a little on the short side. Between forty and forty-five years old... Plumpish... A pot-belly already... Fair hair which is thinning... a chubby face... He dresses very smartly, usually wears beige...'

'Are you looking for him?'

'I'd like to know where he is.'

'Has he disappeared?'

'Yes.'

'Has he committed any crime?'

'None.'

'It could be Monsieur Charles...'

'Does the description fit?'

'More or less... A very jolly sort, wasn't he?... Always in a good mood...'

'I think so.'

'Haven't you met him?'

'No.'

'He comes here from time to time and sits at the bar. He orders a bottle of champagne... then he takes a look around the room and goes over each hostess one by one... When he finds one to his liking, he has her sent over...'

'Does he stay late?'

'It depends... Sometimes he leaves with the girl... At other times he just slips her five hundred francs and goes away... Probably to go and look elsewhere...'

'When did you last see him?'

'Quite a long time ago... Let me see, about six weeks... perhaps two months...'

'When he went off with one of the girls, did she stay away for a few days?'

'Not so loud. The proprietor doesn't like that kind of thing. There he is, over by those tables...'

A man in a dinner jacket was watching them from a distance. He looked like an Italian, with brilliantined hair and a small moustache. He too had probably recognized the chief superintendent.

'In theory, the hostesses aren't allowed to leave before we shut...'

'I know... I also know that, in practice, the rule isn't too strictly enforced. Have any of the young women here ever gone out with him...?'

'I think Martine has... You'd better go to her table if you want to speak to her... I'll have a bottle sent over...'

The young woman, whose long hair fell loosely down over her shoulders, was looking at them, intrigued.

A few customers had arrived, some with their wives, and the trio was now playing a blues.

'Did you order something to drink?' she asked.

'The barman ordered it for us,' Maigret grunted, wondering how he would manage to charge this to expenses.

'Have you ever been here before?'

'No.'

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'Would you like me to call one of my friends over?'

The proprietor, who was standing near the table said to her:

'Watch out, Martine, they're cops.'

'Is that true?' she asked Maigret.

'Yes, it is.'

'Why do you want to talk to me in particular?'

'Because you've been out with Monsieur Charles.'

'What's wrong with that?'

She did not ask the question defiantly. Her voice remained gentle and friendly and she seemed amused by the whole incident.

'Nothing, but it so happens that Monsieur Charles disappeared a month ago. On February 18th, to be precise. Have you seen him since that date?'

'I wondered why he wasn't coming here any more. I mentioned it to some friends of mine.'

'What do you think of him?'

'I'm sure his real name isn't Charles. He must be an important man who has to conceal his identity when he wants a bit of fun. He's very well-groomed and neat. I told him he had hands like a woman, they were so beautifully manicured ...'

'Where did you go with him?'

'I thought we'd go to a hotel, but he asked me to take him back to my place

... I've got a nice little flat on the Avenue de la Grande-Armee... I don't usually take anyone there... Mind you, I hardly ever go out with clients... Some people think that's what hostesses are there for, but it isn't true...'

The champagne had been poured out and she raised her glass.

'Here's to Monsieur Charles then, as it's thanks to him you're here. I do hope nothing happened to him.'

'We have no idea. He just disappeared ...'

'Did that crazy wife of his get worried?'

'He told you about her?'

'We spent four days together... He was funny; you know, he insisted on helping me do the cooking and the washing up... Sometimes he spoke about himself in a vague sort of way...'

'I won't ask you who he is ...'

'An important man... as you guessed ...'

'Does he live in Paris?'

'Yes.'

'I suppose he has a little fling from time to time?'

'That's right... Four or five days, maybe a week...'

'I rang my boss, Monsieur Mazotti, and told him I was ill, but I don't suppose he believed me... He gave me a dirty look when I came back to the *Chat Botte*...'

'When did all this happen?'

'About two months ago. Perhaps a bit longer ...'

'Was it the first time he had come to this nightclub?'

'I'd seen him here a few times before, sitting at the bar... I suppose he didn't find what he was looking for, because he left by himself ...'

'Did he have a car?'

'No. We walked back to my place, arm in arm. He was in such a good mood ...'

'Had he drunk a lot?'

'Not what you'd call a lot; just enough to be feeling merry ...'

'Did he say anything about having a bachelor flat in town?'

'Why, did he have one?'

'I don't know.'

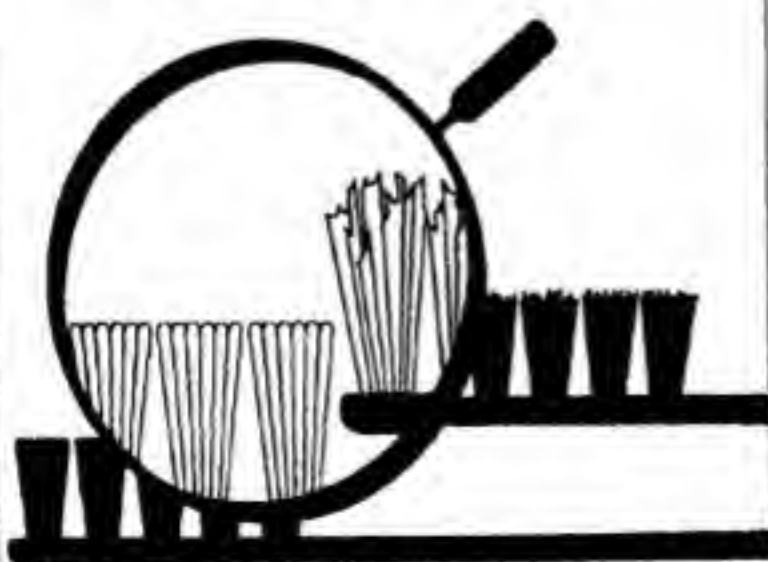
'No. He wanted to come back to my flat... We were like a couple of newly-weds during those four days... He would watch me having a bath or getting dressed... He'd lean out of the window to see me leave when I went out shopping... Then, when I'd return, I'd find the table laid...'

'Can you think of anything else which would help me to find him?'

'No. I'm trying to think... We went for a walk in the Bois de Boulogne but it looked like rain, so we came home again quite soon... He was very...'

She stopped, grown suddenly shy.
to be continued

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Amitabh is as cocky as he is tall. For an actor who has not really got success after "Ananda", he makes eye-raising comments on his betters — to their faces. Recent example after the "Daag" premiere, at the party — Amit came up to Raakhee, the best star of the film, and said: "You know, you've done quite well. I never thought much of your acting before this. I was surprised you could do well". Raakhee, remembering the "Reshma Aur Shera" days when Amit was a nobody, used to call her Didi and depend on her for small details, shot back: "I don't consider you of any importance or even an actor, so what you say does not affect me at all" Jaya, who was sticking to her, suddenly shot away and now it's cold war between the two and Raakhee.

Talking of the younger set, some of them are really arrogant, blunt and blase. Shatru says he wouldn't mind if Dilip Kumar gave him a friendly kick (impossible to imagine him doing it) or Rajesh Khanna mussed up his hair, or Shashi pulled his tie in fun; he would not be hurt. But never, in his entire life, has he nodded "hello" to a person, without that person stopping dead in his or her tracks and fawning over him. This he demonstrated, when he was supposedly "hurt" by someone who did not stop dead. All the hurt was put on for the concern of co-star Sharmila, who duly asked in her sexiest coo: "Tell me what happened — why are you so upset?"

Here's another youngster at it. Rekha collected a lot of attention with her loud talk at a Ladies Only function. Waheeda put in some rope too telling the group that Rekha had cut off her eyelashes sometime back. "Why-eee!" screamed the ladies with shock. Rekha, purring now with all the attention she got: "Oh, even Pinky (Yogita) cut off hers. We wanted them to grow nice and long and even applied castor oil every day". "What happened? Did they grow?" asked the females, secretly wanting the formula. Rekha looked around, and answered: "They grew back alright, but not long and thick as we wanted!" There was a disappointed "Oh!" all around.

Know the latest, strongest "most-confirmed" rumour? Dimple Kapadia is on her way to mammadom. That's why the honeymoon is being given second preference to the completion of "Bobby" — Raj Kapoor wants to beat Dimple's time to finish his story of young lovers. That's also one reason why the marriage was such a jet-speed affair. What Anju did not scheme for seven years, Dimple proved in a short time — how to get a man and stay married.

Hema Malini was excited about her "forren" tour, starting May 15. Riding high on the confidence-wave, Hema can afford to keep her producers dangling for two months with her dance-cum-holiday trip. Know what she is called for each of her films? "Hema is the hero of the movie!" What with the super-star pull she has at box-office, it matters little to each producer which hero acts opposite her — as long as she is the main hero.

Shakti Samanta is now as important as a star these days, with long bookings for direction. His wife dragged him to Kashmir for a few days with his children. "Romantic proposition, eh!" said a friend on the eve of his departure. Shakti clucked his tongue impatiently, "Romance. And with your wife. What a ridiculous idea!" We've heard that side-dishes are Shakti's favourites, and not the main course.

S. Johar cannot stop telling people how he made a fool of the country and the Government-wallahs. His stunts "Joi Bangla Desh" made like a quickie during the Bangladesh war, with the kitchen cabinet comprising daughter, son, self and friends, was a hit. Of course, Bangladesh star Kabari Chowdhary was thrown in for rustic punch. Boasted he at a recent party: "The Government fools gave me tax-exemption without even seeing my film. They thought it was a highly patriotic vehicle, especially when I'd advertised that I'd shot in the heart of Bangladesh! Fools! They did not even know that no one was allowed in the country at that time". Anyway, Joharsaab, the Press saw through your cashing-in game and the reviews which backed it, brought about the banning of the pseudo-porno film.

Khaas baat



"I don't care for reports about Amit and me. I continue going out with him, visiting him."



Imagine interviewing Jaya Bhaduri — two sitting at that — and not one question about her 'Lambuji'! (His creeping into the conversation was, of course, inevitable and not my doing!) I don't know how, but I did it!

Jaya is not the elusive kind who never answers her telephone (a la Sharmila Tagore) or who keeps you dangling for a fortnight (unlike most of the stars) before she agrees to meet you. But she's genuinely busy; so catching her at home is not an easy task. I finally caught Jaya — you've guessed it — on Amitabh's sets!

Jaya has always been an easy star to talk to, with her good manners and frank talk. Recently, however, I was shocked (I hadn't met her for about nine months) to hear of her rude comments about the Fourth Estate, her uppity behaviour with certain people and such other incidents. With the blazing Bombay heat outside, and with a boiling Jaya inside, the situation was ideal to hear 'Guddi' hit back at her critics!

"It's their (film journalists') fault for misinterpreting what I said about them. You see, I was shooting a winter scene (with thick warm clothes) in summer. A girl who came to interview me was taken aback and openly admired the situation, saying: 'I didn't think you people worked under such horrible circumstances'. I then made a joke of it and said very lightly: 'Yah. Not like you journalists. You've the comfort of your offices and you're received well by us with cold cokes, etc'. The girl faithfully put this down in writing, and such an innocent joke raised a hue and cry among journalists. The Press and the stars should be friends — not competitors — with the journalists trying to be one up on us. But times are changing. With new stars, you find new journalists, new journalism...

"A film journal published some of my remarks on 'Ek Nazar' and on Manoj Kumar. It was just straight from the shoulder talk. I meant no disrespect to Manoj as a director. The whole thing was simply taken in a bad light.

"And now a fortnightly for women has published a letter by somebody who wanted me to go through a personality

test for her thesis on 'career women'. That lady, in spite of my sister asking her to contact me after the 15th, persistently rang me up at odd hours. I finally asked her to meet me any day before 10 p.m. at a studio. That particular day, I packed up early, and she turned up. She's quite a rude lady and I just couldn't spare the hours she wanted. It's not true that I was very keen to do that test".

Contrary to reports, Jaya Bhaduri was not angry with compere Amin Sayani at an awards function. "I was tired, so I just said, 'Amin sahab, not at this place' when he joked about the absence of Amit".

"I don't care for reports about Amit and me. I continue going out with him, visiting him....

"I don't lose my cool when older stars give their frank opinions on newcomers — Institute graduates in particular. After all, our seniors only want attention and respect. It costs me nothing to please them.

Leaving critics behind, something about Jaya herself. An established name in the film world, Jaya has of course changed slightly. The filmi way of addressing all and sundry as '...ji' used to make her wince. It's now my turn to wince everytime Jaya casually adds a 'Ji' to any person's name!

Jaya's English is spoken without any put-on accent. "The French don't Anglicise their English. Why should we? Have you noticed the way Sharmila Tagore changes her accent in front of a third person? Why not be natural? I like the kind of innate charm and Indian womanliness that Waheedaji exudes. Meena Kumari was admirable for being an embodiment of Indian feminine charm and grace. Not like Simi and Sharmila, the cultivated grace of a model".

When rumours spread about the end of the Raakhee-Gulzar affair (prior to their marriage), Jaya was the scapegoat (said to have enticed Gulzar away from Raakhee). That's a laugh, since Jaya is Gulzar's rakhi-sister. "Gulzar and Hrishida are my favourite directors. I'm proud of them. More than admiration for them, it's affection".



"I don't care for reports about Amit and me. I continue going out with him, visiting him."

Jaya likes her own company when she's depressed. "It's people who get me into such moods. I seldom go to sleep with a quarrel — generally patch it up before night". Any embarrassing experience? "Oh yes! lots of them. Remember the time I fell down the steps at an awards function? Thank God nobody laughed — at least I didn't hear any. After that, I'm always wary of steps!"

Marriage, to Jaya, is "essentially an understanding between two people. I don't think it's possible for a woman to look after both fronts — career and family. Especially if you're a heavily-booked star. After marriage, I'd like to work in a film or two every two-three years. Of course, it depends on the person I marry". Sit up and note, oh you tall one!

In spite of her super acting-prowess in front of the camera, it's hard to swallow, but Jaya is terribly nervous to make a speech.

"I'm not fond of large gatherings. But functions and huge crowded affairs are a formality in this line.

"If I had an evening free, I'd opt for a movie — any movie that's well made. At night I'd like to do something nice, like going for a drive, for coffee or juice.

"Most of my friends are not in this industry. In the film line, I adore the company of 'Iambuji' and 'Farida Jalal'.

Is there any actor who can handle comedy well? "I think Amitabh Bachchan is very good at it. In 'Bombay to Goa' and in 'Raaste ka Patthar', he proved it".

Don't you think being inhibited deprives you of giving full justice to your roles? "Well, I couldn't do something like 'Siddharta'. But I can always choose roles where inhibition doesn't count. I don't think the new crop of bold stars pose any real challenge. For every bold film that's made, there's another film which I could do well".

Maybe that's why Jaya continues to be the four letter word that spells success!

N. BHARATHI.

by TERENCE REESE

BRIDGE

MOST PLAYERS know, at least in theory, about undertruffing to avoid a squeeze, and know still better that it is sometimes necessary to undertruff to avoid an end-play in the trump suit. There is another situation of the same kind which occurs just as often: a defender must undertruff so that later he will be able to lead a plain suit through the declarer and promote a trump for his partner.

Dealer, South. Love all.

♠ A 9 8	♥ 10 7 4	♦ K 3	♣ A 10 7 5 2
♠ Q 6	♥ A K J 8 5 3	♦ J 9 6 2	♣ Q
♠ 7 5 2	♥ Q 9 2	♦ Q 8 4	♣ K J 8 3
♠ K J 10 4 3	♥ 8	♦ A 10 7 5	♣ 9 8 4

South played in Four Spades after West had overcalled in hearts.

West began with Ace and King of hearts. South ruffed. Declarer played two top diamonds and ruffed the third round, then returned to hand with a heart ruff. This was the position when he led his fourth diamond.

♠ A 9	♥ —	♦ —	♣ A 10 7 5 2
♠ Q 8	♥ J 8 5	♦ J	♣ Q
♠ 7 5 2	♥ —	♦ —	♣ K J 8 3
♠ K J 10	♥ —	♦ 10	♣ 9 8 4

When West played the Jack of diamonds South ruffed with dummy's 9 of spades. This held the trick, East discarding a club. Declarer cashed Ace of spades and followed with Ace and another club. After making his two club tricks East had to lead a trump. As East had previously been unable to overtruff dummy's ♠ 9, it wasn't difficult for South to go up with the King of trumps, dropping the Queen.

East could have beaten the contract by undertruffing when the fourth diamond was trumped. Then at trick 12 he has one spade and one club, instead of two spades, and the club promotes West's Queen of spades.



LATEST in the series of stamps portraying prominent Americans is a 14-cents value honouring Fiorello LaGuardia. Popularly known as 'Little Flower', LaGuardia was mayor of New York for three terms from 1934 to 1945. He had a flamboyant personality and used to amuse himself chasing fire-engines, but he was also an able administrator who had some success in solving New York's daunting social and economic problems. The new stamp shows his portrait with part of the city's skyline as a background.

Americans already honoured in the same series of small definitive stamps include Thomas Paine, Eugene O'Neill, Einstein and Henry Ford. The series was started in 1965 and now totals more than 20 stamps ranging from 1 cent to \$5.

by C. W. HILL STAMP ALBUM

AZED CROSSWORD

No. 14: 'NOAH'S ARK'

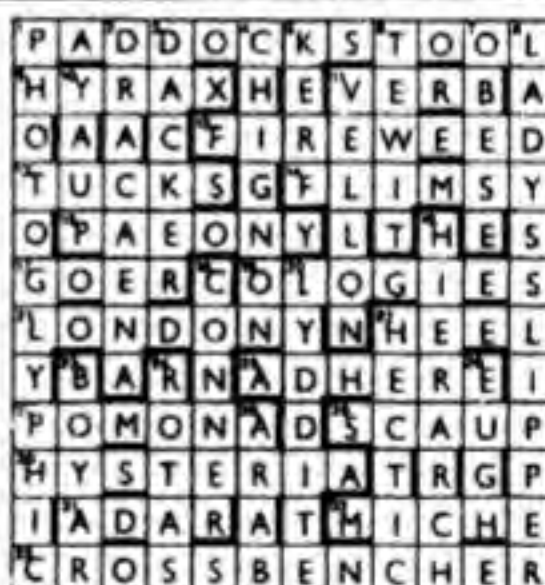
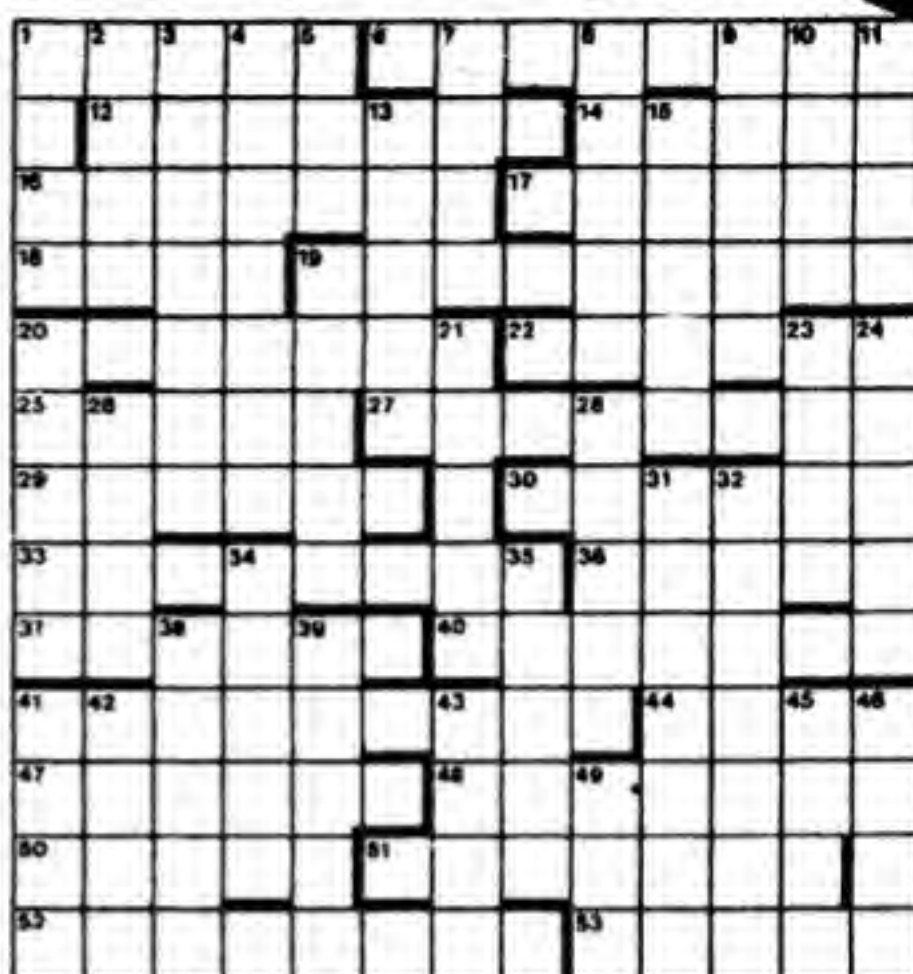
The twenty-six across lights are all animals, each beginning with a different letter of the alphabet. They are clued two by two, each double clue being an anagram of the two animals to be entered in the appropriate row. Down clues are normal but the answers are to be entered in jumbled form (in one case reversed). The three unchecked letters in the down lights, from top left to bottom right, spell, as belits, another animal. Solvers should submit with their solutions an anagram of the 44 letters in the names of the six animals whose initials spell THE ARK.

ACROSS

- 1 and 6 A Cairo war clue (5, 8)
12 and 14 Fens luxuries (7, 5)
16 and 17 Hussars use leg (7, 6)
18 and 19 Bustle up a drab (4, 9)
20 and 22 One plucky atoc (7, 6)
25 and 27 Dull Sir Norman (5, 8)
29 and 30 Garage *qua* job (6, 6)
33 and 36 A Navarre print (8, 5)
37 and 40 Padua king ails (6, 7)
41 and 44 Red admiral Leo (9, 4)
47 and 48 Lighter meazel (6, 7)
50 and 51 Lazed or pared (5, 7)
52 and 53 I pair the noble (8, 5)

DOWN

- 1 Ooze—ooze enveloping protozoa initially (4)
2 Concede, we hear, what people go to Aix for (4)
3 A citadel's laboriously taken without it (7)
4 Voices born in chars (7)
5 Dane abandons awkward Scandinavian trumpet (3)
7 Mountain ox resembling aurochs in part (4)
8 Middle-east town—Istahan possibly, but poles apart (5)
9 Frisks as of old young men for pistols (5)
10 Maenad's cry, vocally neurotic (4)
11 Scots towns surrounds you and me with extremes of loneliness (4)
13 U.S. decorative art lifted? Raise this (5)
15 Perforate, as before, cloth that's dark blue essentially (5)
19 N.B. in district rising, do this to 14 and secret's out (5)
20 Stop one leaving country-house in Malaga (5)
21 One Scottish corpse that's similar in appearance (5)
23 Depression gripping a char (4)
24 Makes thin, old, old platter, we hear (5)
26 Jerk topped drive (4)
28 This signal might show a sub dive erratically, needing oxygen (5)
31 Shaver holding poster, one in procession (7)
32 The governor's deputy lieutenant in a rose



AZED No. 13 Solution and notes

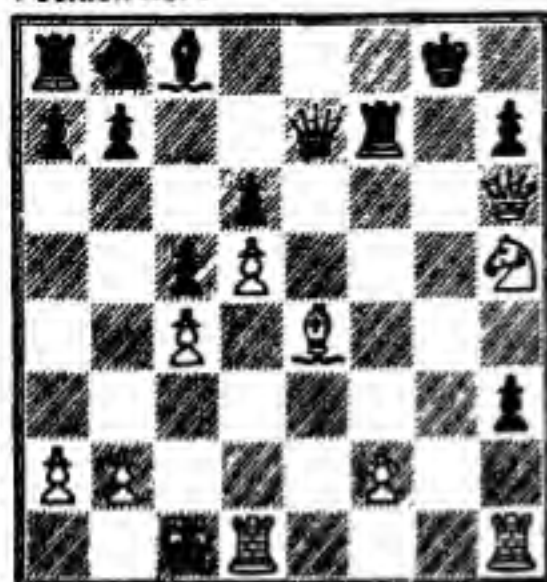
ACROSS
1, Pad-dock-stool, 9, Rack (8), 14, 1 MS in fly; 15, Paeon-y, similar flowers; 18, O L and anag, cut-drunk; 22, v. Suppl. in C; 30, Anag. & lit; 32, Mi-che
DOWN
1, Pho and anag; 3, Mr. A Bilk, d.; 5, K-erf; 7, Be in O.S. e & kt; 10, i.e. ya up-av; 11, Well on, opp. of well off (?); 22, E C in chit (anag); hectic (n); 24, 3 meanings

- bush (7)
34 Getting up, 'ornble Thespian's 'arsh. I'll suffer (5)
35 Plain, large, against everyone, uppish (5)
38 Purplish red tailless guillemot (5)
39 A deer to Jock's rear (5)
41 Rag, showing lack of definition (4)
42 Lesson, Latin, to plough as before (4)
43 Deep depression in the ingle-nook (4)
45 Was wounded, having taken a fall on tum (4)
46 Vat for bleaching that is encased in krypton (4)
49 Little Prince Lightweight was cert (3)

CHESS

by HARRY GOLOBEK

Position No. 1



White to play—how should the game go?

An unsophisticated Queen's Knight

Played in the Masters' Tournament at Wijk-aan-Zee, 1972.

White: S. Garcia. Black: B. Cafferty.

Alekhine's Defence.

1. P-K4, Kt-KB3, 2. P-K5, Kt-Q4;
3. P-Q4, P-Q3; 4. Kt-KB3, B-Kt5;
5. B-K2, Kt-QB3; 6. P-B4, Kt-Kt3;
7. P x P, KP x P; 8. O-O, B-K2; 9. P-QK3,
O-O; 10. B-Kt2, B-B3; 11. Kt-R3,
P-Q4; 12. P-B5, Kt-Q2; 13. Q-Q2,
R-K1; 14. QR-Q1, B-Kt4; 15. Q-K1,
B x Kt; 16. P x B, B-B5; 17. P-R3, R-K3;
White resigns.


Losing quickly in a modern way

Played in the Grandmasters' Tournament at Wijk-aan-Zee.

White: V. Hort. Black: J. H. Donner.

Picr Defence.

1. P-K4, P-Q3; 2. P-Q4, Kt-KB3;
3. Kt-QB3, P-KKt3; 4. P-B4, B-Kt2;
5. Kt-B3, O-O; 6. B-Q3, Kt-B3; 7. P-B5,
P-K4; 8. P x P ep, P x P; 9. O-O, Q-K2;
10. Q-K1, Kt-Q1; 11. O-R4, P-K4;
12. Kt-KKt5, P-KR3; 13. B-B4 ch, K-R1;
14. Kt-B3, P x P; 15. B x P, B-K3;
16. Kt-Q5, resigns.



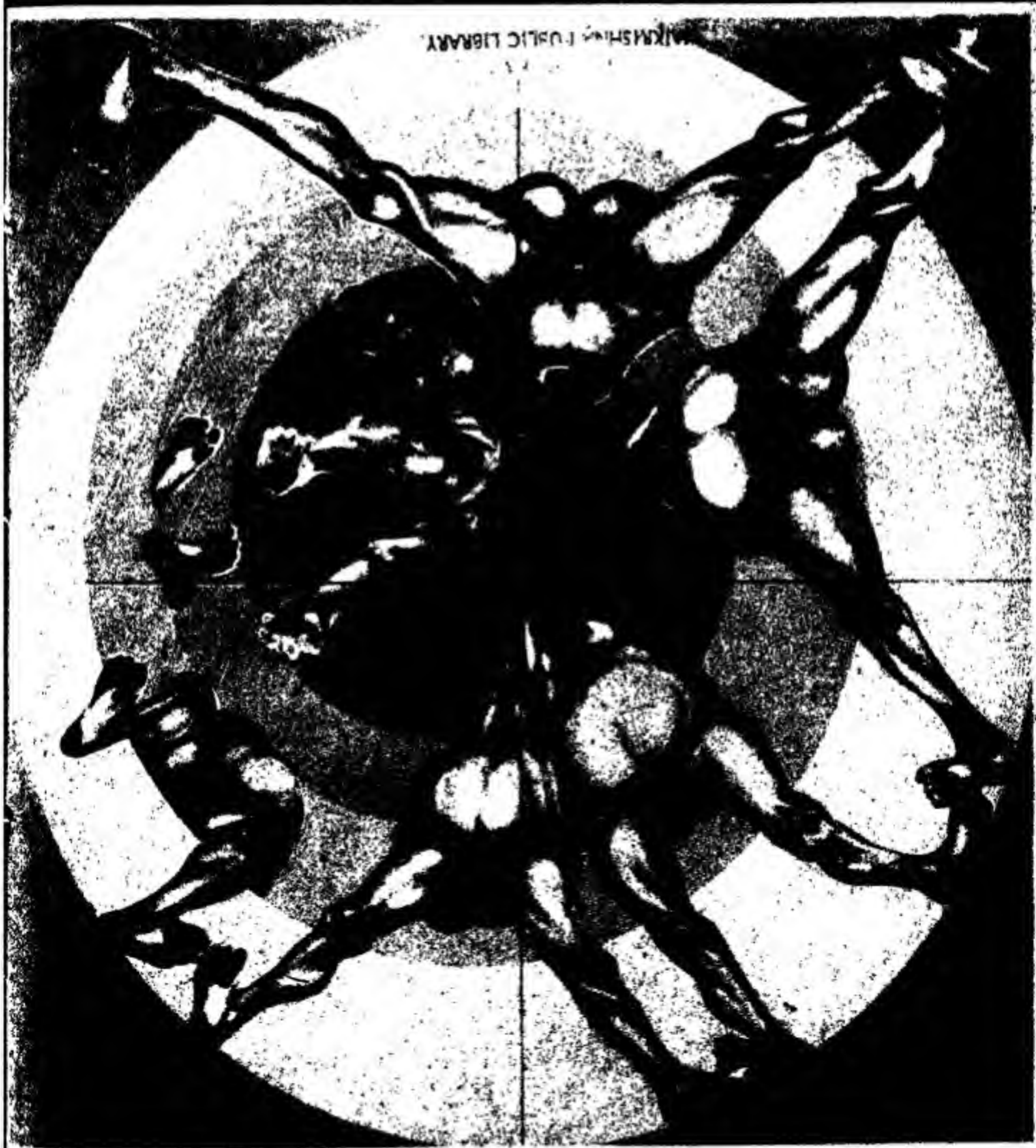
Makes every step a pleasure...

Airily open, these Bata Sandals bring a light, cool feeling to your feet. You can tell by the trim, slim styling that they were designed to keep your feet feeling fresh all day. Here are two youthfully smart designs now available at your favourite Bata Store. Come in and try a pair.

Bata Sitara

**Bata
Bata
Bata
Bata**

Simodan



WILKINSON PUBLIC LIBRARY

WHAT IS "INDIAN"
IN INDIAN ART

Sunday week

Week beginning with June 24



ARIES (March 21 — April 20)

A week of putting your personal affairs into order rather than for starting new ones. Businessmen! Prospects are bright, but you must be discreet in investments. Servicemen! You are likely to score over your rivals, and chances of promotion are also good. Business executives! If you are contemplating a change, be careful in negotiating the terms. Your love affair will pass through a happy phase.



TAURUS (April 21 — May 20)

Businessmen! Misunderstanding with your associates may cloud your thinking. If you are single you will devote much time to your hobbies. Industrialists! Your financial worries will slowly recede. Business executives! you are likely to commit mistakes — be careful in handling your official matters. If you are in politics keep ready to face criticism.



GEMINI (May 21 — June 20)

A gay week for you. More fun, less work. Success in professional activities indicated. You are likely to receive an invitation from professional association. Businessmen! A person of active habit and forceful personality will come forward to help on Friday. Persons in senior position should be careful in signing papers. If free and single, you are likely to meet someone on Wednesday.



CANCER (June 21 — July 21)

A hardworking and harrowing week for you. At home you will have to devote much of your time and attention to your dear ones. Businessmen and professionals! Carefully handle your financial matters. Persons in service will fare better. Travel is indicated — a make-do-and-mend policy advised. If you are single social problems are going to arise.



LEO (July 22 — Aug. 21)

A highly favourable week for you. This is the proper time for finishing jobs, off-loading responsibility and clearing the deck so that you may go to places of business in free mind. Travel towards west and north indicated in the second half of the week. Persons in P.R. and advertisement job will have brisk business. Industrialists! Do not hesitate to make changes.



VIRGO (Aug. 22 — Sept. 22)

There is no need to worry about the future. Your efforts will be rewarded. Concentrate on your job. If in service avoid clash and conflicts with seniors. Businessmen! Some new ideas to boost your business will strike you on Wednesday. Special luck awaits persons in speculative deals. If you are single there will be abundant romantic attachments, but nothing dramatic is anticipated.



LIBRA (Sept. 23 — Oct. 22)

Quite a propitious week in all walks of life. If you are in business or in industry everything will run smoothly. You may receive an invitation to visit a new place. Politicians! Though uneasy and unsettled conditions prevail, chalk out your future programme. If you are in service you are now well set to have money through various sources. Health of your spouse may cause you worry.



SCORPIO (Oct. 23 — Nov. 22)

Things will not go according to plan. A financial crisis is indicated in the first half of the week. If you are in business, conserve financial resources. Professionals and Industrialists! Income tax and sales tax matters should be attended to expeditiously. Business executives! New links and group activities will be quite pleasing. Honour and recognition for artists and scientists indicated.



SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 23 — Dec. 20)

Though this is not altogether a bad week for you, much progress can hardly be made both in social and domestic life. Financial stress may contribute much to your unhappy mood. There are some possibilities of travel but minor losses and quarrels are likely to occur during journeys. Professionals may experience some setbacks. If you are in service promotion to higher rank indicated.



CAPRICORN (Dec. 21 — Jan. 19)

You can look forward to a steady improvement in prospects. At work you will have increased duties and responsibilities. Businessmen! Your enterprises and dealings will be profitable though not to the extent anticipated. Business executives! Official disfavour may cause some practical difficulties. As there is the possibility of accidents and injury, extra care is needed during travel.



AQUARIUS (Jan. 20 — Feb. 18)

As far as your work and career are concerned you are likely to make good progress this week. Industrialists are likely to face some labour trouble. Businessmen! A few promises will make you happy and negotiations will materialise on Saturday morning. Unexpected developments will make the politicians worried. If you are in service abrupt job transfer is indicated.



PISCES (Feb. 19 — March 20)

All goes well in the first half of the week but trouble-making factors will come into play on Friday. For persons in service the period is very favourable. Some of the unemployed may get work. Businessmen and professionals will experience improvement. Industrialists! Trouble with workers indicated. Price of industrial raw material may go up and as a result you are likely to be worried.

This magazine is distributed
FREE with **sunday's**
Hindusthan Standard



SPORTS FOR MONEY

Two allegations are levelled against professionals — those who play sports for money. First, they lack the 'important' quality called loyalty. Second, they can rarely combine as a team because their approach is too individualistic. Brushing away such arguments, Rajen Bala argues that there is no alternative to professionalism. "If one does not take place soon, the lag will be enormous. At the present rate of development, even a day's delay is equivalent to turning back the calendar a year." Next Sunday.

sunday

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24 JUNE 1973

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Tvarita

Nirode Mazumdar (Left)

Man with a beard (1954)

Souza



what is INDIAN in indian art

PARITOSH SEN



II Portrait. Paritosh Sen.

The art of a period, like much else in life, has to be judged in an historical and social context. The consolidation of the colonial rule in India, the abortive cultural confrontation between our country and the West, the resultant economic and cultural impoverishment, threw all our values out of gear; thus further debilitating whatever sensibility we were left with. The social function of an artist became uncertain and almost unnecessary; anyway not as necessary, for instance, as doctors' or architects' or even politicians'. In such a situation the artist has but only one choice — to rebel. He realises intuitively that there is a significant relationship between the general condition of a society and the art it produces, between its state of morals and aesthetics. Reality, for him, becomes subjectivity, which means that the individual has no alternative but to create his own Reality; however arbitrary that may appear.

Many contemporary Indian painters have been accused of not accepting their own heritage. This, in my view, is levelled from a parochial point of view. It is only a weak nation that fights shy of influences. Even our own ancient art to which the champions of Indianness always refer had borrowed freely from our neighbours. No less an authority than Coomaraswamy has this to say, "apart from any style, there is little Indian decorative art that is peculiar to India, and much that India shares with Western Asia." Isn't our national emblem, the Ashoka Lion, and many other animal forms in our early sculpture, the results of a free flow of artistic styles; and what later came to be known

as Indo-Iranian art? Wasn't the first Buddha figure carved by the Greco-Bactrian sculptors of Gandhara employed by the Kushana Kings? Didn't the Persian influence dominate our miniature painting for a considerable period of time? To extend the idea, in more recent times, hasn't there been such cross-currents as the influence of Negro sculpture on Picasso, or the influence of Mexican sculpture on Henry Moore? Or those of the Etruscan and Egyptian on Giacomotti?

Riding on the crest of nationalism, the artists of the Bengal School wrongly believed that to be truly Indian their art had to be religious, mythological, lyrical, linear, etc. No one doubted their noble intentions. Having created their own determinism — the compulsion to become Indian even if it meant adopting the principles and values of a dead past — they, for the rest, seemed to trust their luck. But the history of art tells us that the best work does not spring from the endowments of that all too friendly purveyor which absolves us from the need to live at our highest. It is a product determined by our own attitudes as inevitably as a bunch of mangoes is the result of the orchard it springs from.

The introduction of scientific materialism did not produce the same vital changes in our country as it did in Europe. Darwin, Marx, Freud and Einstein shook the world by their epoch-making discoveries and philosophies. Their effect upon the European consciousness was shattering. The work of art has not, and cannot, escape the ambience of



JAINA



Portrait. Rabindranath Tagore.

such intangible effluences — the philosophies and theologies of a period. "In the evolution of art of a country a point is reached at which, the external forces, or pressures lead to a leap into a creative originality of great import".

The early necessity and enthusiasm to create a native school of art which will replace the anaemic colonial art in India, produced an art which, unfortunately, failed to create new conventions in accordance with contemporary consciousness. This could become possible not by mechanically returning to tradition, but by recovering, in all its actuality, the original basic quality of art — aesthetic sensibility in all its purity and vitality — and fusing it with the new social context. This alone could bring about a change of any historical importance. It was not enough, especially, for the launching of a movement to be empirical. It did not concern itself with what should have been conceived clearly by the spirit. The means unfortunately, were mistaken for the ends. The means could only serve the expression; "the need seeks it out, the heart desires, the spirit concentrates on satisfying it and technique crowns all".

The East-West encounter should have given our pioneers a freedom of thought that could exalt the individual and his faith in reason. It, however, fizzled out as an exotic experience.

The main purpose of art in India, as all over the Orient, was not to render the visible but rather to make visible. Its approach has always been formal. Each epoch found its own formal harmony, according to the changed

Reality of the times. The Karla and Bhaja carvings differed not-too-little, their formal concept from what preceded it. The Andhra stone-reliefs were equally different from Hoshalya figures. Again the formal concept and spatial organisation of the Western Indian miniature painters were not the same as those of the Ajanta painters. With changes in the social reality, the art of these different periods renewed its sensibility and new concepts replaced what had gone before. It is the sensibility and its repeated renewals and its numerous formal manifestations that have remained as the constant in our classical art.

Art, or for that matter culture, of a country does not know any frontiers. It is an organic process and it sustains itself by subjecting itself to foreign invasions, to migrations and transplantations. Influences are like a shot in the arm of a sick patient: they act as a temporary stimulus which restores the body's health: they are shocks that must be absorbed into the main bloodstream. Art's vitality comes from the crossbreeding of styles, its stability comes from roots that grow deep into a native soil.

At this point I should like to discuss the works of some of our contemporary painters, whom I have arbitrarily selected; but whose works are otherwise known to have the quality of Indian art under discussion. The omission of others are purely due to the restriction of space.

The paintings of Nandalal Bose, especially those which were free from the trappings of the early examples of the Bengal school, were probably some of the earliest of their kind, in the sense



BENODE BEHARI by Satyajit Ray.



RAMKINKAR by Asit Pal.

they departed from the trend of strations. I had in mind paintings "The Golden Pitcher", and a few others which were painted in this period. These there were a glimpse of a formal reb — a harmony and proportion — though used mainly for decorative ends. Even as decoration it was one of his most successful works. This formal search did not, and could not, lead him to further evolution in this direction because it is purely empirical as opposed to the essentialities and relentlessness of search of a scientific bent of mind. (Some of his Tipu Congress posters were notable for their design and calligraphy based on folk traditions). Later he painted a series of Birbhum landscapes — huts, trees and other typical flora of the region and invariably a feminine figure. Though treated two-dimensionally, they were invested with vitality of strokes and richness, they were much too romantic, a little sugary, to have any special significance. One sees the same technical approach in his Almora landscapes which had a lot of charm, but they never had the passion of a Van Gogh landscape, the structural grandeur of a Cezanne. Nor did they have the poetic or mystic quality of a Japanese or Chinese landscape. The two styles to which he and some of his disciples, especially Benode Behari, turned their eyes.

Benode Babu had a more open mind. It was evidently quite familiar, at any rate, with Cezanne's works. Some of his Birbhum landscapes had some surface resemblance with Cezanne's "Mount Saint Victoire" in their treatment of masses and time. For the rest he used a kind of

calligraphy which, originally borrowed from Japan, became his personal writing. These landscapes had an eastern look rather than anything specially Indian. Benode Behari's forte has always been his strong sense of design which found its full fruition, first in the fresco on the ceiling of Santiniketan Library, and finally on the walls of Hindi Bhawan. (Much more than his Guru Nandalal, it was in Benode Babu's works we see a laudable attempt to make scenes of the life of the ordinary people, valid visual symbols. These could have been works of great significance if only more modern means of expression were adopted). In the latter fresco, the thing that strikes one most is his clever space organisation, and grouping; the use of architecture as a geometrical element and which gives the structure its considerable strength. Here he successfully applied the principles of composition found in early Indian painting and some of our low-relief sculptures. The principal figures, formally speaking, have a kind of Byzantine proportion though, lacking in their firmness. All the same, I do feel, that in terms of Indianess, this is more successful (than the one on the Library ceiling) because one finds here a brief glimpse of the manifestation of a contemporary outlook in fusion with some of our traditional values.

The problems that faced an Indian painter were infinitely more difficult in the case of a sculptor. The painters that came after the Bengal School learnt from the mistakes and deficiencies of their predecessors. But a sculptor had nothing to go by. It was a measure of great

courage and will-power that made Ramkinkar set foot on an hitherto untrodden path. I have a feeling that initially, he must have gone through great anguish as to where to begin. Happily, for him, his familiarity with the works of the great modern European masters (through reproduction, of course; especially, of the cubist period, and the invaluable encouragement given by poet Tagore, helped him to shape a vision of sculptural forms which were a happy blending of the traditional sensibility (of formal approach) and contemporary values. The task was not easy. One understands why the task was not easy. One understands why he made copies of Ellora and other Indian sculptures and, simultaneously, painted innumerable canvases in cubist style, thus trying to assimilate the spirit of our traditional sculptures on one hand, and the lessons of Europe on the other. This experience had its final flowering in works such as the Santhal families, the portrait of Rabindranath in hollows, the headless figure in the act of threshing paddy and others. Looking at these works we get the feeling that he had the exhilaration of ploughing virgin soil.

The appearance of Jamini Roy in the early thirties was quite an event, especially, to the painters of my generation. We were just getting vaguely aware of the rediscoveries of the formal values in European art (at this time form and its structure became the major preoccupation of the European artists). Jamini Roy's initial approach, though formal in concept, was like his other contemporaries, intuitive and empirical. Though it had a flashy beginning, it soon dissipated itself in the fruitless search for Indianness. He turned towards our folk painting the terracotta reliefs, the Bazar paintings of Kalighat and the wooden dolls of Bengal — traditions which still had some sort of continuity — for formal inspiration. This idea by itself had considerable promise if it could have been reinforced by the most modern means of expression. He, however, fused these forms with a palette of pure colours, which came partially from our Patachitras, and partially from the Post-Impressionists, especially from Van Gogh. (His copies of Van Gogh far exceeded his copies of other masters; he even painted some local landscapes in the manner of the Dutch painter). This combined with a very limited power of inventiveness, however, enabled him to paint a series of pictures on the life of Christ which, in my opinion, still remain the best examples of his personal style. Their freshness and vitality of form, colour, line and design excited many painters of my generation. His later works lost all its early vigour and became derivative, repetitive, decorative and mannered. (I intend to make a proper assessment of his works elsewhere.)

Much has been written and talked



Self Portrait. M. F. Husain.



JAMINI ROY by Satyajit Ray.

especially by the critics of the Bengal School, a trend to which she added her full-throated voice. She had her formal training in Paris and, therefore, knew well the importance of the scientific organisation of pictorial space and formal structure. She never left anything to chance. She was gifted with considerable intelligence (vide her letters to her friends). This gave most of her later works an air of structural order, which up to that time, was not common in Indian painting. At the time she arrived in Paris the eclectic Post-Cubist scene still had a lot of richness and excitement. It was probably because she was so young, and psychologically and intellectually unprepared, that she could not become part of this scene. The values that shaped her sensibilities then were principally those of Cezanne, Gauguin and Modigliani. She was thirty years behind. Like most painters of her time she wanted to relate herself to the traditions of her country. She returned to India and turned her attention, among other things, to Ajanta and to the Pahari and Mughal miniatures. Instead of exploiting her European experience in the context of the new Realities of India instead of being speculative and looking to the future she took a step which though it gave her painting a superficial Indian look, did not in the final analysis fulfil the promise she set about to do. I see in her work some of the same "revivalist" elements as were seen in the works of her predecessors whom she vehemently accused. Standing in front of the Ajanta frescoes in 1937 she observed, "it is because there are many possibilities in Indian art that I am literally opposed to those who have not explored its possibilities and decry them who have misunderstood its profundity". One wonders whether there is a considerable gap between what she professed and what she really achieved. Having said this I should like to admit that she came much closer to the appreciation of the special character of Ajanta paintings than most of her contemporaries. Unfortunately, she was constantly torn between her French academic values and the values she discovered in Indian classical painting. This created more problems which, more often than not, remained unresolved. All the same, she did invest Indian painting with something that was absent in the works of the Bengal School structure.

It was, however, left to a non-professional, but an amateur par excellence to be naturally Indian in his painting. There was no superficial or conscious borrowings from anywhere. Rabindranath was aware of what was happening in the world of art everywhere and unconsciously assimilated everything that he saw and liked. Since he was a man deeply steeped in Indian culture and at the same time had a global outlook, "precipitated forms" that "flowed like lava" — to borrow a phrase from

Rabindranath Tagore — from the deepest reaches of his unconscious, were uniquely personal, lyrical and poetic. They were the manifestations of an "extraordinary inner journey through the ecstatic affirmation of existence" and were expressed in highly sensuous rhythm and extremely sophisticated sense of coloration. He was completely free from the obsessive desire to be Indian. This is the difference between a protean genius like Rabindranath Tagore and others less gifted. In my opinion, he was the first truly modern Indian painter. Unfortunately, the poet took to painting at an already ripe old age, because he found the language of words inadequate for a fuller expression of his subjective experiences. His paintings, therefore, lacked that technical authority and knowledge which comes from a professional approach.

I should like to include a few younger painters than the ones so far discussed in this essay. Names like Raza, Souza, Khanna, Padamsee, Ramkumar, Gaitonde, Mehta, Ramachandran, Swaminathan, Nirode Majumdar and many others come easily to my mind. One who deserves special mention here is Hussain. I have been familiar with his early works for which the Gujrati and other Western Indian folk traditions were points of departure. Later he visited Europe to have a first-hand experience of feeling the sensation of standing before an original Cezanne, originals of Picasso, Braque and Matisse, of Ronalt and Chagall, and of Paul Klee, Kandinsky and many others. Hussain is a painter endowed with strong instincts. The chemistry of the soil on which he was born had also shaped his ethos and his sensibility. He was acutely aware of his environment, the legacies of our culture, both Hindu and Muslim. He was equally aware of its inadequacies in terms of contemporary expression. He was one of the first Indian painters to have realised the immense plastic possibilities of the medium of oil painting. He was quick to recognize that some of the elements, in our early miniatures, especially Western Indian, such as the division of space, its two-dimensionality, its arbitrary use of colour, the simultaneity of seeing things at different levels as opposed to the Renaissance concept of perspective — that is seeing things at one level only — were things that were part of the modern European sensibility. To this he added some of the elements of our classical sculpture — its formal connotations, its dynamism, its sensuousness, its lyricism and a vigorous personal calligraphy. All this came instinctively to him. During Hussain's recent retrospective show in Calcutta which I visited more than once, I tried to pinpoint all the elements in his works which give his works, more than others in India today, that peculiar Indian look which is his own. In addition to the elements mentioned earlier, I noticed in them his close ties with Rajasthan — its architecture, its people, its vibrant colours, its fabulous





SELF PORTRAIT
by Abanindranath.



folk lores, its vast stretches of ochre sands. He is a keen observer of the Indian scene. He captures its essential elements and adroitly reduces them to valid visual motifs. All these give his canvases a kind of eclecticism, a feeling of ecstasy, a sensual richness of life that is part of our heritage and part of Hussain's personality.

The Indian art scene today can broadly be said to have two distinct trends, both of which are results of two different kinds of pressures. On the one hand we have those who are practising an art full of esoteric religious and folk symbols. These are sometimes lifted from their original contexts and used only as pictorial motifs; thus reducing them to mere decoration. Some emphasise their erotic aspect, others dwell upon their metaphysical side. This is a trend which needs to be examined. In general, its appreciation and patronage comes from foreigners. I have, on occasion, discussed their (foreigners') preference for this kind of painting, and was inevitably told that, on return home, they will remind them so much of India. In short they were buying souvenirs. At this point, I should like to recount a story told to me in London in 1962, by an art critic who had been championing the cause of contemporary Indian art. He advised a Delhi painter who had arrived there a year earlier, to relate his paintings to the erotic tradition of Indian art, and assured him that they would be well received. Shrewd as the painter was, he followed this advice in letter and spirit. At a time when the repressed Anglo-Saxons were searching for sexual freedom, his paintings met with instant success. With permissiveness that followed this search, and as could be



NANDALAL by Satyajit Ray.

anticipated, the success did not, alas, last long. A noted historian of Indian culture and a highly-respected teacher (who has just retired from a well-known University abroad) but who has not the faintest idea of what modern art is about, certified, after seeing the work of one of our painters, that he had seen nothing of its kind in the last hundred years. Consider this in *Le Monde* also an Indian sculptor... "he seems, far to have resisted to his success at fame, thanks to the structure which comes from very far; from a mental world where experiences are not as in our world divided into tight compartments... India is a country where even the stones have nervous system." The interesting thing is that this sculptor uses completely Western idioms and vocabulary and his works could have been executed by any sculptor in any clime or country.

It would be worthwhile making a sociological study as to whether such an art sprang up mainly as a result of the demands of many affluent foreigners who come here on temporary assignment and a new awareness in things Indian - Yoga, Indian Music, Tantra, Indian arts and crafts and what have you, and which conforms to their idea of India. I am quite certain that some of these painters are sincere in their work and are not knowingly catering to a demand. It is, however, to be noted that the iconography employed by some of these painters is as old as the Himalayas, and I do not know what relevance they have in today's India.

The other trend that one notices in our art today is that of cosmopolitanism. They are aware that national frontiers in art do not exist any more, and that



Self Portrait. Nirode Mazumdar.



Self Portrait. Souza.

In this space age it is a fruitless exercise in search for national identity. They do not feel that the delineation of national character in their works is a necessity and, as such, they are interested only in the contribution it may make to the development of painting in general. Their experience is not only of their immediate environment, but of the larger world, of humanity in general — the loss of faith in God, in Religion, the collapse of the traditional moral values, the bestiality of man and all that afflicts mankind today. This cosmopolitan attitude is also a result of a certain kind of pressure — the pressure of the desire to be accepted and achieve equality among painters of the world. There is nothing wrong in this except that it tends to make them disown national roots. Their patronage comes from the small West-praised business community of the country, mainly centred in Bombay, as well as from a very small number of foreigners for whom standards of art are different from souvenirs. Some of these painters have been living abroad for a considerable length of time and have exposed themselves to the liberating effect of being part of the world art scene. Whether the aspirations of this category of painters have been fulfilled or not is a matter of opinion.

Ever since the days of the Swadeshi movement, the spectre of Indianness has been haunting us in such a way that it has not only clouded our judgment of every aspect of our national culture but distorted our vision of everything. Institutional and State patronage is bedevilled by a confusion of aims. In a society where standards of critical discerning judgment are yet to be developed, this could hardly be avoided. A sense of con-

trived traditionalism has been constantly encouraging conformism.

Art is concerned with discovery, that is to say, with interpreting aspects of Reality which up to the present had been ignored, excluded or inadequately treated. Artists recognize the achievements of the past but their inspiration comes from what had not yet been achieved, from what was not yet art and this makes them profoundly anti-academic.

Twenty-five years of independence has not brought about any basic change in our society. On the contrary, with the continuation of the decaying institutions and obsolete thinking, the situation is far from conducive to the artists, for them to think ahead of their time, to dream. In a country petrified by superstition and tradition, a reversal of thinking is necessary to clear the decaying remnants of obsolete ideas, to open the way for total change. We, the artists, continue to exist in a situation where it is easier for us to be pseudo-traditional and derivative, rather than improvise and experiment. The great avant-garde artists in Russia at the early decades of the century — Naum Gabo, Pevsner, Tatlin, Rodchenko, Kandinsky and Lissitzky derived their inspiration from a revolutionary situation. They were in the midst of a fundamental change which was taking place in their society. Only in such a situation imagination can find its wings. The employment of the most modern means of expression in such a dynamic situation made their works so prophetic (their influence on art and architecture in the decades that followed was decisive). That this remarkable group of artists later had to flee their country is a different story altogether.

in our fashion





These fashions were seen at the MAGIC OF INDIA show organised by CAFI for the international inauguration of the Oberoi-Sheraton Hotel in Bombay recently. The show depicted the whole gamut of traditional fabric and fashions from various States of India which represented the glories of the past and the new trends of the present and future which has helped the country to earn a place for itself in the textile world.



in our fashion





'Thanks, *patrone*.'

Maigret rapidly glanced at his mail, signed a few forms and went in to tell the director of his progress.

'Are you going back there?'

'Yes. I don't think you'll see me at the office much during the next few days.'

Did the director know that Maigret had been offered his job? He did not mention it, but Maigret had the feeling that he was being unusually courteous today.

Lapointe had arrived, looking rather frail. He drove Maigret to the Boulevard Saint-Germain.

'Shall I come up with you?'

'Do. You may have to take some notes.'

'I've brought my notebook.'

Maigret almost stopped on the ground floor, but then he changed his mind and went up to the flat. Claire Marelle, the young maid, opened the door; she seemed far from delighted to see them.

'If it's Madame you've come to see, I can tell you straight away she's asleep.'

This information did not stop Maigret from walking into the flat, with Lapointe at his heels.

'Sit down,' he said to the young woman, pointing to a chair.

'I'm not supposed to sit down in here...'

'You're supposed to do as I tell you...'

She finally sat down on the very edge of a leather-covered chair.

Some people disapproved of Maigret's methods. A police officer of his rank was supposed to summon witnesses to his office, and he should have sent an inspector on that tour around the nightclubs.

Maigret lit his pipe. Claire Marelle watched him disapprovingly; she obviously found his behaviour uncouth.

'What time did your Mistress come home last night?'

'She would have had to leave before she could return.'

'All right, let's put it this way, what time did she go out?'

'I don't know.'

'Were you asleep?'

'I told you, she didn't go out.'

'I'm sure you're much too devoted to her not to stay up until you can put her to bed, considering the state she's usually in...'

The maid was quite pretty, but the sullen look she always wore did not suit her. She looked at Maigret, pretending to be indifferent.

'So what?'

'I can tell you that she came back around eleven-thirty.'

'She has the right to go for a breath of 18 fresh air, doesn't she?'

'Didn't you feel worried when you saw her going out? She could barely stand

on her feet...'

'You saw her?'

'One of my inspectors saw her. And do you know why she was going out at that time of night?'

'No.'

'To make a call from a public phone-box... Whom did she call up usually?'

No one... Her hairdresser... Tradesmen...'

'I mean private calls... You don't ring up a hairdresser at eleven in the evening, or a dressmaker, or a shoemaker...'

'I don't know anything.'

'Do you feel sorry for her?'

'Yes.'

'Why?'

'Because she's been pretty unlucky with her husband... She ought to be leading the kind of life to which she's entitled... society, parties, friends...'

'Does her husband prevent her?'

'He never pays any attention to her. Besides, he goes off for whole weeks on end. This time he's been away for over a month...'

'Where do you think he is?'

'With some woman or other... He only fancies the women he picks up God knows where...'

'Has he ever asked you to go to bed with him?'

'I'd like to see him try...'

'Very well. Could you go and fetch the cook? While I'm talking to her, wake your mistress up and tell her I want to see her for just a few minutes...'

She obeyed him reluctantly, darting him angry looks as she left the room; Maigret winked at Lapointe.

Marie Jalon, the cook, was a short, stocky woman; she stared curiously at the chief superintendent and seemed delighted to be meeting him in the flesh.

'Please sit down, Madame. I already know you've been in this household a long time...'

'Forty years... I used to work for Monsieur's father...'

'Has anything changed since those days?'

She gave a deep sigh.

'Everything's changed, sir... Ever since that woman came here, I just don't know where to turn... No regular hours any more... Meals served when she decides she's hungry... Sometimes she doesn't eat a thing all day, then I hear a noise in the kitchen in the middle of the night and I find her raiding the fridge...'

'Do you think your employer is unhappy about the situation?'

to be continued

BRIDGE

PLAYERS USING the Precision system are currently enjoying great success on both sides of the Atlantic. The American team has followed two victories in the Spingold by winning the Vanderbilt, and the British team, after successfully defending its title in the Spring Foursomes, has won the Northern Foursomes and Crockford's Cup, the E.B.U. knock-out championship.

The runners-up in Crockford's Cup, a Yorkshire team reinforced by Boris Schapiro, missed a big chance on this hand from the ten-team final.

Dealer, East. E-W vulnerable

♠ 10 7 3
♥ —
♦ A K 10 7 4 2
♣ 9 8 5 3

♠ K Q J 6 5
♥ 10 9 7 4 2
♦ 5
♣ 10 7

♠ 8 4
♥ A Q J 8 6 3
♦ —
♣ A K Q 8 2

♠ A 9 2
♥ K 5
♦ Q J 9 8 6 3
♣ J 4

At my table Irving Rose, sitting East, opened with a conventional One Club, and the bidding continued

SOUTH	WEST	NORTH	EAST
1♣	double	5♦	6♥
No	No	7♦	double
No	No	No	

My double of One Diamond was sputnik, showing 5-7 points. South, of course, was crazy not to double Six Hearts. We picked up 700 from Seven Diamonds doubled.

At the other table East opened with an Acol Two Hearts, Cansino overcalled with Three Diamonds, and West bid Four Hearts, a bid that conventionally denies an Ace. Now Cooke (not himself a Precision player) made a somewhat exaggerated advance sacrifice of Seven Diamonds, which East was happy to double.

West led the King of spades and Cansino saved one trick by employing fine technique. He ducked the spade lead, won the continuation, and played for this end position

♠ 10
♥ —
♦ 10 4
♣ 9 8 5 3

♠ J 6
♥ 10 9 7
♦ —
♣ 10 7

♠ —
♥ A Q J
♦ —
♣ A K Q 8

♠ 9
♥ —
♦ Q 9 8 6
♣ J 4

A club was led from the table and after cashing two top clubs East had to surrender a trick with his next lead.



CURRENT INTEREST in military trappings is reflected in the issue in Jersey of a series of four stamps featuring Royal Jersey Militia headgear. The 2½p stamp depicts a shako of the Regency period, when the Jersey Royal Artillery wore a uniform resembling that of the British gunners. The Albert shako (above) was introduced in 1844 at the behest of the Prince Consort. It was replaced during the Crimean War by a rakish French-style shako (7½p stamp), and after the defeat of France in 1870, this was replaced by a Prussian-style spiked helmet (9p stamp) modelled on those worn by the victorious Prussians.

Its too hot!



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Keeps it Cool

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Manufactured By The Directorate Of Dairy Development
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Compare these tips
under a lens



Binaca

Toothbrush

with the safe 'rounded bristle tips'
will not tear the gums.

A toothbrush is more than
just a toothbrush
if it's Binaca

'Most men would like their wives to be virgins. I would too'



When I walked on to the sets, there was Amitabh Bachchan lying on the floor with Nutan! The director kept explaining: "It's a complex situation". I took the hint and went into Amit's air-conditioned make-up room. Anyway, who wants to be on a hot, hot (the weather and the scene) set?

Moments later, Amitabh flung open the door and strode in, all 6 feet 2 inches of him clad in a lungi-vest. "Why're you blushing?" I demanded. "I'm not blushing. I thought you would feel awkward watching this scene. Nutanji was ill at ease too".

"Anyway, what's happening?" I asked him. "Nothing. Nutan's my wife in this film and we're celebrating the first night".

"Have you finished the scene?"

He gave his deep, lusty laugh. "Only one shot left!" and sat down. A studio hand came in. "Nutanji is ready. Come for the shots". Amit looked up with a start. "So soon? My God! She's eager!"

"Aren't you flattered?" I asked him.

He stopped to stare at me and quickly promised: "I'll be back in a jiffy, ma'am!" and shot out of the room.

Time for pack up. A relaxed Amitabh sat talking. "Tomorrow, another romantic scene. But different girls — Padma Khanna!" The men in the room sat up suddenly. Can't blame them. Padma, and that too in a hot scene, has that stunning effect on males!

Padma Khanna is Amitabh's heroine in 'Saudagar'. While others shake their heads very wisely and declare: "Amit should be more careful about the cast. Starring with relatively unknown heroines

will damage his career", the man in question continues to care two hoots for others and in the typical Amitabh Bachchan style signs readily when his role is meaty. "I don't mind if there's another top hero in the film. Only, some others can't stomach it. When I signed 'Gehri Chaal' (which has Jeetendra acting with Hema) my producers who had signed me as leading man opposite Hema just couldn't understand it!"

To Amitabh, 'Zanjeer' ought to bring back some of his lost success. 'Zanjeer' again, he thinks, has been one of his best roles (and 'Parwana' and 'Anand'). Tell me what acting I had to do in that film — even in one scene? I don't think — as far as acting goes — my role in 'Anand' has been a good one". I then asked him: "What about comedy roles? I think you are terrific at comedy (Jaya agrees too). Why aren't you fond of your 'Bombay to Goa' and 'Raaste ka Patthar' roles?" "You're right. I'm not bad at comedy. But who said I didn't like my roles in those two films? In fact, I thoroughly enjoyed doing them!"

One thing about Amit is that you can talk to him about anything ranging from booze and pre-marital sex to his work and books. The nicest thing about 'Lambuji' (I suspect he knows it too!) is his deep, husky, sexy voice, especially over the telephone. (Incidentally, it's easier for female fans to catch him over the line than it is for the devoted Fourth Estate). "It's said that nothing succeeds like success. See, 'Zanjeer' has started off well and here I am suddenly getting 'hajjar' calls from overnight fans". One female cooed over the line: "I'm so excited talking to you that I don't know what to say". "Don't say anything. Just put the phone down!" was Amit's cool reply!

After working hours, "I often go out with a select group of friends. I'm an actor, but why shouldn't I let myself go like all other human beings?"

What kind of girls do you like to date?

"Well, I must know the girl intimately. By intimate I don't necessarily mean that I should have gone to bed with her!"

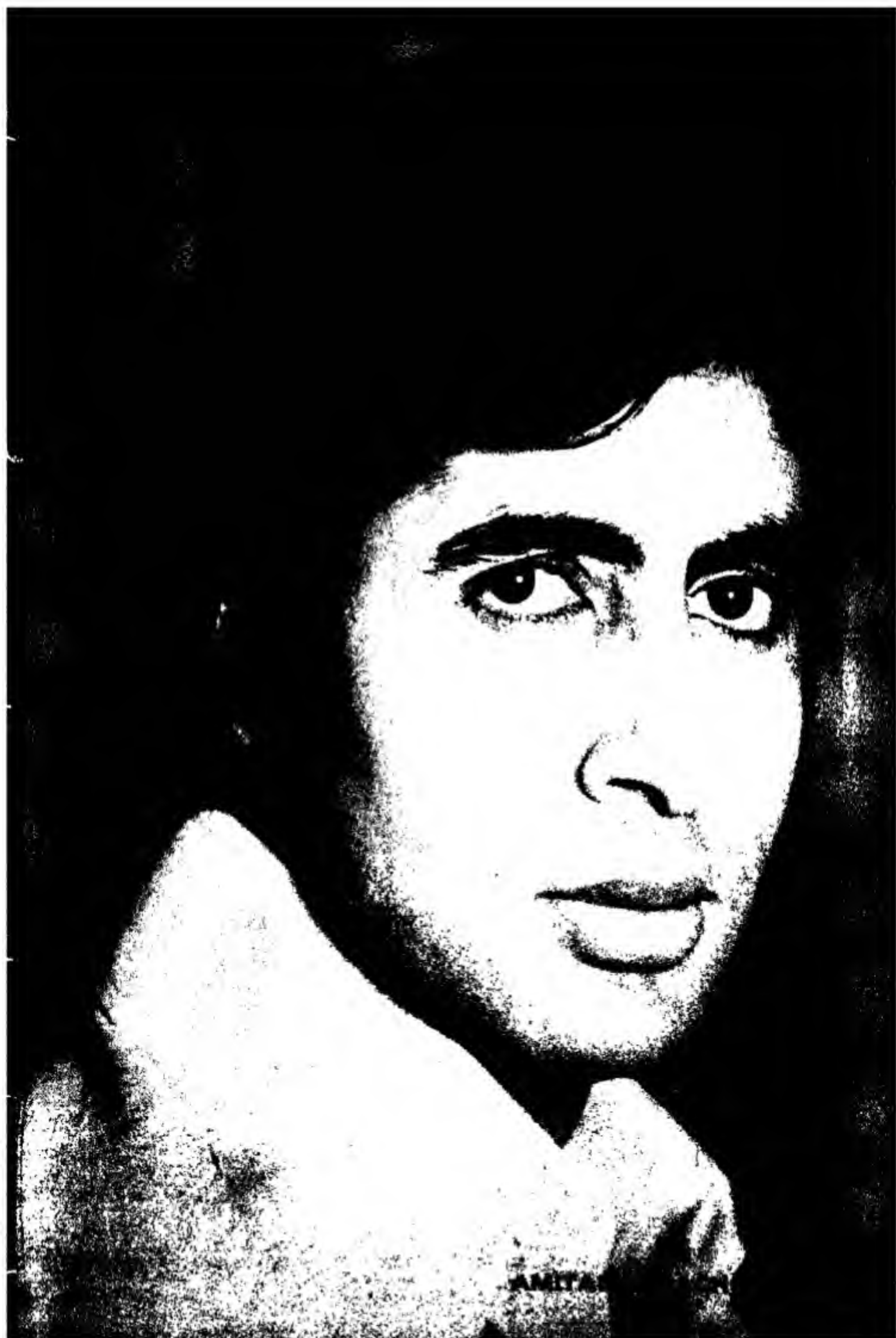
About pre-marital sex. "I'm in favour of it".

His future wife. "I think most men would like their wives to be virgins. I would, too. I know it's real double standards — all the fun for the men but only goody goody girls wanted for matrimony. After marriage, if I find my wife isn't a virgin, I can't do anything about it, can I?"

"I'd prefer a non-working wife. But it all depends on the girl... doesn't it?"

Marriage plans. "Of course, I want to get married. But what's the hurry?"

N. BHARATHI.



khaas baat



Another case of a vulgar display of wealth. Kamal Amrohi's got a soft corner for kababs. So on journeys he carries his own kababwallah. Stops the car on the way. Gets down. Has the kababs done. And hogs! With all that he got out of Meena Kumari (including the box-office returns of 'Pakeezah') he can afford to let his tummy rule!

Anil Dhawan's no longer the baby-faced actor he was. It's a new, new look he's sporting, with long, long hair which'll put dames to shame and Anil's also become a fat father. Just one piece of advice, dad! Better watch your driving and cut down on those motor accidents you're constantly bumping into!

Pramod Chakravorty not only has a visible glow when he's directing Hema Malini, he has a weakness for giving her a ducking too! And not only does Hema get claustrophobia, mother gets fits too! Heard the star's mother complaining: "That guy calls my daughter to the studio and promptly throws her into water, on the pretext of filming a song sequence!" Hai Ram!

Dimple Kapadia sat applying 'mehndi' a day before the big event (or should I say, the big snatch?). Funny. With-out (as yet) a single release to her name, she looked at her seven-year-old sister and said: "Mark my words. She'll

go places". (In the tone of a 60-year-old). "She'll replace me". Maybe Dimple meant her sister may also manage a one-film career like herself! Vanity, thy name is Dimple Kapadia!

For stars like Navin Nischal and producers like B. R. Chopra, who let success go their heads (and their waist-lines), a few flops here and there are well-deserved (at least to let their heads shrink back to normal). Good to hear Jaya Bhaduri say: "I'm not meaning over my flops. It's good for our heads to have a flop now and then!"

Daboo and Narendranath (bosom pals), at lunch-time, to an eighteen-year-old: "You like cats?"

"No!"

"You like dogs?"

"No!"

"Oh! You don't like us?"

Isn't their frankness lovable?

Shatrughan Sinha shares one eccentricity with Raaj Kumar. The unit members have kittens on the sets, waiting for the arrival of the big stars. But while Shatrughan makes up for it with his tongue and his co-operation, Raaj Kumar indulges in some more madness. Result: While Shatrughan rides high with Devar, Mukulda, Kewal Mishra, Feroz Chinoy, Manmohan Desai and others springing offer after offer, Raaj Kumar is never repeated by any film maker!

Breach Candy, Bombay. A couple of schoolboys, on a Friday, hid behind a shop window to tease the 'hijras' on the road. (With those inimitable 'hijra' claps). The 'hijras' stopped — no anger, just plain admiration writ large on their faces — and exclaimed: "Aare. Rajesh Khanna ki tarah tali bajate hai!" Now, who can doubt R-K's popularity?

AZED CROSSWORD

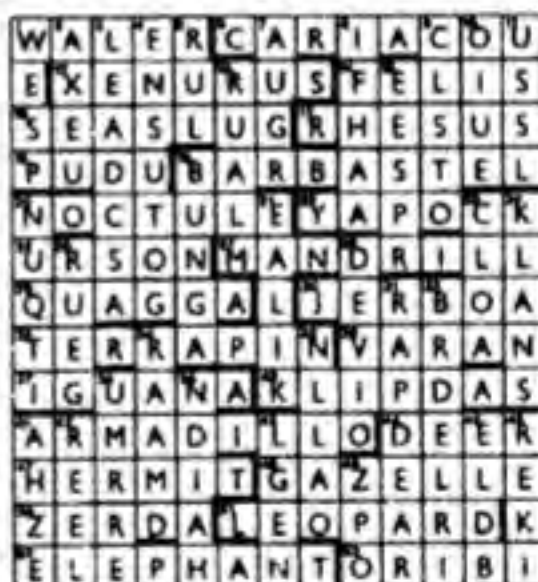
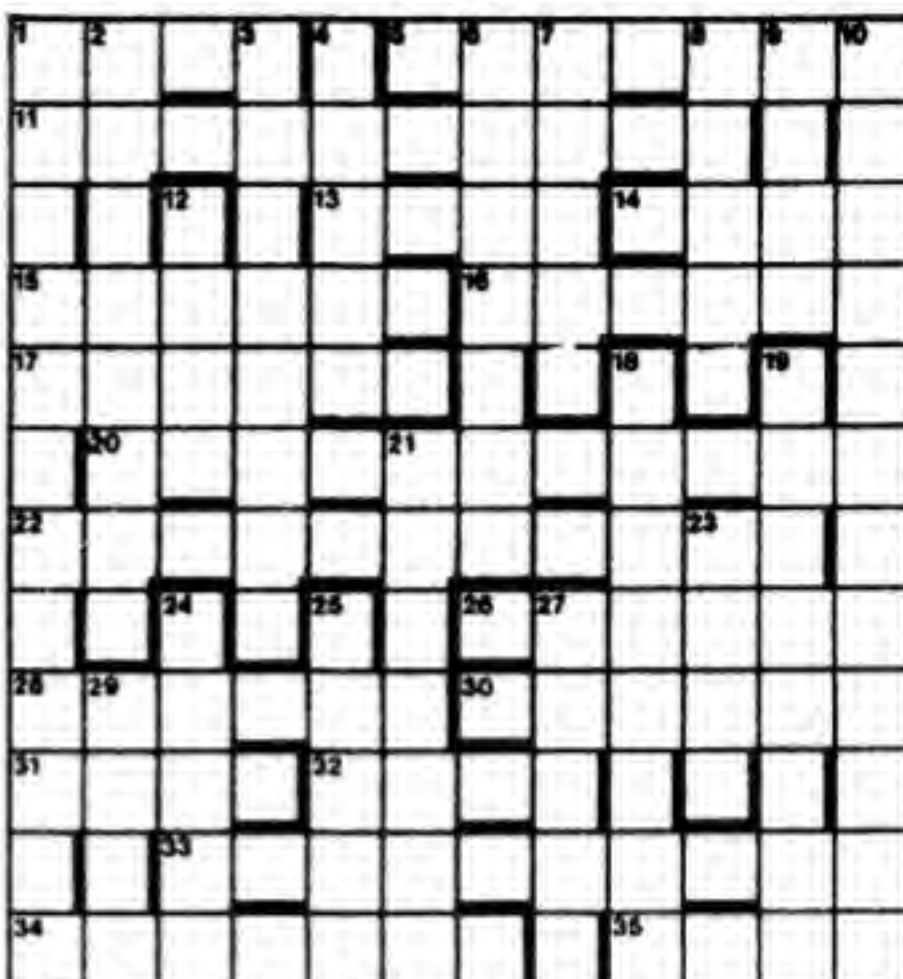
No. 15: PLAIN

ACROSS

- 1 Head observed around King's (4)
- 5 Fish found in trees? So silly (7)
- 11 What's printed as spoken? In most of paper there's lot eye garbled (10)
- 13 Sandy's unlikely to in paying rent (4)
- 14 Fuel oil Muslim ascetic's like? (4)
- 15 Island imperialist (6)
- 16 Pipe to Yorks town, almost (6)
- 17 Attempt restricting dread where skin's treated (8)
- 20 Not feeling a bit stiff, declaimed (11)
- 22 Time has no beginning nor end, perhaps. It grows (11)
- 26 Grant there's magic in a cuppa (6)
- 28 Look, Jock's slipper's back in the grass (6)
- 30 I've curly horns: I'm soft and oddly raggy (6)
- 31 One love makes blue (4) ...
- 32 ... So roughly it pierces (4)
- 33 Critical almost, poorly one in confinement? Try some (10)
- 34 Stage fictional inspector loses head (7)
- 35 Jewry: their end is about start of Diaspora (4)

DOWN

- 1 Sharp point, burden without something to hold it up (12)
- 2 'Hack hair', out of order in court (8)
- 3 Monkey'll make you go dotty, ducks (8)
- 4 Swindler to dangle bait, we hear (5)
- 6 Test's appalling having nearly drunk 10-gallon container? (7)
- 7 Starter of oysters in liquor rinse—at Whitby, perhaps? (5)
- 8 Tastes champers (5)
- 9 Old till, long count (4)
- 10 Mrs M's allegories (?) continue tediously in streams (12)
- 12 Cut down a butter-tree (4)
- 18 Disorderly: being that lags try nabbing gee (8)
- 19 Direction's wrong—I'll get lost where three lines meet (8)
- 21 Sea-pig? Marine slow-moving creature in sea (7)
- 23 Cut start of hourly exam (4)
- 24 Rushed about like a skinhead (5)
- 25 Muslim doctrine set up a year long ago (5)
- 27 Material, dear, needing slight wash, we hear (5)
- 29 Responsibility, and where ours lies (4)



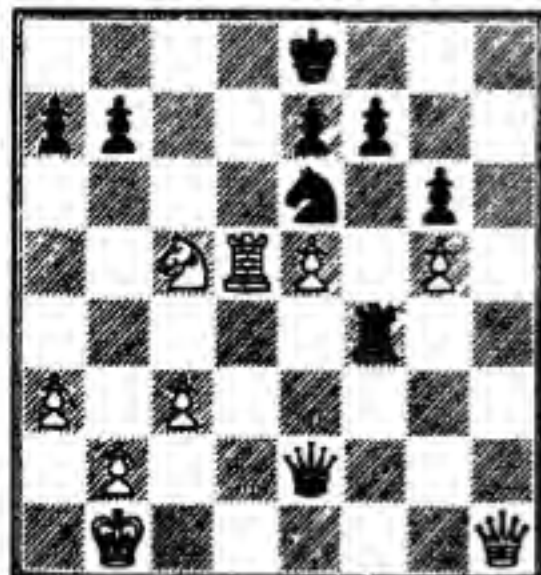
AZED No. 14 Solution and notes DOWN

- 1, S-p-ew; 2, Eau (owe); 3, Scalade, anag. less it & lit.; 4, To-n-gues; 5, Lur (Dane); 7, Gaur (hidden); 8, Halfa, anag. less N.S.; 9, Colts, 3 meanings; 10, Euoi (vowels); 11, Luss; 13, Larum (rev of mural); 15, Perse, 2 meanings and per se; 19, Unbag; 20, Quint(a); 21, A-like; 23, Co-a-i; 24, Lanks (lanx); 26, (S)Urge; 28, Vide-o; 31, Par-ad-er; 32, Bri-D L-er; 37, Drama ('am'ard); 38, Murre(y); 39, A-hind; 41, Haze; 42, Lere; 43, Glen; 45, (Tum)Bled; 46, K-i-e-r; 49, P-oz

CHESS

by HARRY GOLOMBEK

Position No. 2



White to play—how should the game go?
The initiative

One of the most mysterious subjects in chess which I believe to be largely neglected in the textbooks is the question of the initiative—how it is to be obtained and how it should be utilised. Most writers content themselves with the remark that it is necessary to gain the initiative or even with the

theorists, 'and White has lost the initiative', only that and nothing more.

The reason for this neglect is not far to seek. In order to tackle the problem you have in the first place to be of grandmaster strength. Since there are a number of grandmasters roaming as it were footloose in a chess world anxious to learn their secrets one might imagine that the matter is not such a difficult one to approach after all. But the trouble is that it requires a grandmaster who is not only articulate but also well aware of how he gains the initiative and why he does this.

At once the field narrows down to figures that could be counted on the fingers of one hand; and of these four or five not more than one or two seem to care to help. Perhaps they are too busy putting their theories into practice to have time to devote to such intractable work—or perhaps even they do not want to reveal their methods—who can say?

All we can do is to study their games and give examples of their methods in this particular respect. So, from this year's Hoo-goven Grandmaster Tournament, here is an excellent example of how Black gains and exploits the initiative by one of the specialists in this line, the Hungarian champion, Lajos Portisch.

White: Adorjan, Black: Portisch.

Sicilian Defence.

1. P-K4, P-QB4; 2. Kt-KB3, P-K3; 3. P-Q4, PxP; 4. Kt x P, Kt-QB3; 5. Kt-Kt5, P-Q3; 6. P-QB4, Kt-B3; 7. QKt-B3, P-QR3; 8. Kt-R3, B-K2; 9. B-K2, O-O; 10. O-O, P-QK3; 11. R-K3, R-KQ2; 12. Q-Q2, more moves

was 12. R-B1 and only then if 12.

- Kt-K4, 13. Q-Q4
12. ... Kt-K4, 13. Q-Q4, but now 13. P-B3, was correct.
13. ... Kt(K4)-Q2, 14. KR-Q1, R-K1; 15. Kt-B2, Q-B2, 16. QR-B1, QR-B1; 17. P-B3, P-Q4, a strong move that has been carefully prepared, note, in particular, the significance of Black's R-K1.
18. BP x P, P x P, 19. Kt x P, if instead 19. P x P, B-B4, followed by R x B, revealing the strength of Black's Rook move.
19. ... Kt x K1, 20. P x K1, B-KB3, 21. Q-QK4, Q-K4; 22. P-B4. Black was threatening both 22. ... Q x KtP and 22. ... R x Kt.
22. ... Q x KtP; 23. B-Kt4, R x Kt; 24. Q x Q, R x Q; 25. B x Kt, R x B; 26. R-B7, B-Q5; 27. K-R1, R-Q7; 28. R-QKt1, P-Kt3; 29. R x B, B-B4; 30. B-B6, Or 30. B-Kt4, R x QP; 31. B-B3, R-B4 and the BP falls.
30. ... R(K5)-K7, 31. P-Q6, R x QP; 32. B-B3, R x RP; 33. P-B5, P-QR4; White resigns.

The overloaded Queen

From the 1971 Swedish Championship. White: Johansson, Black: Brostrom.

Sicilian Defence.

1. P-K4, P-QB4; 2. Kt-KB3, P-Q3, 3. P-Q4, P x P; 4. Kt x P, Kt-KB3; 5. Kt-QB3, Kt-B3; 6. B-QB4, P-K3; 7. B-K3, P-QR3; 8. B-Kt3, Kt-QR4; 9. P-B4, Q-B2; 10. P-B5, P-K4; 11. Kt(Q4)-K2, P-QK4; 12. B-Kt5, P-Kt5; 13. B-R4 ch, B-Q2; 14. Kt-Q5, Kt x Kt; 15. Q x Kt, B-B3; 16. Q x Kt, resigns



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SPORTS FOR MONEY



Sundail week

Week beginning with July 1



ARIES (March 21 — April 20)

You may have a disagreement with a colleague, but otherwise it is a lucky period for you professionally. Your financial condition will be satisfactory. Improvement in business may be expected. A successful romance will be the highlight of the week, — which may even lead to a marriage proposal. Be careful about accidents from fire and electricity. The health of your spouse may cause you worry.



TAURUS (April 21 — May 20)

Something is going to happen at home and, as a result, you may have to postpone your plan for a holiday. Money should come your way this week — enough to meet your needs. The planetary position in your chart this week will bring success. In your office, a middle-aged person will come forward to help you. Quarrel with your dear ones may take an ugly turn at home.



GEMINI (May 21 — June 20)

Work may be difficult this week, for you will have to cope with newcomers, but things will settle down. You may get into a spending mood and enjoy a few outings. In the office, beware in your dealings with a certain colleague who may be dwarfish. Investments are likely to shape out well. Those in the independent professions, especially in the artistic field, will rise to new heights.



CANCER (June 21 — July 21)

You tend to worry about your job but you have little reason to do so — someone you thought a rival will turn out to be a friend. If you have high blood pressure, be careful in the first half of the week. The financial situation is likely to be below average. Not a favourable week for those in service, but the unemployed may get some kind of jobs. If single, deal cautiously with the opposite sex. Avoid journeys.



LEO (July 22 — Aug. 21)

You will need to budget carefully now not only for yourself but also for the organization you are attached to. Remember that a lot depends on how you plan things. Short trip on official business indicated. Government authorities will consider your case with sympathy. Good prospects for courtship, and dealings with the opposite sex in general. Turning point in your life is indicated.



VIRGO (Aug. 22 — Sept. 22)

It is a good week for parties and you may meet someone interesting on Tuesday. You have come to the end of a period of uncertainty, and can now go ahead with your schemes. If you are a journalist, a smooth time begins with this week. If you are in service, the week is highly favourable. If connected with the theatre, painting, etc., you will have added popularity and fame.



LIBRA (Sept. 23 — Oct. 22)

There will be lots of discussion going on around you this week. Your associates may be critical of your activities but contact with a certain person will enable you to widen your mental horizon. Professionals! lots of travel and entertainment will characterize the first half. If you are in service, welcome changes are in store for you. The week is not favourable for dealings with the opposite sex.



SCORPIO (Oct. 23 — Nov. 22)

Time to relax — now is the time to think about holidays and entertainment. You have made a good deal of impact in your job recently and as a result your management will be all praise for you. You may receive bad news regarding your relatives on Friday. Chronic patients should take proper steps to avoid aggravation of their illness. If single, you will meet a friend too dictatorial.



SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 23 — Dec. 20)

You will be very busy this week. Someone may let you down and you have to take on a few more jobs. Industrialists! If you are planning to start a big venture, the planets as they are now assure complete success. Businessmen! some legal dispute is indicated with an important employee. If you are a race-goer, this week will be highly beneficial. A good week socially.



CAPRICORN (Dec 21 — Jan 19)

You cannot afford to relax this week: for you have a great deal to do. New ideas will appeal to you, but consider them carefully before going ahead. Opposition will have to be faced till Thursday, and therefore don't chafe. Business executives! people in authority will lend you assistance. Businessmen! excellent week for finance. Industrialists! tactful handling of personnel problems will bring good dividends.



AQUARIUS (Jan. 20 — Feb. 18)

A passing crisis — probably in the family circle — keeps you on your toes. Some new friends will come into your life. Businessmen! difference with your partner is indicated. Industrialists! postpone your ambitious schemes. Favourable time for persons in service. The health of your spouse and children may cause much annoyance. If single, you will come to know the real self of your friend.



PISCES (Feb. 19 — March 22)

You are very popular this week and will be surrounded by friends. There may be new additions to your property. Business executives! your long pending objectives may be realized. If you are in Government service, the second half of the week will give you a lift. Professional success is assured. Women doing social work and/or working at offices will come into prominence.

sunday

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ANANDA MARG : END OF THE BLISS

March 5, 1967. A tribal stormed the Ananda Marga headquarters at Ananda Nagar in Purulia district, plundered the Ashram and killed five Sanyasins in the very presence of their 'all-powerful Baba', Mr. Prabhat Ranjan Sarkar, alias Ananda-murtiji. It was a traumatic event for Mr. Sarkar, no less than his followers. At one stroke the whole myth seemed to crack. The Ananda Marga was never quite the same again.
Next Sunday.

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Editor AVEEK SARKAR

SPORTS FOR MONEY



Recently there was a news report from Kozikhode in Kerala which said that a former Indian Olympic footballer, P. Antony, was carrying stones at a building site to earn a living. Not that there was any hue and cry over it. There cannot be in India where sportsmen, except, at times, cricketers and tennis stars, generally get a dog's deal.

Investigation brought forth a tale which did not do credit to the former footballer, but it made one wonder whether this could happen anywhere else. The story about Antony was that he had left his wife for another woman and, coming to Kozikhode, could find no other employment.

Whatever be the moral significance of Antony's action, it is a tragedy that a man who had donned India's colours at the Olympics had to do such hard labour to earn his livelihood.

Emil Zatopek, the ace long distance runner of former years, is reported to be working as a garbage gatherer in Czechoslovakia. This is the result of his being anti-establishment. There is a logic behind Zatopek's situation as, in a Communist country, political dissension is about as bad a crime as cold-blooded murder. But Antony has nothing to blame but his fate. Why is he in such severe financial trouble? Has his lapse



made respectable employers close their doors on him? Again, why should he have found himself in such a position at all? Could he have squandered all the money he had made from the game? But then, should not the sports authorities have provided for him in a wise and foolproof manner — a pension scheme or a provident fund that would have defied spending sprees? After all he served the country.

True, there was not much money in the game in his days, even though he played in Calcutta. Still, he must have made some money, even if not enough to last a lifetime.


If there had been professional football in the country and he was on the staff of a club or an association, they would have had to provide him with facilities like Provident Fund, bonus and also an Insurance Policy. What he received instead was just a lump sum amount and he possibly squandered it. There are few sportsmen who have the wisdom and character to save for the rainy day. They do not have the discretion, or the background, to plan their lives. Most of them live from day to day, like all other poor people. These are the players who have to be looked after. They offer their talent to the country, all that they have,

and the country owes them something merely more than gratitude. Making provisions for a retired life is the manner in which the authorities and the game can help them.

This is done in England, the home of professional soccer. A player of the undoubted talent of George Best is a millionaire. Players like Bobby Moore, Bobby Charlton, Dennis Law and Stanley Matthews, to mention a few, have been accepted in Britain as men with solid contributions to society and are highly respected. They made money and as they grew older, and possibly wiser, they used it for business, to make more of it.

Not so here. Antony is a classic case. There are many others. I have known former Olympians like Raman and Venkatesh, when their footballing days were over, coming to people for help. They had large families and responsibilities but had not planned well.

Take another example — that of the greatest, Pele. Though he was a shoe-shine boy, football made him the national property of his country, Brazil. He is now nearly a billionaire. With a lot of investments in big business Pele can sit back and think that it was all worthwhile. But India's footballers? Nothing. Some wangled jobs through the good offices of affluent fans though



Professional cricket has attracted our best cricketers. Farukh Engineer earns roughly £ 1,200 plus guaranteed winter employment for assisting Lancashire in English cricket.

Ramanathan Krishnan, India's greatest ever tennis star, reached the semi-final of Wimbledon twice and once took India to the Challenge Round (now defunct). Was offered a professional contract with Jack Kramer's tennis circus but family obligations and business commitments at home held him back from big money and strenuous travel. Had he accepted, could have become one of the all time greats.

Premjit Lall India's only real tennis professional despite the game being open today. Was selected as one of the best 64 players in the world by international tennis writers and was offered a contract by the World Championship Tennis group (WCT) controlled by the Texan millionaire Lamar Hunt. Confesses professional tennis is the hardest thing in the world.

India's ace left arm spinner Bishen Singh Bedi is a professional with Northamptonshire. He works in a bank in India and goes to play in England without pay



India's soccer kings Chuni Goswami and Pradip Bannerjee. One is a Bank executive and the other employed with the Railways. Loyalty in the first case to Mohan Bagan Club and in the latter case to the employer prevented them from making big money. Hence their full potential was never realized. Both led India, were dream ball players but the lack of full time professionalism in India tied them down to the mediocrity that is Indian football.

Pele — the Brazilian wonder. Soccer and Pele are inseparable. From a shoe shine boy to a billionaire he is the national property of his country. Emotional limitations prevented his bank balance swelling further.

Sir Donald Bradman proclaims Garfield Sobers as the greatest of them all. Gary is the greatest "professional" cricket has ever known in both aspects of the term. He has made the most money and is today an owner of race horses. As a cricketer there can never be anybody quite so "professional" in outlook. Not even Sir Len Hutton

they lacked the qualifications. Men like P. K. Banerjee were lucky that they were recruited by the Railways and had the inherent intelligence to rise. But what about the Appalarajus? Ticket collectors at Waltair on the Calcutta-Madras route. For every Chuni Goswami there must be ten Antonys.

Is professionalism the answer to these woes? And can we have it in India? Professional soccer needs two things — money and public support. Both are available in good measure in India. The amount spent by football fans every season in Calcutta is fantastic, particularly when one considers the economic situation in the country. Almost Rs. 15 lakhs change hands every season, from the fans to the organizers.

Unlike the footballers, Indian cricketers are paid Rs. 2,000 for every test match as fee. This does not make them professionals and the money has been described as pocket expenses. Abroad they are paid in foreign exchange. They should be paid more. More money can still be had out of the game. Sponsors should be encouraged and I know that there are quite a few commercial firms which are interested. This is indicated by the sort of recruitment they make. Cricketers are given priority. In fact, these firms get cricketers cheap. Just a job and a promise of security. If these cricketers were professionals they would have to be paid far more, say for an appearance in a tournament sponsored by some firm. To simplify matters let us look at it this way.

If a particular player is on the staff of a State Association, the Board or the sponsor would have to pay his Association money if either wants his services. He would only get his salary from the Association. The controlling body will get a cut. In fact the State Associations would certainly have to pay the controlling association an annual fee — a sizeable amount — to be spent on the salaries of the administrative staff as well as on organizing national competitions and negotiations for internationals.

What exists in India is really pseudo-professionalism or sham professionalism. Better planning and organization can easily turn the present order into a professional one. Players should be able to make money from advertising and anything commercial as long as they do not compromise the Association which pays them. In Indian sport certain clubs give their players jobs or give them a lump sum amount for a season. The rate depends on the demand for the player. But without open professionalism there is no question of an improvement in the standard. The Services and the Railways and now the Indian Airlines are provid-





ing players with employment, but in all cases there is exploitation. The players can command more money if they are professionals. The case of medium pacer Samir Chakravarty is an excellent example. Had he been a professional he would certainly have played for India as he would have made sure his worth was felt in Bombay, the home of Indian cricket. But he chose security — a Government job — first in the Services and then in the Railways and is now no more than a Ranji Trophy player.

Such being the case, why is not there a strong movement in India in favour of professionalism? There has never been any organised campaign as such against professionalism or in favour of amateurism, but there have always been hints that amateurs are preferred.

There are two allegations levelled against professionals. The first is that they lack the important quality called loyalty. This is highly debatable. The second allegation is that professionals can rarely combine as a team because their approach is just too individualistic and the tendency in each is to better the others. Proving or disproving this allegation really depends on the individual concerned and his general attitude as well as his appraisal of the particular

situation. Sir Frank Worrell had this problem in 1960-61 with the West Indies team which he led to Australia. He not only managed to overcome it but, in fact, inspired a oneness of purpose and feeling in the team never since seen again. However, by thrusting forward these charges the Doubting Thomas's have indirectly admitted that a set of professionals — freed of these problems — is the best that can be had.

In India, the practice has been to give an impression that it is honest to be an amateur; that, by being one, one proves that one plays the game only for the sheer love of it; and that one should treat sport as recreation and nothing else. Finally, the broad hint was always there that a status-conscious, occupation-conscious society feels that an individual who makes his money from sports is as socially acceptable as a professional card player or a gigolo. We evaluate men by their occupation or profession which has to be accepted by society at large, as a respectable one. And sport is certainly not one of these.

Sport as a career is certainly a risk, especially if one fails to make the grade. But this argument should apply to all occupations and professions. How one fares in the competition is the true criterion for evaluation. A good lawyer



will hold his own in any company, so will a doctor and an engineer. It is a question of the degree of specialization and proficiency, and not of the profession itself.

The tragedy is that Indians have not got rid of their disgusting servile mentality and also do not have the courage to improvise and break away from the conventional. There is no doubt that the average sportsman if he makes it his profession, will be able to make a good living, like the average lawyer, engineer, doctor or for that matter anybody in any other profession. And I am not talking about the exceptionally talented ones Sobers, Trevino, Pele and Laver, all of whom must have by now stacked away quite a few millions.

Professionalism in sports and morality have for some mysterious reason been associated with each other. In English cricket there was controversy enough till Sir Leonard Hutton arrived on the scene to become the first professional to lead England in Tests. At his time and even for some years after him, professional cricketers were contemptuously categorised as 'players' while the amateurs were proudly proclaimed to be 'gentlemen'. The class system led to extreme unhappiness and it took some time for the bigwigs of England cricket to decide to do away with the distinction. And today, almost every cricketer in England is a professional. The game has undergone a complete metamorphosis which is beyond the ken of the old-timers.

Once Hutton convinced and confounded conservatives by his amazing professional ability, England followed with quite a few similar skippers, may be not in ability but certainly in their approach to the game. There were captains like Brian Close and Ray Illingworth. For all of them cricket is their livelihood. Try to convince them that cricket seven-days a week is not hard work and you will land up with the meat of the bat hitting the part that sits down, in the most unfriendly manner imaginable. When sport becomes bread and butter there is no quarter asked for or given. The competition is far more keen than even that between rival firms producing the same goods. Each crisp pound note has to be earned. Players just have to hit top form at the precise moment to gain selection for the national side. What is really serious is not the ignominy of not being selected but rather the fact that good money has been lost and what is to be done about the household bills?

8 The 'professional approach' influences every action of the individual concerned, makes him almost boringly pragmatic. The overall aim is to avoid making mis-

takes, to reach a peak of total efficiency, in short, to be a Ken Barrington. The approach and the economics are really two parts of the same whole. After all, it is a question of the survival of the fittest. Examine world football, athletics, golf and tennis, any competitive sport for that matter. It is war everywhere.

Considering what professionalism has achieved for other countries by way of improved standards, there must be a change of attitude in India. If this does not take place soon, the lag will be enormous. At the present rate of development, even a day's delay is equivalent to turning back the calendar by a year.

Our performance in hockey should be warning enough. India, once unquestioned world champions in the game, have now to be satisfied with the third place. And (let us face it), this has not come about because India's standard has declined while other nations have improved and crossed India's level. The reason is pure and simple professionalism. The West Germany by winning the hockey title at Munich, proved too convincingly that skill alone (like India had) would not do any more. It must be assisted by fitness and precision, hard work and astute tactical planning.

In cricket we have of late shown some improvement but whether this is due to an overall decline in international standards matched by a corresponding improvement in ours is something which cannot be ascertained easily. The three technical factors behind our improvement in cricket is the astounding fielding, a certainly more organized and determined batting and very highly professional spin bowling. But even then we have displayed the despicable tendency of resting on our laurels and this is not, as Barrington would say, indicative of a total comprehension of the 'professional approach'. There is a 'Bombay approach' (something very close to the classic approach) and with its increased influence Indian cricket has become sharper. But there is still scope for greater improvement.

Tennis is in the doldrums because of a total lack of professionalism in a world where the game is wholly so. Our greatest, Krishnan, would certainly have been one of the all-time greats and he joined Jack Kramer's troupe. But Krishnan could never give tennis every moment of his waking time. Judging by Indian standards, his approach and passionate devotion to the game was — quite 'professional' but it was not of the Pancho Gonzales or Rod Laver brand. Last year Mal Anderson of Australia, who switched from professional to amateur at the fag end of his career, demonstrated how fit the long association with the hardest tennis in the world had left him. And he is older than Krishnan, who has

quit international tennis.

And finally, football. The less said the better. Though there are some pockets of professionalism in varied forms, particularly in Calcutta and Bombay, the standard of Indian football is an embarrassment. The withdrawal from the World Cup is indication enough that we have realised it would merely be a waste of time and foreign exchange to participate.

In India it is only in racing and free-style wrestling, where there is organized professionalism. Though both sports have big followings they are not the real popular ones like cricket, football, hockey and tennis. These are the ones to be improved simply because there is so much international competition. Even a racing fan or a wrestling fan may be interested in one of these four or more. In tennis there is some ridiculous prize money at some tournaments but the players cannot hope to live on this. In football, professionalism, though not 'open' does exist in Calcutta. But the money is not sufficiently attractive. What is more, only three or four clubs can afford to pay even reasonably. But this is fertile soil because the seeds of professionalism will grow here.

Let us examine the Calcutta football scene so as to get a clear picture on how things work. There are two types of footballers who earn money in playing the game. One type comprises the mercenaries who come seasonally. The other finds the money useful as supplement to the salary obtained from some other occupation. There is also a third type but it exists more in Bombay than anywhere else. These are players given jobs by commercial firms which have teams playing in the senior league and other tournaments in Bombay and other parts of the country. I presume one cannot really call these players professionals but it has to be admitted that in most cases their work and basic qualifications do not deserve the facilities and salaries that they get. The actual reason why they are paid handsomely is proficiency in the game.

There are a couple of important factors to be considered before one can build a case for professional football in India. The first is — has the sort of professionalism prevailing in Calcutta football done anything for the improvement of the standard of the game? The second — if it has, can it be made to lead to full-time honest professionalism? Here one has to consider issues like whether there will be sufficient money in the game and what measures can be adopted to procure the money? Finally, if football can be made totally professional, what about the other major games?

Professionalism a la Calcutta has without doubt made Bengal the leading soccer State in the country. For the seasonal professional — the mercenary — it is a matter of bread and butter, for himself and for his family back in far-away Bangalore or Hyderabad. He is quite happy in Calcutta where he lives comfortably, all his personal expenses being paid for by his club. And if he is a player like Hamid (fictitious name) he is feted like royalty. But Hamid also knows fully well that any decline in form and fitness would automatically mean a corresponding decline in his fortunes — reputedly around Rs. 40,000 — and in public adulation. So far as long as it is possible Hamid will take pains to remain at the top.

Like so many other sportsmen Hamid is a one-talent individual. His talent is football. And he rightly tries to make the most of it. He does not have a good university degree or an aptitude for any profession; so he has made football his profession. Any sensible man would. Calcutta has seen quite a few hundred seasonal professionals from the south. Most made a good packet. The more sensible — and I know of two — put their money into business and are doing extremely well. So two things emerge. One, that money does bring about an improvement in standards and second that professional sports is thoroughly respectable, if you know how to make it so.

Before proceeding further, something must be said about the Bombay 'Office brand' of pseudo-professionalism. That has not proved successful in keeping sportsmen in top form. In Calcutta loss of form means loss of money, but in Bombay, most of the players recruited by commercial firms play at their best form for two seasons at the most. They just want to be confirmed in the service and thereafter, they are not bothered. These players accept these jobs not because they are interested in making football or any other sport a career but solely to manage satisfactory salaries and security. The Indian colours of course, are helpful. Once all this is obtained they forget all about the game. To them, their skill in the game is merely a stepping stone to an undeserved job. The various firms that recruit sportsmen do so because of their publicity value. A prominent bank has about seven Test cricketers on its pay-roll and uses this to the full for publicity. Such players do not realize that total professionalism would not only make them better players but would also get them more bargaining power. They 'enslave' themselves in a stupid search for security, which ends in a regular salary. In fact,

the firms which employ them make more off them than they (the players) do off the firms.

All things considered, the panacea for all the ills of Indian sport seems to be full-time professionalism. It is a great risk, of course. But if enterprising businessmen take over the organisation of a national level there should be a way out. Their task will be essentially psychological at the outset. Convincing good sportsmen, who are also proficient in other things, into turning professional is going to be difficult. For them the baits of security and big money must be dangled tantalizingly. In short, a professional sports career must be shown to be worth all the preliminary sacrifices. Of course, this transformation cannot be achieved in one sweep. It must be gradual.

Professionalism is then again only possible with games which 'sell' or those which will get wealthy sponsors. In short, either popular games where the masses will produce the money or the exclusive games where the sponsors will come forward with whatever is required. The ideal would be a combination of both.

The three team games — cricket, football and hockey — will require a totally new set-up once professionalism is introduced. At present there are city leagues and knock-out tournaments. On a higher level, there are inter-State tournaments like the Ranji Trophy, the Rangaswamy Cup and the Santosh Trophy. In cricket there is also an inter-zone championship for the Duleep Trophy. If full-time professionalism is introduced there must be a national league and knock-out tournaments for all the three games. The State Associations should all become public limited companies where the players will be 'employed'. The State Associations should participate in all the tournaments. In football, there would be a national league for some trophy yet unnamed and a national knock-out for the Santosh Trophy. State teams should play in the Durand, Rovers, DCM, IFA Shield, Bordoloi Trophy and anything else important enough. Similarly in hockey, there should be a national league and a knock-out tournament for the Rangaswami Cup. Tournaments like the Rene Frank, the Nehru Hockey Tournament, the Agha Khan Gold Cup and the Beighton Cup should only invite State teams. In cricket, the Ranji Trophy can be the prize for the league champions and the Duleep Trophy for the knock-out winners. The inter-zonal tournament should be scrapped. If there are

10 other tournaments willing to offer good money, State teams must also partici-

pate there, say in the Moin-ud-Dowlah and the Sheesh Mahal.

Club sides in various States should be merged with the Association. Thus those willing to play and play for money will know that the competition is really stiff. Also, there must be provision for free inter-State transfer in all games. However, here the English system must be adopted. If a player signs over from one State to another, the State getting his services will have to pay the State losing him, a sum of money commensurate with the player's ability.

One may logically argue that if this happens India will not be able to participate in the Olympics and the Asian Games. What are the universities for? They will provide the material as American universities do for their country. Moreover, the standard of sports in Indian universities will go up. There may be lads who, after completing their studies, may as well be tempted into a professional career in sport.

The Board of Control for Cricket in India, the Indian Hockey Federation and the All India Football Federation should be controlling organisations of the respective games in the new set-up.

Tennis, basically an individual game, can become completely professional for there will be sponsors enough. Unfortunately it will take some time before it becomes a mass game as there is about it a certain element of exclusiveness and it is generally associated with the affluent. But sponsorship means talent-spotting too and in this way the game is bound to become popular in a 'mass' sort of way like football or hockey.

Professional tennis can achieve three things if approached in the right way — make the sponsor rich and famous; make the players rich and finally, spread the game and popularise it. What more can anyone want?

There is also the question of a player making money from advertising because he can be an independent professional. If he is a sponsored-professional, it will be beneficial to him because the terms can well include anything under the sun if he is good enough.

All this can be done. The question is who will start? Or, in the case of India, will red-tape and conniving amateur officials allow this to happen? One may argue that commercialism in sport will transform the latter into a profession. One may wax nostalgic that all sport is at its best when it is amateur. There is courtesy and good breeding as well as an element of aristocracy and class. But that is all. "Brown Sahib Club" talk!

RAJAN BALA.

Yoga cannot be read up in a
taught in ten easy lessons. In
article in four parts, RUKSANA LAL
merely attempts to outline some basic
exercises to be practised regularly to
tone up the system and reduce tension.

RIGHT WAY TO YOGA 1

Yoga has been universally recognised as a means to tone up the system and reduce tension. Its use in the hurly burly of modern life cannot be understated. However, although there are many who say that by following books on yoga to the letter, one can teach oneself this science, it is far safer to learn it from a master.

For example, at a proper yogic school, your family hereditary traits will be traced to find out, for example, if there is a tendency towards asthma or heart disease. Further, different people need different exercises. Monotony can kill any enthusiasm in doing your daily exercises, but learning more than a 100 exercises, you can vary them every day.

If you, for example, learn to do *shirshasana* (standing on your head) at home, do you realize the tremendous strain put on your back? One step wrong, or done in a hurry, and you can come crashing down and break your spine for good. Whereas, at a proper yoga school, not only will someone teach you how to do it properly, but also give you adequate support.

Yet there are some exercises that will be immensely beneficial to you if you do them very carefully at home. Start by doing them only for 10 minutes (never strain yourself), then increase *very gradually* to half an hour or more. Follow all instructions to the letter. Two important things to remember: Do them *very slowly*. After finishing an exercise, come back step by step to original position, don't release yourself suddenly. Spend two or three weeks mastering one exercise, then learn them all till you can do *all* of them perfectly. Tackle each one with determination.

Some of the exercises you can do are: *sarvangasana*, *matsyasana*, *halasana*, *bhujangasana*, *dhanurasana*, *ardhamatsyendrasana*, *chakrasana*, *vrikshasana*,

paschimatana, *suptavajrasana* and *gomukhasana*. The breathing exercises are: *uddiyana*, *kapalabhati* and *ujjayi*. The facial exercises you could try are *simha mudra*, *jeeva bandha* and *brahma mudra* (the last two done alternately), one after the other.

Whether you do one or two exercises in the beginning, remember, it is of the utmost importance that *every* yoga session should end with the *sharvasana*. This is a pose of relaxation, but is not as easy as it sounds, for you have to control the mind and the body.

Sarvangasana: Always use a mat or a carpet, never on the cold floor. Lie flat on your back. Hands straight at the sides. Raise legs slowly at right angles. You may have to bend knees in the beginning to reach this position. Now lift trunk up with your hands, so that the legs are absolutely straight (see figure one). Now the weight falls on the head and shoulders. Count slowly to 10, slowly increase count to 50 as you master the exercise. Bring down legs in reverse as slowly as possible. Come back to original position.

Matsyasana: Get to the *padmasana* or lotus pose (see figure two). Sit cross-legged, except that right foot goes on left lap and left foot goes on the right lap. Don't give up if you can't do this in the beginning. Slowly lower back till it touches the floor (figure three). When back touches floor completely, look straight up with chin thrust towards ceiling. Clutch toes with hands as shown in figure three, with elbows almost touching floor. Now count slowly to 10, straighten head and slowly (with the help of your hands, if need be) raise body till you are in the original *padmasana* position. Release your legs. (To be continued).

Text: Ruksana Lal.

Sketches: Lalita Uttam Singh.



SARVANGASANA



UTTARA
JAIKRISHNA PUBLICATIONS

Meher Mistry is one of India's leading model. She is also a gangling twenty-eight year old bachelor girl with a peaked Parsi nose and an imperfect 34-25-36 figure that no aspiring model on the face of it would envy. And yet Meher has been a super-success for a whole decade — more extensively photographed than most of her other contemporaries and with more modelling man-hours to her name than anyone else in her profession.

Meher loves modelling because she "loves to change into different clothes", but there's more to her success than just this laughing admission. Pardon the mundane expressions, but Meher is dedicated, hard working, sincere and very, very punctual. (She turned up fifteen minutes before our scheduled interview so that she could be ready for the photographer to start clicking and us to start firing questions on the dot of five.)

A model must always look groomed and Meher chooses Ferdinando Sarri wrap-around pants with a matching top fashioned from two multi-coloured bandhni print terene sarees to wear throughout the day and carry on into a cocktail party if necessary without the least rumple or wrinkled brow. The hairstyle to match is two victorian buns in myriads of curls near both ears. The hairstyle looks like a laboriously chiselled one from a salon, but is really two synthetic pieces acquired on a recent modelling jaunt to the Tokyo Trade Fair, and pinned on by Meher herself in seconds.

But is a hundred and fifty rupees plus hair sets and transports per appearance all that rewarding compared to standards in other countries? The concepts of professional modelling to the potential sponsor and to the general public are quite outdated. (Several Calcutta fashion shows still continue to expect their models to model free.)

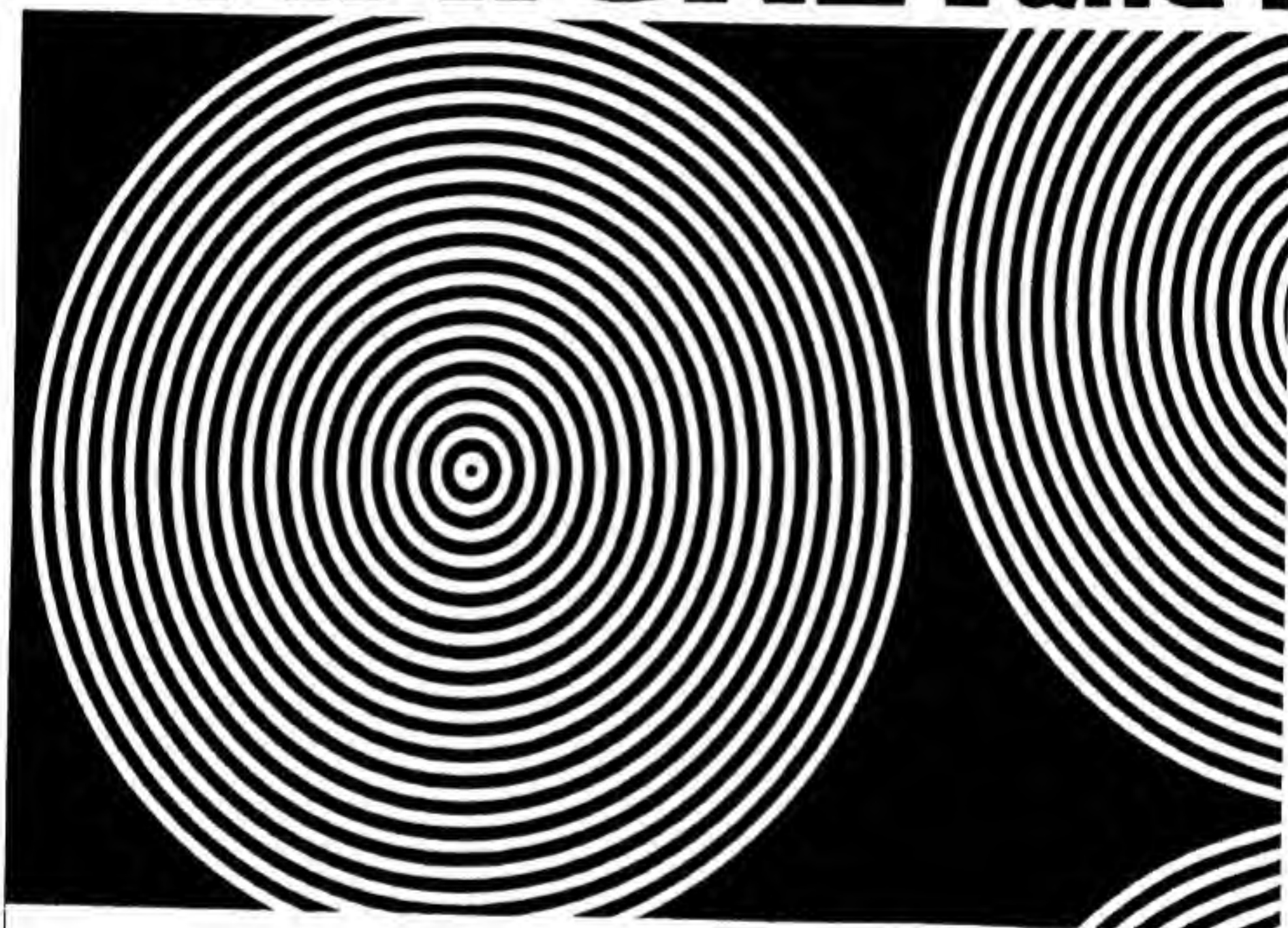
And although Meher prefers live shows "as they have a direct contact with the audience", her advertisement shots can command her anything upto Rs. 800 per black and white pose, while programming a fashion show gets her up to two thousand. The future of models? Meher herself would like to go into organizing large shows where the remuneration can be in the region of half a lakh.

RITA BHIMANI
PHOTO: BISHWARANJAN
RAKSHIT



GEORGES SIMENON

MAIGRET and I



'Do you think your employer is unhappy about the situation?'

'I most certainly do....He doesn't say so....I've never heard him complain....He's not the complaining sort....I've known him since he was a little boy, forever playing about my feet....He was shy then....'

'Do you find him shy?'

'And how! You can't imagine what dreadful scenes he puts up with without ever daring to raise a finger to her....'

'Aren't you worried about his absence?'

'I wasn't to start with....We're used to it....He has to have his little treat now and again....'

Maigret smiled to hear her use that expression.

14 'I'm wondering who could have warned you....Would it be Monsieur Lecureur?....'

'No. It was Madame Sabin-Levesque who came and told us she was worried....'

'Worried? Her?....I see you don't know her....She wouldn't lift her little finger if he fell dead at her feet....'

'Do you think she's mad?'

'Drunk, more likely. She starts on the bottle the moment she's had her morning coffee....'

'Have you seen your employer since the 18th of February?'

'No.'

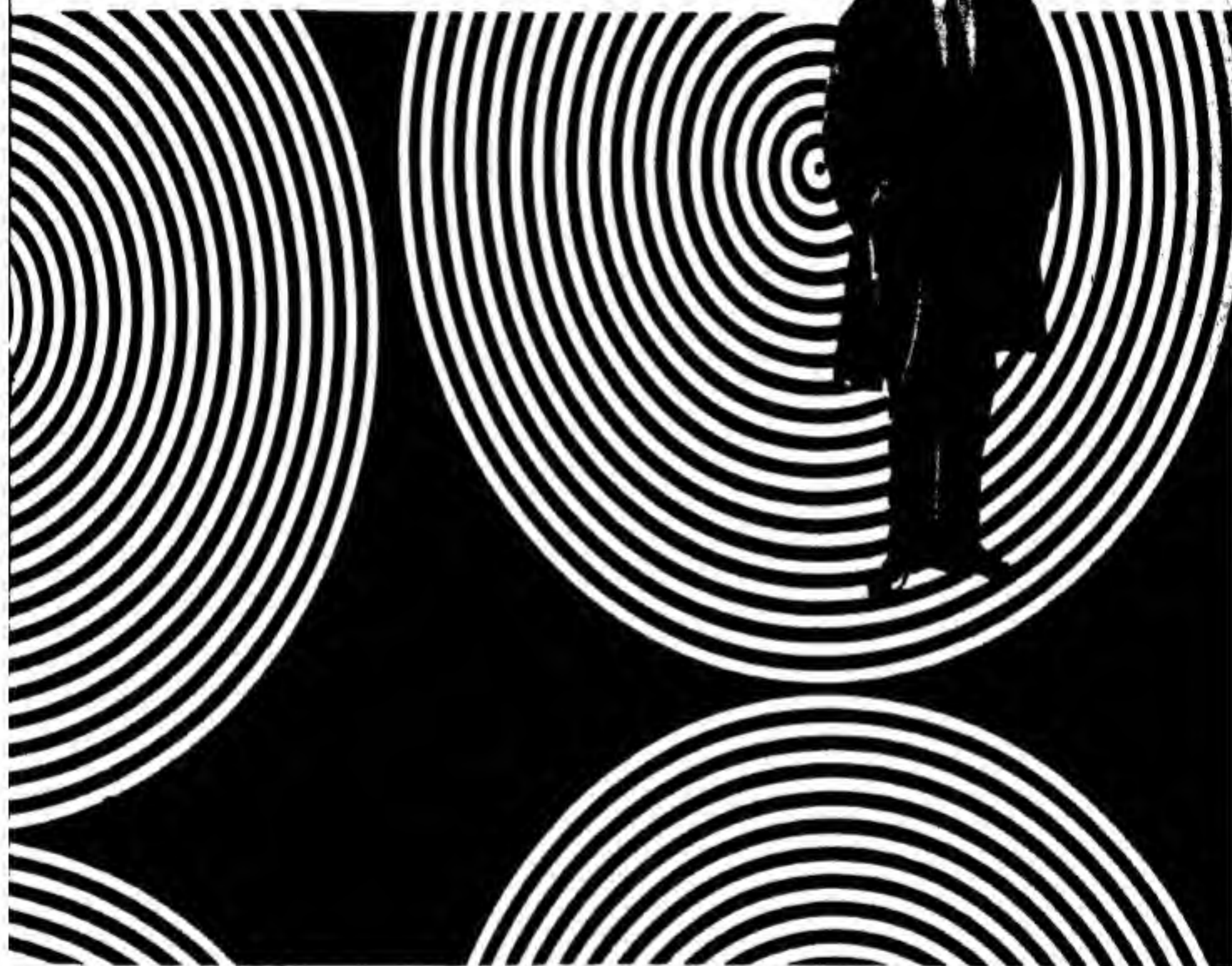
'Have you had any news of him?'

'None....I must say, I'm worried about it....'

Madame Sabin-Levesque was standing motionless in the doorway. She was wearing the same dressing-gown as on the previous day and had not even bothered to comb her hair.

'Was it to me or to my cook you wanted to speak?'

Monsieur Charles



'To you both of....'

'Whenever you wish....'

She led the two men to the boudoir where she had first received Maigret. There was a bottle of brandy and a glass on a silver tray.

'I don't suppose you'd care for one?'

Maigret shook his head.

'What do you want this time?'

'First of all to ask you one question. Where did you go last night?'

'Yes, my maid told me you were having me watched. It'll save me telling you a lie. I didn't feel well so I went out to get a breath of fresh air. I saw a phone-box and all of a sudden I felt like calling up one of my girlfriends....'

'Do you have any girlfriends?'

'Does it surprise you? Yes, I do....'

'May I know the name of the friend you rang up?'

'It's none of your business, so I won't

tell you.'

'Your friend was out?'

'How did you know?'

'You had to dial three different numbers....'

She did not answer but swallowed her drink. She was not feeling well and it was obvious that she always woke with a hangover, for which liquor was the only cure. Her face was swollen and this made her nose look longer and more pointed.

'Right, then I'll ask you another question. The drawers of your husband's desk are locked. Can you tell me where the keys are?'

'They must be in his pocket. I didn't search his rooms.'

'Who was his best friend?'

'In the early days of our marriage, a 15 lawyer called Aubeineau and his wife often used to come here for dinner....'



They went to law-school together....'

'Do they stil' see each other?'

'I don't know....All I now is that Aubeineau doesn't come here any more....I never liked him....He's very pompous and never stops talking as though he were pleading in court....As for his wife....'

'What about her?'

'Never mind....She's just so haughty because she's inherited her parent's chateau....'

She had another drink.

'Are you going to stay much longer?'

Maigret realized that she was exhausted and he felt sorry for her.

'I suppose you'll go on having me watched by one of your men?'

'Yes, I will. That's all for today....'

Maigret nodded to Lapointe, who got up to follow him.

'Goodbye, Madame....'

She did not answer; the maid was waiting in the drawing-room to show them to the door.

On the ground floor, Maigret went through the archway to the solicitor's office and asked to speak to Lacureur. The head clerk came to meet the two police officers and ushered them into his private office.

'Any news?' he asked.

'Not really what you'd call news. As far as I know, the very last person to see your employer was a nightclub hostess who works at the *Cric-Crac* in the Rue Clement Marot; when he left her, he was on his way to visit another young woman in the Avenue de Ternes, who was expecting him....This was in the middle of the night of February 18th....He never reached his destination....'

'Did he perhaps change his mind on the way there?'

'Perhaps....Are you quite sure he hasn't telephoned you even once during this last month?'

'Not once.'

'Whereas during all his previous absences he kept in touch with you by ringing up regularly?'

'That's right, every two or three days. He was extremely conscientious. Two years ago, he came rushing back on one occasion because we needed his signature....'

'What sort of terms were you on?'

'Very friendly....He had complete trust in me....'

'Did you know what he kept in the drawers in his desk upstairs?'

'No, I didn't know. I seldom went up there and I never saw those drawers open....'

'Have you seen his keys?'

16 'Many times. He had a set of keys which he always carried with him. One of the keys was for the big safe you pro-

bably saw in the typists' room....'

'What's in it?'

'Confidential documents concerning our clients' affairs, particularly their wills..'

'Have you also got a key to it?'

'Naturally.'

'Who else?'

'No one.'

'Did he ever deal personally with certain matters which he would not discuss with you?'

'Sometimes he saw a client privately in his office, but he nearly always took notes and, when the client was gone, he would give me a full account.'

'Who controls the financial side while your employer is away?'

'I do. I have power of attorney.'

'Is he very wealthy?'

'Yes, he's wealthy.'

'Has he increased his fortune since his father's death?'

'He certainly has.'

'And is his wife his sole heir?'

'One of the employees and I acted as witnesses when he signed his will, but I didn't read it. I assume he made quite a number of other large legacies.'

'What would happen to the practice?'

'That would depend entirely on Madame Sabin-Levesque.'

'Thank you.'

It suddenly occurred to Maigret that, ever since Nathalie's first visit to the Police Judiciaire, they all spoke of the solicitor both in the present tense and in the past.

Mostly in the past.

'If you wish to see me today, you'll have to come right away. I'm performing an operation at one o'clock.'

Maigret noticed that Doctor Florian, like most society doctors, affected a solemn tone of voice. He lived in the Avenue Foch, which presupposed a select clientele.

'I'll be there in a few minutes....'

Maigret and Lapointe had gone into a bar on the Boulevard Saint-Germain to have a beer and to make a phone-call.

'He's waiting for us....the Avenue Foch....'

Soon afterwards, the small black car was making its way up the Champs-Elysees. Lapointe was silent, a trifle gloomy, as though something were troubling him.

'What's the matter?'

'That woman....I can't help feeling sorry for her....'

Maigret did not answer but he probably felt the same way as Lapointe; yet as they drove round the Arc de Triomphe, he muttered:

'We'll have to know her better before we can feel sorry for her....'

The doctor's house was luxurious and

more modern than the one on the Boulevard Saint-Germain. They glided up to the sixth floor in a spacious lift and a butler in a striped waistcoat opened the door for them.

'This way....Professor Florian is expecting you....'

The butler took their hats and coats, then opened the swing doors to let them through. Two Greek statues in almost flawless condition stood on either side of the door.

The surgeon was tall, even taller and stouter than Maigret. He shook hands with the two men energetically.

'This is Inspector Lapointe....' Maigret said, introducing his young colleague.

'Please forgive me for sounding so rushed, but I have a very busy schedule. I've been wondering why you want to see me ever since you rang fifteen minutes ago....'

His consulting room was huge, very luxurious and sunny. The french windows, which opened on to a terrace, were ajar and from time to time the curtains billowed in the breeze.

'Please sit down.'

His greying hair made him look older than his age; he was dressed severely in striped trousers and a black jacket.

'I believe you're a friend of Gerard Sabin-Levesque....'

'We're the same age and we were at university together. He studied law, I did medicine... He was the ringleader of a rather fast set to which I belonged.'

'Has he changed a lot?'

'I haven't seen much of him since his marriage....'

Doctor Florian frowned.

'I really must ask you for what reason you question me in this way. As a doctor, I'm bound by the Hippocratic oath, while as a friend, I naturally wish to be discreet....'

'I do understand. Sabin-Levesque has been missing for over a month....He didn't tell anyone he was going away, neither his wife nor his head clerk....'

'He left the house one evening, the 18th of February, without taking any luggage. We now know that on the evening, or rather the night, of the 18th, he went to a nightclub called the *Cric-Crac* in the Rue Clement Marot. He left the club alone, to go to an address in the Avenue de Ternes which he had been given, but he never reached his destination....'

'What does his wife have to say?'

'Do you know her?'

'I used to go and visit them sometimes in the early days of their marriage.'

'In those early days, was he already going off on those — what shall we call them — escapades?'

'You know about those? He was always attracted to women and to the atmosphere of nightclubs, even in his student days....He never outgrew the attraction, but there's nothing abnormal about it and I don't think the term "escapade" is appropriate.'

'I'm only using it for lack of a better word....'

'He never actually told me so when I went for dinner there, but I had the feeling he never really stopped leading a bachelor life, if I may put it that way....'

'How well did you know his wife?'

'I met her perhaps a dozen times....'

'Do you know how they met?'

'He's always kept rather quiet about that....I have the feeling she doesn't come from his sort of background....I seem to remember that, at one time, she worked as a secretary for a lawyer.... At least I think so....'

'That's correct. What impression did she make on you?'

'She seldom spoke to me. During those dinners, she was either morose or aggressive; at times she would leave the table, mumbling some excuse....'

'Would you say she was unbalanced?'

'I couldn't tell you. I'm a surgeon, not a psychiatrist. I think the main problem was her drinking....'

'She's drinking more than ever. She was drunk when she came to the Quai des Orfevres to tell us that her husband was missing....'

'When was that?'

'The day before yesterday.'

'And he's been missing since February?'

'Yes. She waited for over a month. After the first week, the head clerk told her she ought to tell the police but she told him it was none of his business....'

'Strange....'

'And worrying too.'

The doctor lit a cigarette with a gold lighter. He said to Maigret:

'Go ahead, please light your pipe.... I'm disturbed by what you tell me. All I can say is that Gerard was, and I am sure still is, an extremely brilliant man. When I knew him, he was what you would call a playboy. He loved sports-cars and amusing places. I gather that he often didn't turn up at lectures, but that didn't stop him from passing exams with the greatest of ease.'

'I don't know if he's changed....'

'Your account fits in with what we've been told already by others. I imagine he got married on the spur of the moment and that he soon realized it was a mistake....'

'I would think so.... His friends stopped seeing him because of his wife.... She 17 was always humiliating him in front of them.... I never heard him answer back





....He would carry on with the conversation as if nothing had happened....

'Later, he still went on living with her but he completely ignored her existence....'

'Do you think he was unhappy about the situation?'

'It's hard to tell with someone who is always joking....It wasn't a normal life, of course....I understand why he had to have those flings....But his going away like this for a whole month is a more serious matter....Hasn't he even been in touch with his office?'

'No, though he usually kept in touch. This time he hasn't bothered to find out if they needed him at his work....'

'You seem very interested in the wife...'

'She lived in the same apartment as him and they were presumably fond of each other once....'

'Poor old Gerard....'

The doctor got up.

'Please excuse me but duty calls.... Come to think of it, we had a mutual friend who is a psychiatrist; he works at Sainte-Anne....He's called Doctor Amadiou and lives in the Latin Quarter....He attended some of those dinners at the Boulevard Saint-Germain....'

He escorted them to the door. The butler was waiting with their hats and coats.

'Ten past twelve....' Maigret said when they got into the little car. 'Let's try and find out if Doctor Amadiou goes home for lunch....'

Ringling up the psychiatrist gave him an excuse to go into a cafe and drink an aperitif; this time, he chose a *pastis*.

'I'll have the same,' Lapointe said.

Amadiou was at home. This week he would not be on duty at Sainte-Anne until two in the afternoon.

'I suppose it's urgent?'

'Yes, I think it could be described as urgent.'

The psychiatrist lived in a rather untidy flat; he was probably a bachelor, for he was eating alone at table. A maid was clearing up the dishes. Amadiou had bushy red hair and freckles; his rumpled tweed suit looked as though it had been slept in.

Maigret found out later that Amadiou was one of the most eminent psychiatrists in France, if not the whole of Europe.

'Do sit down. Light your pipe and tell me what you'd like to drink.'

'Nothing for the moment. I know your time is valuable. You used to be on close terms with Sabin-Levesque....'

'Yes, I think you could say that, after all those nights on the town we had when we were students together....Don't tell me he's in trouble with the law?....'

to be continued

BRIDGE by TERENCE REESE

EXAMPLES of the smother play occur in every advanced textbook, but it is rare enough at the table. This variation was played by Steve Altman, one of the young team playing the Precision Club that has won many events in America.

Dealer, North. N-S vulnerable.

♠ A J 5
 ♥ A Q J
 ♦ A 8 3
 ♣ A 7 5 2
 ♠ K Q 8 2
 ♥ 10 5 4
 ♦ K 4 2
 ♣ 9 8 3
 ♠ 6
 ♥ 9 8 6 2
 ♦ Q J 5
 ♣ Q J 10 6 4
 ♠ 10 9 7 4 3
 ♥ K 7 3
 ♦ 10 9 8 7
 ♣ K

With Neiger North and Altman South the bidding went.

SOUTH	WEST	NORTH	EAST
1♠	No	1♠	double
4♠	No	No	No

- * The strong opening, 16 points or more.
- * Indicating, by arrangement, defensive possibilities in hearts and clubs.
- * The suit bid over the double shows a five-card suit and moderate values.

West led the 9 of clubs to the declarer's King. A low spade to the Jack held the trick, and South followed with a low diamond from dummy. West overtook his partner's Jack and exited with a heart.

Judging that the spades were 4-1, South prepared for an end-play by cashing Ace of clubs and ruffing a club, then leading two hearts, followed by ♦ A. The position was then:

♠ A 5
 ♥ -
 ♦ 6
 ♣ 7
 ♠ K Q 8
 ♥ -
 ♦ 4
 ♣ -
 ♠ -
 ♥ 9
 ♦ Q J
 ♣ Q J
 ♠ 10 9 7
 ♥ -
 ♦ 10
 ♣ -

East won the next diamond and led the Queen of clubs. South ruffed with the 9 and West was reduced to one trump trick, whether he overruffed or not.

It is true that, as the cards lie, South can keep the trump losers to one by leading the 10 from hand originally and later finessing dummy's 5.



THE NEW 2-franc stamp from Switzerland, showing a jumbo jet, costs one franc more than its face value for postage. The extra money will be donated to the Pro Aero Foundation, formed in May 1938 to encourage Swiss military and civil aviation.

At intervals since then the Swiss Post Office has issued seven special stamps in aid of the Foundation. One, in 1963, commemorated the fiftieth anniversary of the first trans-Alpine flight, made from Berne to Milan in January 1913 by Oscar Bider, the Swiss pioneer airman, flying a Blériot monoplane. The Pro Aero Foundation also receives support from Swissair and from Sport Toto, the Swiss football pools.

by C. W. HILL STAMP ALBUM

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'Retirement? Never thought about it. I know I shall be in demand till I go on acting'



The more you know Sharmila Tagore, the less you know her! The surface is a smooth, well-groomed, even sexy-sweet-at-times countenance, made innocent by a deep dimple. But there is certainly an undercurrent of hard calculation, measuring-up, looking for the inner side of matters, beneath that softly feminine demureness.

You meet that undercurrent by chance, when La Tagore is not aware that she is being sized up as well; when she says she is something which she most definitely is not. Look at her fabulous career: not many hit-films. But, somehow, she is absolutely positive that the films may be forgotten, but her role remains in memory.

"Yes, I've been in films for longer than people would like to imagine. My career has had its ups and downs but I have managed to remain steady. Neither my marriage nor the birth of my child has unsettled it." For several years, before she married Pataudi — she calls him Tiger... she was the reigning oomph-girl. And after, she settled down to more sophisticated roles and likewise image.

It was a gradual switch from the pin-up girls after "Kashmir Ki Kali", her first Hindi film, to the heavy "Amar Prem" image. "But I promise, marriage has nothing to do with the more sober presentation. I have taken large doses of glamour in the recent 'Yeh Gulistan Hamara' and 'Daag'." Yes, she has eased herself back into the oomph-and-drama gear, with a decidedly mature accent.

Where is it going to end? Will it keep switching like this?

"It might. Retirement? Never thought about it. I know I shall be in demand till I go on acting. I shall get roles as long as I want them. I certainly won't dissolve into insignificant mother-roles. I mean, look at Nutan, such a great actress — she is still a big name. Today, when she walks into the studios, she still makes news. That is the type of future I would like to have".

Whatever Rinku wants, Rinku gets, is the steering philosophy of Sharmila, better known as Rinku. So she probably might be another Nutan walking into studios and making things happen as she always does.

The home-maker is nowhere in her. "My home runs quite smoothly, I have a good set of servants and there is no problem that they cannot work out. Mine is supervision only and they come to me only when there is something they cannot handle". This definitely says a lot for her preference to remain a career woman rather than devote her time to house-keeping.

Who are your favourite producers?

"I like to work with a few who are fast and know what they want. Shakti Samanta my first director-producer in Hindi films, for instance. And of course, Satyajit Ray, who gave me my first break in Bengali films: a great director and a good man".

"Ray has this marvellous technique for drawing out talent. He quietly delineates whatever he wants you to do in a certain order and takes what are probably your first impressions. I don't know how it works, but the screen-result is so good, you never knew you were capable of so much! I had recently done 'Seemabaddha' for him and there was this actor who used to get a tremor when his hand had to reach up to his cigarette. He kept on trying and where a lesser director would have cracked up, Ray just went up to him and spoke out another set of directions, and the man was unbelievably good. Ray is too good".

Sharmila, who can be quite catty, was actually waxing over her discoverer. She has this quick-silver temperament; the intelligence of all very moody people and I have heard, a more-than-cordial friendship with her male co-stars, right from her first, Shammi Kapoor, to today's Rajesh Khanna and Shatrughan Sinha.

"Why should I tell you about my heroes, just because you have to turn out an interesting article?" she shot out. That's the most comfortable offensive to avoid the answer, I said to myself.

About those violent outbursts she gets: "I think everyone is moody. Anyone who could afford to, gets away with moods. Me, too. Probably I am more impetuous than others, but I am not extraordinary".

After I met her, I'd heard she had announced her decision to retire. So back again I went, to ask her. With a very composed face, as if nothing had happened, she denied it. Now she's busier than she was, picking up roles which were meant for Dimple Kapadia. Again, what Rinku wants Rinku gets. Fabulous woman, fabulous star.

VIJAYA IRANI.



khaas baat khaas baat khaas baat khaas baat



Saira Banu could hardly be recognised at Romu Sippy's (son of N. C. Sippy) wedding reception. Dilip-saab was prominent in black suit as usual, but at least fifty people asked where Saira was who she's been standing quite close to him. For once, she had no make-up but the real reason was that her hair was not set. It hung loose, giving her a young, un-Sairaish look. You should've seen the way she and Navin Nischal kept manoeuvring stolen glances at each other, keeping not-too-close nor too-far distance. Finally, Dilip broke up the show we were watching, when he gently but firmly touched his wife's elbow and took her home. And all the time, we thought he was immersed in the young crowd around him (Amitabh-Jaya-Farida Jalal and Co.) and had not noticed. Just shows — never underestimate your elders! Saira.

Same place, around the same time, a harmless-looking I. S. Johar sat slumped in a far-off chair, fingers shading his eyes as though he was tired. But the eyes were doing the most work, getting busy as soon as a female sailed within his horizon. He actually peeped at Anju looking very pretty in rust-red sari and quiet chignon, over the shoulders of people. Later, Anju said: "I shall very soon start flirting again". Asked when she had ever stopped, she said seriously: "I only loved a man once, and at that time, I never flirted!"

Anyway, back to I. S. — he was alone. Wife Minna was in Paris or somewhere, he said. "I can have my own Paris here, why should I have gone with her", he told a curious guest.

Protima Bedi, Kabir's wife, walks into a room as if she were on an assignment to assault. Saw her at a get-together with that same aggressive look, in a gold, belly-showing gown, minus bra. Funny how she airs herself thus, everywhere she goes. Neighbours insist she is a fresh-air fanatic — they know better, or rather, see better!

All's not too well in the Bedi household, say rumours. She wants Kabir with her for more time than he can give her — his career is coming between marital bliss, she says.

Ajit Singh's sis, model Indu Singh, knows more film-heroes and also more about them than you and I.

The Otters Club at the Bandra seashore is a hot favourite of the stars. Being the only high-falutin' joint in the suburbs, though just a tiny imitation of the established giants like Willingdon, CCI and Bombay Gym, stars make most use of Otters, to fight off their additional pounds. Navin Nischal, Prem Chopra, Rajendra Kumar, Rekha and Mumu say that now they can reduce safely. You should see them: especially Mumu, in the pool every morning when she can make it. The men sweat it out in the squash-courts. Fine exercise. Only, the bar and the barbecue are so good, say the honoured members, that, it is a constant mental and physical tug-o'-war!

Talking of figures and fettle, there is a beauty shop in Bombay which boasts that Yogita Bali comes to them for waxing her body. They say Shatru used to stomp in to take her home, disregarding the "Ladies Only" sign. He even used to sit inside till she finished. After all — a Ladies Man, you know. Now of course, Shatru has stopped going there because he has "ditched" Yogita. Poor Komal! Everyone knows her turn is next, she is going about with that injured look prior to the official ditching by the Ladies Man!



AZED CROSSWORD

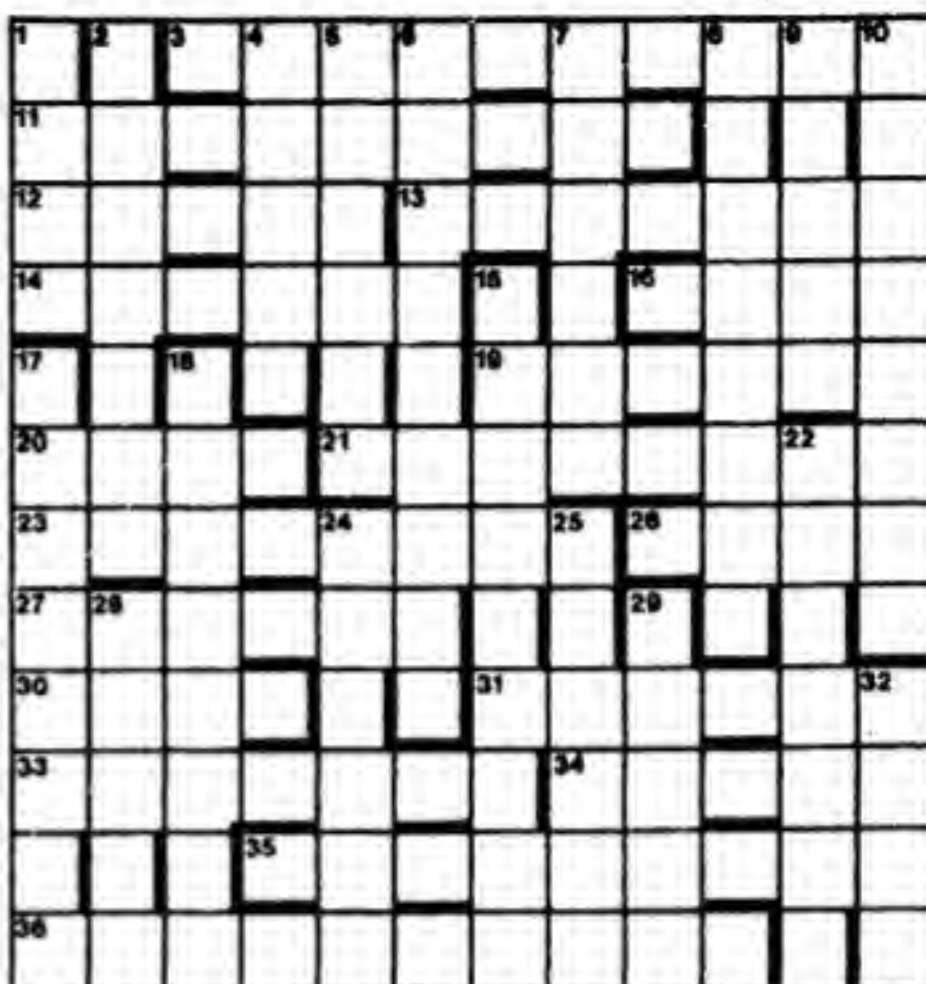
No. 16: PLAIN

ACROSS

- 3 I produce fruit dish, stewed with carrot (10)
 11 Carried first of treasure in a peculiar lot of trunks (9)
 12 Holy building for genius with striped coat (5)
 13 Feed love with fine food causing violent wind (7)
 14 I'm in grip of this? Excessive greed results (6)
 16 Almost reach the bog (4)
 19 Insolence, the style to expect north of the border (6)
 20 Rub the wrong way with what covered old ground (4)
 21 Eastern petticoat is brought back for Western ladies (8)
 23 Olive symbolises it - a topless temptress I peruse (8)
 26 Edmund's enemies toy with his head (4)
 27 Fruit: Bermuda's principal one? (5)
 30 Bleak? Sounds like that in Cairngorms (4)
 31 Roman, perhaps? The opposite (6)
 33 Showing most flexibility, let's hit out (7)
 34 An original Arab source of poison? (5)
 35 Crab, perhaps, requires skill and a little time, love, to shell (9)
 36 Tear around fast, me, rarely slowing down (10)

DOWN

- 1 A couple of doubles, Poll (4)
 2 Appendage to sheet makes doctor more competent (7)
 4 What tree is it, that's the heart of the puzzle? (5)
 5 Crown super gees, neck and neck at Edinburgh (6)
 6 Livery ordered for caliphate (9)
 7 Just the thing for a little grog? (6)
 8 Bridge protector in charge before vile heartless Persians (8)
 9 Cause crowding, mistake in London area (5)
 10 Head-dress endlessly encircling gores, like Christ's (8)
 15 System of numbers: goal's strange sound pattern (9)
 17 Take little pieces up, gripping alien corn? I might (8)
 18 A parent, perhaps, before long? It's this period (8)
 22 Related number, almost a contradiction (7)
 24 Gate a boarder (6)
 25 Being loved by a poet next to art (6)
 28 One gets to enjoy how doubles look (5)
 29 Title ex-politician, exalted, takes over (5)
 32 Proposed emendation? Look around in the dictionary (4)



AZED No. 16

Solution and notes
ACROSS

13, Hidden & lit.; 14, Dervish, see Suppl. in C; 16, Otie(y); 22, (P)eriod nor end (anag.); 33, Nic(e) ill 1 in pen; 34, (L)estrade, Conan Doyle: 'Study in Scarlet' etc.

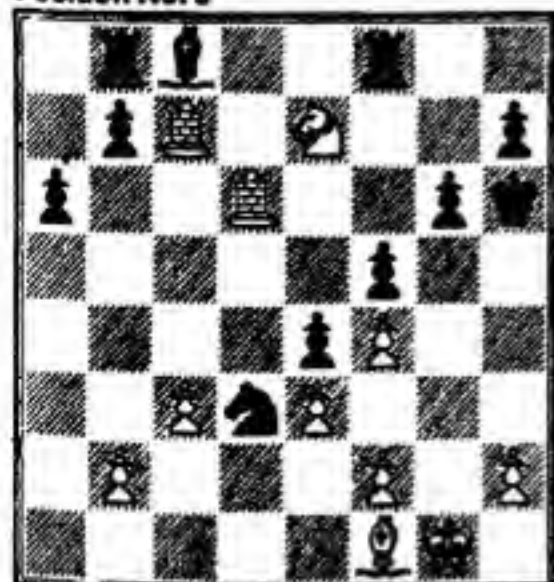
DOWN

1, Spur-belt-ide & lit.; 4, see ledger; 6, Ten-gallon hat; 7, S. of Whitby (684); 10, 'Allegory on the banks of the Nile', Mrs Malaprop in 'The Rivals'; 18, Anag. less 1; 21, Dugong (q.v.); 24, 2 meanings; 28, Annus (L.); 27, High lick.

CHESS

by HARRY GOLOMBEK

Position No. 3



White to play - how should the game go?

Continuation of Position No. 1

This came from a game Halk-Wach played at Athens last year: - r kt b 3 k 1; p p 2 q r 1 p; 3 p 3 Q; 2 p P 3 Kt; 2 P 1 B 3; 7 p; P P 3 P 2; 2 K R 3 R.

White won by 1. B x P ch, R x B; 2. KR - Kt1 ch, K - R1, 3. Kt - B5, resigns.

Attack-defence-counterattack

These three words describe the progress of most really good games. Those games in which one side plays so weakly that the victor can do more or less what he likes may be agreeable to the winner but are just as insipid to the onlooker as they are mortifying to the loser. It is the difference between a monologue and a drama.

Naturally, for this one also requires two players of real strength. In the preface to the first edition of his book 'Die Neuen Ideen in Schachspiel', Richard Reti, referring to the complaint that in modern chess one rarely sees brilliant brevities, says the solution is quite simple. He gives a brilliancy between two fairly weak players called Lukomsky and Pobedin and says that all you have to do to get many such games is to invite the Lukomskys and the Pobedins to play in tournaments. Then there will be a plethora of such games.

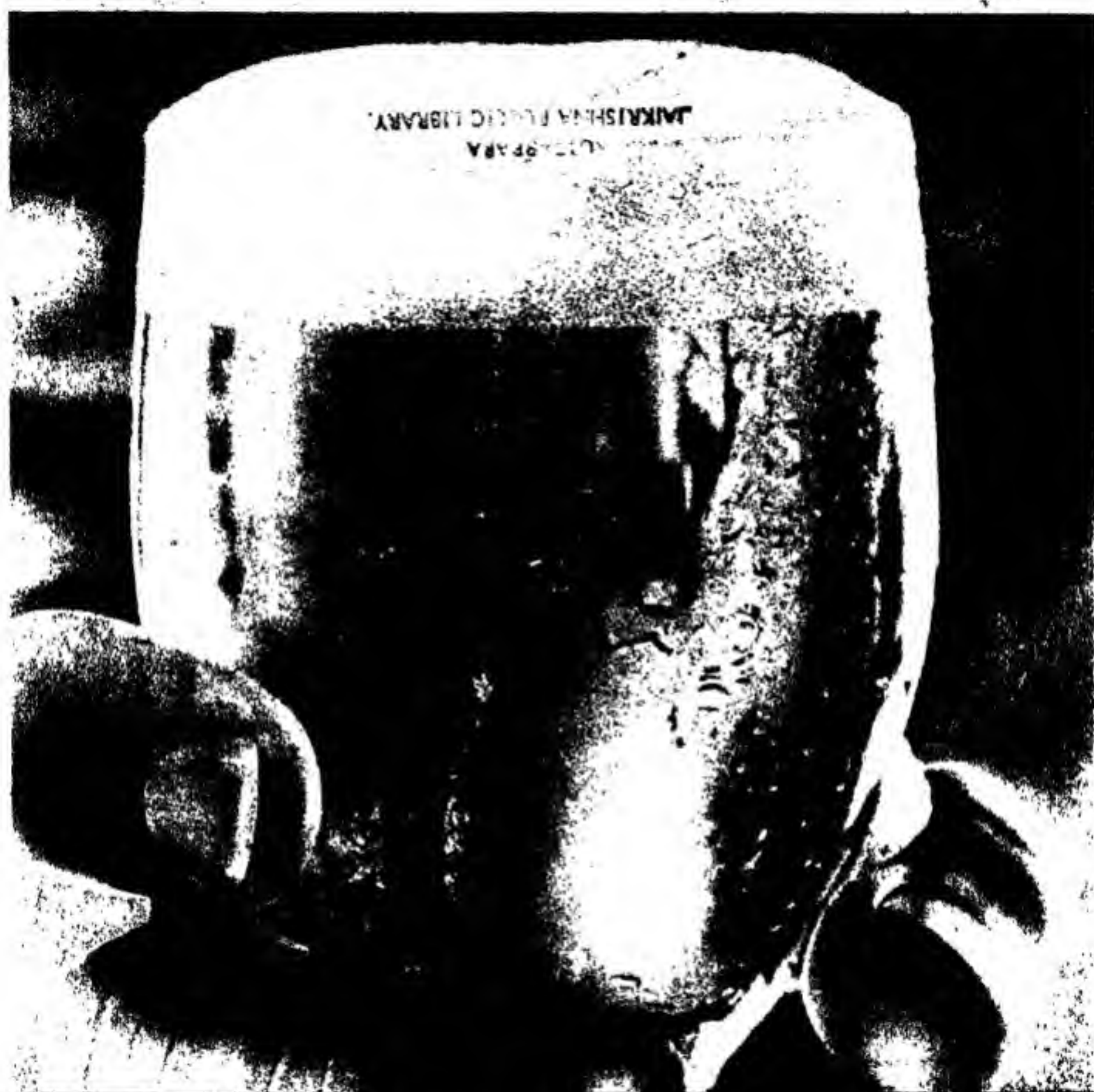
Thus, in the following game from the Grandmaster Tournament at Wijk-aan-Zee, Black's brilliant victory is all the more interesting in that it is achieved against a player of genuine strength and the beauty of the ideas conveyed by Browne's fine play is not the useless type to which Guy de Maupassant refers in his famous short

story.

White: Adorjen. Black: Browne
Sicilian Defence.

1. P - K4, P - Q4; 2. Kt - KB3, P - Q3; 3. P - Q4, P x P; 4. Kt x P, Kt - KB3; 5. Kt - QB3, P - QR3; 6. P - B4, Q - B2; 7. B - Q3, QKt - Q2; 8. O - O, P - QKt4; 9. K - R1, B - Kt2, 10. Q - K1, P - Kt3; 11. Kt - B3, P - K4; at long last White was threatening to play P - K5.
12. P - QR3, B - Kt2; 13. Q - R4, O - O; 14. P x P, if 14. P - B5, P x P; 15. P x P, P - Q4 and Black has complete control of the pawn centre.
16. ... P x P; 17. B - R6, Kt - R4; 18. B x B, K x B; 19. Kt - Kt5, threatening 18. R x P ch, R x R; 19. Kt - K5 ch.
17. ... QKt - B3, 18. R - B3, P - R3; 19. Kt - R3, QR - K1; 20. QR - KB1, Q - K2; 21. Q - B2, Kt - Kt5; 22. O - K11. A miserable place for the Queen; but if instead 22. Q - Kt5, P - B4; 23. P x P, R - B3; with a powerful attack similar to that which actually takes place.

22. ... P - B4!; 23. P x P, P - K5; 24. R - K1, P x R1; 25. R x Q ch, R x R; 26. O - O4 ch, Kt(R4) - B3; 27. KtP x P, B x P ch; 28. K - Kt1, R - K8 ch; 29. B - B1, R(B1) - K1; threatening the decisive Kt - K5.
30. Q - Q2, R - R8; 31. Kt - B2, Kt - K5; 32. P - R3, R x B ch; 33. K - R2, R - R8 ch and White resigns.



If you've got the taste

Mohmeaks

got the drink

Sunday



ANANDA MARG - END OF THE BUCKS

sunday week

Week beginning July 8



ARIES (March 21 — April 20)

A strong tendency to extravagance indicated. You are fated to be a victim of intrigue and double-dealing. For businessmen the greater part of the week is quite troublesome. Industrialists and professionals! evil influences bear upon your finances. Even routine dealings are liable to be affected. Persons in service are advised to streamline their budget carefully — heavy expenditure ahead!



TAURUS (April 21 — May 20)

Do not get worried if you are slightly depressed in the first half of the week. Those in service may receive recognition or promotion. Business executives! increased activity with enhanced income indicated. If you are out of job, employment will come to you even if on a temporary basis. Industrialists! your bank will bring relief to you. If single, you will find yourself in company with the opposite sex.



GEMINI (May 21 — June 20)

You are going to benefit tremendously from goodwill built up in the past. The intuitive side of your personality will be unusually active this week. The first half may be characterized by unpleasantness in your service life. Administrative and engineering services find favour from the stars. Business executives! there are possibilities of travel but you are not likely to be benefitted thereby.



CANCER (June 21 — July 21)

This week you will go out of your way to help people around you. Businessmen! in transactions you will have to be careful against misplaced trust. If you are in service the week is tolerably good with increased workload. Health of your spouse may cause concern. Businessmen! there will be increased income from usual sources. In the second half of the week amounts due may be realised.



LEO (July 22 — Aug. 21)

Notable gains and advancement in enterprises are not in the offing but with careful husbanding of available funds it is possible to make both ends meet. Businessmen! you should stick to your routine — attempt for expansion may cause disappointment. Persons in service are likely to be saddled with new responsibilities without any added remuneration. Be careful in love matters.



VIRGO (Aug. 22 — Sept. 22)

A hard-working week, but you will be very pleased at the outcome of your efforts. Industrialists! this is an auspicious week for installation of new equipment in your concern. If you are in service a senior colleague who is somewhat unconventional and temperamental will come to push you up. Business executives! your initiative will lead to some success. If single, handsome gains on Saturday.



LIBRA (Sept. 23 — Oct. 22)

Despite minor difficulties a lively and interesting week. Money will come in well throughout the week. Some rivalry in your social and professional life is possible. Politicians and social workers will enjoy popularity. If you are a journalist, move with caution... orders and instructions from governmental authorities may make you worried. You will get several surprises if you are single.



SCORPIO (Oct. 23 — Nov. 22)

This week presents good prospects for you. Those in service will gain favour from their superiors and a welcome change in place or work is indicated. Health is liable to suffer. Those suffering from chronic ailments should take precautionary steps against further difficulties. Professions and business will manifest increased activity. Industrialists! new problems may arise owing to changed laws.



SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 23 — Dec. 20)

Be wary of those around you. Your indiscreet approach with your superiors at the instigation of your associates may cause embarrassment. In social life control your emotions — otherwise you may find yourself in a scandalous situation. Businessmen! your plans will materialise. Industrialists! your generous approach towards problems of industrial relations will be highly appreciated.



CAPRICORN (Dec. 21 — Jan. 19)

Avoid getting out of your depth in the first half of the week. If you have ambitious plans for improving your financial position put them into operation in the second half. Profession and business will not fare well during this week. In competitive tests you are likely to come out successful. Women in employment may be promoted in office. Unmarried girls may be blessed with handsome grooms.



AQUARIUS (Jan. 20 — Feb. 18)

There will be a fall off in business turnover or a heavy outlay will become necessary on stock. You will somehow disperse old problems and grievances. Be discreet while forming new alliances in business and relationships in personal life. Conflicting trends are likely in business and professional activities. Persons in service may suffer temporary setbacks. Perfect harmony in domestic matters.



PISCES (Feb. 19 — March 20)

This is totally an unfavourable week for you. Illness of family members are indicated. Expected as well as unexpected turns will bring trouble in routine work. Businessmen! avoid litigations. If launched, litigation will not end in your favour. Those in stage and screen are likely to enter into profitable contracts. If married, some of you may become mothers for the first time.

sunday

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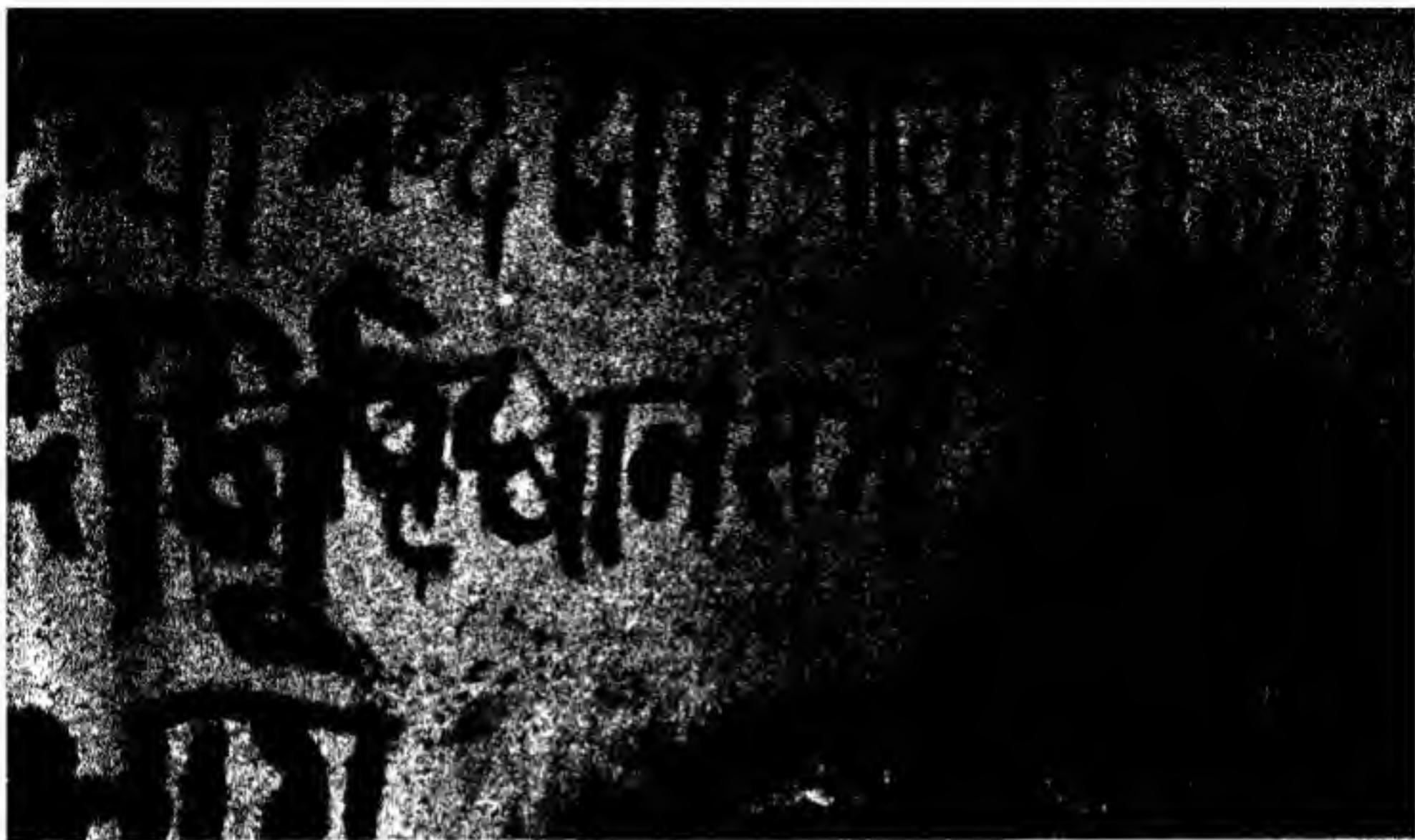


ANANDA

MARG

END OF

THE BLISS



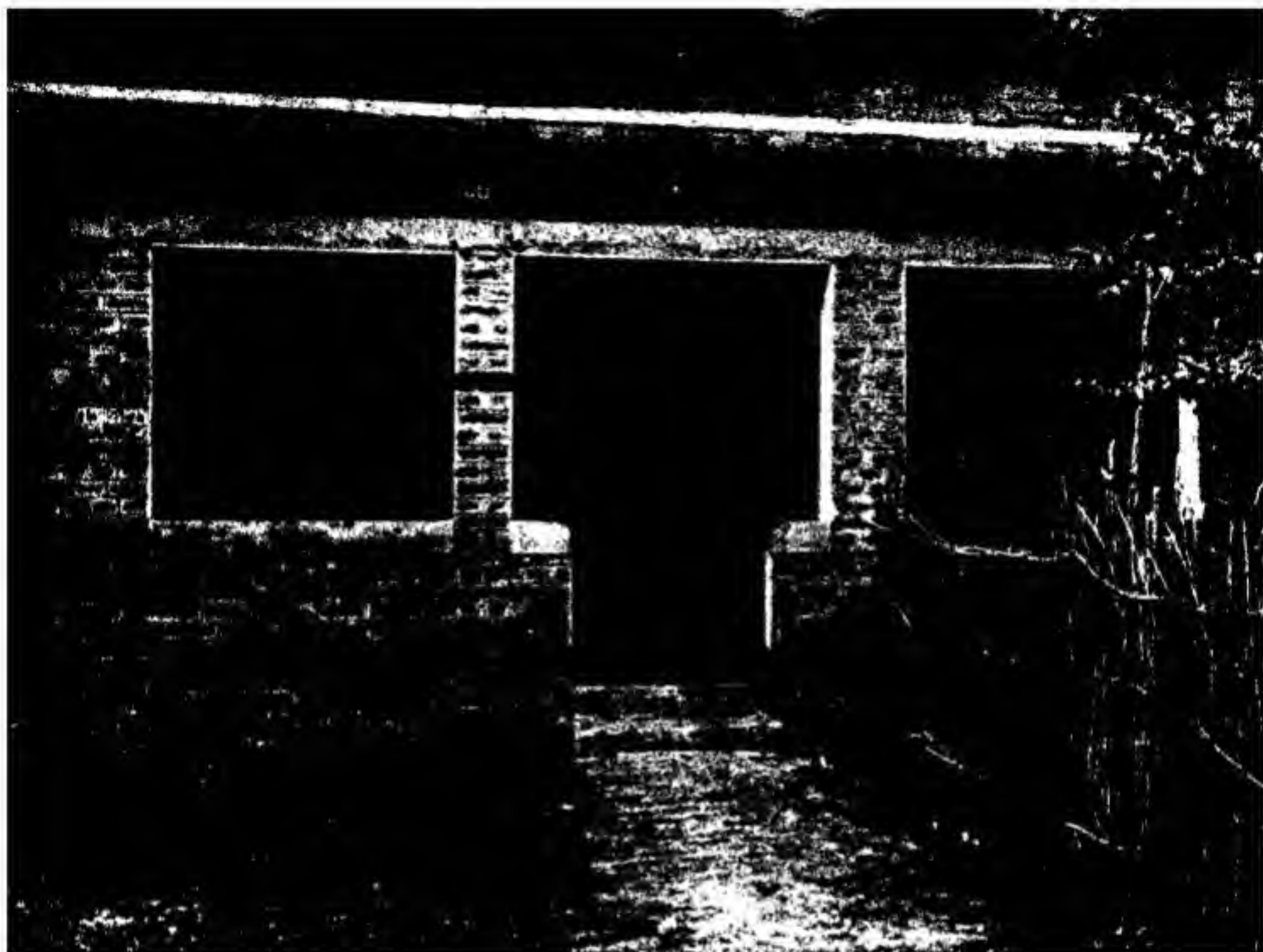
March 5, 1967. A tribal mob stormed the Anand Marg headquarters at Ananda Nagar in Purulia district, plundered the Ashram and killed five Sanyasins in the very presence of their "all-powerful Baba," Mr. Prabhat Ranjan Sarkar, alias Anandamurtiji. It was a traumatic event for Mr. Sarkar, no less than for his followers. At one stroke the whole myth seemed to crack. In just a little over ten years Mr. Sarkar had shot into fame like a meteor; from the utter facelessness of a clerk in the grim vastness of the Jamalpur Railway Workshop he had become the Supreme Preceptor of a rich and vast organisation with a large fanatical following. And now suddenly the whole edifice looked like crumbling. The experience was even more shattering for his followers who had believed that their Baba was the Param Purusha, God incarnate, all-powerful, all-knowing. In his very presence five of his "Sons" had been done to death and he had been able to do nothing. Hastily Mr. Sarkar had moved from his ravaged "Bliss Town" with his wife and son to Ranchi and set up his camp headquarters there. Was he a "clay God" after all? The seed of doubt had been sown, the faith of many of his followers badly shaken.

The Ananda Marg ("Path of Bliss") was never quite the same again. Nor was Mr. Sarkar. He became a troubled, hunted man, running from one place to another, not finding peace anywhere. In August 1969 there was a violent clash between the Margis and some CPM workers at Cooch-Bihar, again in the presence of Mr. Sarkar. While being taken to a police van he was reportedly manhandled by some CPM workers. Mr. Sarkar had been arrested with 37 others but later

The third attack came at Ranchi in May 1971. Thousands of Margis from India and abroad had gathered for their yearly festival. So large and impressive was the congregation, say the Margis, that it "sent cold shivers down the marrow of some top local politicians" and they sent some goondas to wreck the festival. They were frustrated in their attempt, but next day they beat up a Marg worker and tried to insult some women followers from abroad. All this led to a serious clash and as the Margis would have it, the police again "sided with the goondas". Whatever the truth, this was another big jolt for the organisation and Mr. Prabhat Ranjan Sarkar moved his headquarters again, this time to the prestigious Pataliputra Colony in Patna.

But less than a month later the police raided the Ranchi building of the Ananda Marg and claimed to have recovered five human skulls and blood-soaked cloth apart from rifles, live cartridges, bags full of bombs and other explosives. Thirty-three Margis were hauled up, and a few days later Mr. Sarkar was arrested in Patna and taken to Ranchi. He was released on bail, but the shock of events had begun to sap his strength and he was admitted to the Patna Medical College Hospital. But about a fortnight later the Ranchi administration cancelled Mr. Sarkar's bail on the ground that he had not been present in the court when his petition was moved. Armed guard was posted around his room in the Patna hospital.

It was during this time, when the power and the glory of the Marg and its chief were running low, that several Avadhutas (the highest order among the Marga followers) defected. Among them were



Birthplace of the Ananda Marg — quarter No. 339, Jamalpur Railway Colony.

ananda, Mrityunjayananda, Sushmitananda, Dhyanananda, Bibhasananda and Sukhananda. Two of them, Japeshwarananda and Mrityunjayananda went to Kakdwip, established a Sewa Dharma Sangh and opened a Shishu Niketan.

But the biggest blow of them all was still to come. On October 1, 1971, the "Marg Mata", Mrs. Uma Sarkar, deserted her husband and left for Puri. There she gave a statement to the police in which she said that she had left her husband as it had "become impossible for me to be a silent spectator of the inhuman, brutal and senseless happenings in the Marg". The organisation, she added, "was committing abominable and heinous crimes in the name of Dharma. Though Sarkar had arrogated god-head to himself, he stooped to commit acts which the lowest in society would dread to pursue."

Four days later Mrs. Sarkar was joined by Vishokananda Avadhuta, who had for long been Mr. Sarkar's private secretary and one of his closest confidants. With him he had taken Gautam, the ten-year-old son of the Sarkars, who now lives with his mother.

Why had Mrs. Sarkar and Vishokananda turned against Anandamurtiji? While both of them claimed that they had left him out of sheer revulsion

against what had gone on in the Marg, the organisation has its own explanation. They say that Vishokananda had grown very weak and was in no shape to carry on his duties, and so Mr. Sarkar decided to relieve him of the job. For one who had got used to the "name and fame" which went with the post of private secretary, this was a great blow and Vishokananda could not reconcile himself to it. Mrs. Sarkar then intervened on his behalf and pleaded with her husband to keep him on but to no purpose. As she had openly assured Vishokananda that she would have him reinstated, she took Mr. Sarkar's refusal as a blow to her prestige and revolted. The Margis say that before leaving, Mrs. Sarkar threatened to ruin Prabhat Ranjan and his Marg. "But Baba was unperturbed because he had no weakness and was ready to face any challenge from whichever quarter it came."

This version, however, was rebutted by Vishokananda during his testimony in court as a prosecution witness. He denied that he had been removed from his post some time before he left the Ananda Marg or that he had made "pairvi" to the Marg Mata for his continuance in the post.

Whatever the truth, the "defection" of his wife and son must have exploded the

self-esteem of the Param Purusha. It certainly hastened the blowing up of his image and that of his creation — the Ananda Marg.

About three months later — on December 29, 1971 — Mr. Sarkar and four of his followers were arrested by the CBI at their Patna office in the Pataliputra Colony. The charge: instigating and abetting his disciples to murder six ex-Margis between July 29 and August 16, 1970, in the jungles of Singhbhum. The other four were: Sarveshwarananda Avadhuta, General Secretary of the Ananda Marg, Satyananda Avadhuta, Principal of an Ananda Marg school, Barun Kumar and Pavitra Kumar Roy, both volunteers of the Marg. The CBI is still looking for two other alleged accomplices to the murders — Tapas Kumar Bannerjee and Ashim Kumar Pathak.

The six who were allegedly killed by a "murder squad" at the command of Mr. Sarkar were Tapeshwarananda, Sudhananda, Sushmitananda, Mrityunjayananda, Japeshwarananda (all Avadhutas) and Amulya Kumar.

After commitment enquiry which ran for several months in the Court of Special Munsif Magistrate, Mr. R. P. Shrivastava, the Ananda Marg chief and his four accused followers were committed to sessions on November 22, 1972. In

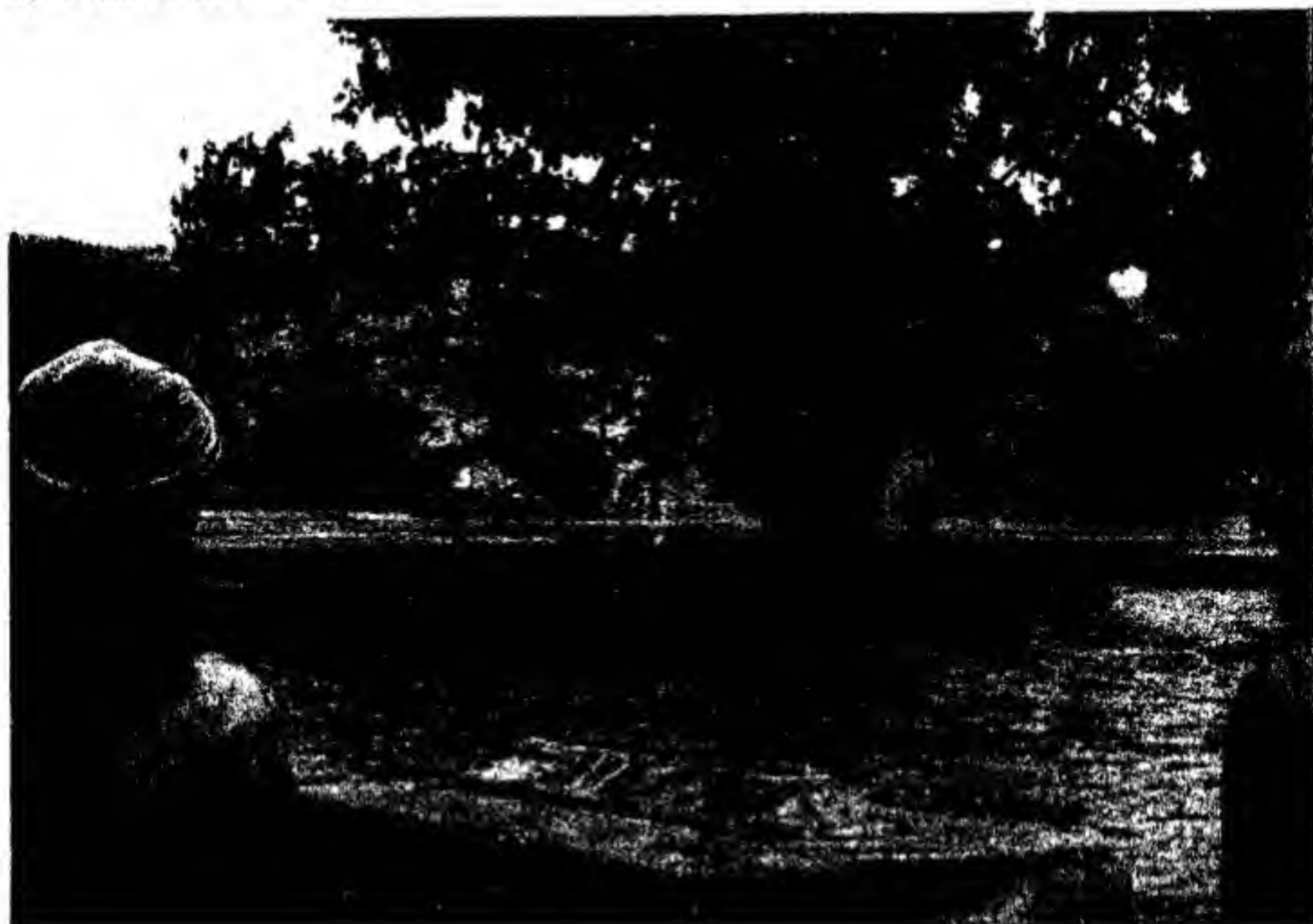
January last the Patna High Court admitted a petition to squash the commitment proceedings. Until the disposal of the petition, the proceedings have been stayed by the Court.

And in the meantime, with their Baba languishing in a closely guarded cell of the Bankipur Jail in Patna and their whole edifice crumbling around them, the devout Margis have launched a desperate campaign for the release of their Supreme One. There is a rash of slogans scrawled across roadside walls, office buildings, bridges all over Patna, New Delhi and many other cities. New slogans decrying the CBI and alleging that Mr. Sarkar was being poisoned in the jail keep appearing with renewed vehemence on walls every morning. Interspersed is the slogan "Baba Nama Kevalam", the most cherished mantra of the Margis. Protest rallies for the release of Baba were organised in Washington D.C., Manila and in other foreign cities where the Marg has a following.

And to crown their protests, two Avadhutas are claimed to have ended their lives by setting themselves ablaze — Divyananda at Patna on April 9 and Dineshwarananda in New Delhi on April 24. The police, however, described them as homicide and murder and have arrested many followers of the Marg and an Indian cameraman working for



Tiger's grave: a part of the myth.





An Avadhuta in the camp headquarters at Patna.

an American broadcasting and television network who is said to have filmed the entire sequence of the macabre death in Purana Quila, New Delhi.

The Margis say they are not surprised by the action of the police. "They are after all part of the Government machine which has been out to destroy us for years," said one Avadhuta. They hold that the "concerted attacks" on Ananda-murtiji and their organisation were all due to the "fiendish pressure of political manoeuvrers and conspirators" who see a positive threat to themselves in the "rising power and influence" of the Ananda Marg, a socio-religious cult which shows the path of bliss to its followers and promises a "new dynamic order". The Avadhutas would repeat, like a well-learned lesson, that history is a witness to the truth that all progressive ideologies and spiritual propounders



'Free Baba' rally in Washington D.C.

have been vehemently opposed and persecuted by the rulers of decaying socio-political orders. "We all know," said the Marg's appeal to the Amnesty International, London, "how Lord Shiva was insulted by Daksha Prajapati who was opposed to the Tantra cult...and Socrates was compelled to drink poison, Buddha had to face the onslaughts of conservative religionists, Jesus was crucified because he wanted to establish the kingdom of love on earth. Today history is being once again repeated with Ananda Marg and Shri Ananda-murtiji..."

In his "tale of woes" sent recently from the Bankipur Jail to the Governor of Bihar, the President of India and the U.N. Secretary-General, Mr. Sarkar alleged that he had been tortured and

persecuted in the jail ever since his arrest and that the prison authorities intended to kill him "under instructions from the CBI." The CBI officials ridiculed the charge and said they were so confident of their case that "we have nothing to gain and everything to lose by Mr. Sarkar's death...."

As against the fanatical belief of the saffron-robed Avadhutas that the Ananda Marg is the only answer to the afflictions of the present-day world, the Government and many others are convinced that it is a dangerous and diabolical cult which has been hiding its real objectives under a veneer of spiritual hocus-pocus. They have no doubt that these kripan-bearing Sanyasins are working to establish a theocratic dictatorship of the Ananda Marg presided over by their Param Purusha. Only recently the Union Home Minister, Mr. Uma-



shankar Dixit described the Marg as a "fascist organisation", more dangerous than the RSS, which was out to overthrow the democratic set-up of the country. He made no secret of the fact that the Union Government had made an attempt to prevent its employees from joining the Marg, but legal advice had been against the move.

The man in the street is baffled, he does not know what to make of the organisation or the man the Margis believe to be in the same line of incarnations as Lord Krishna and Buddha. What, after all, is the Ananda Marg all about? Who was this Anandamurtiji and how had he attained the great heights from which he was now fast

slipping? What exactly had happened there in the railway colony at Jamalpur?

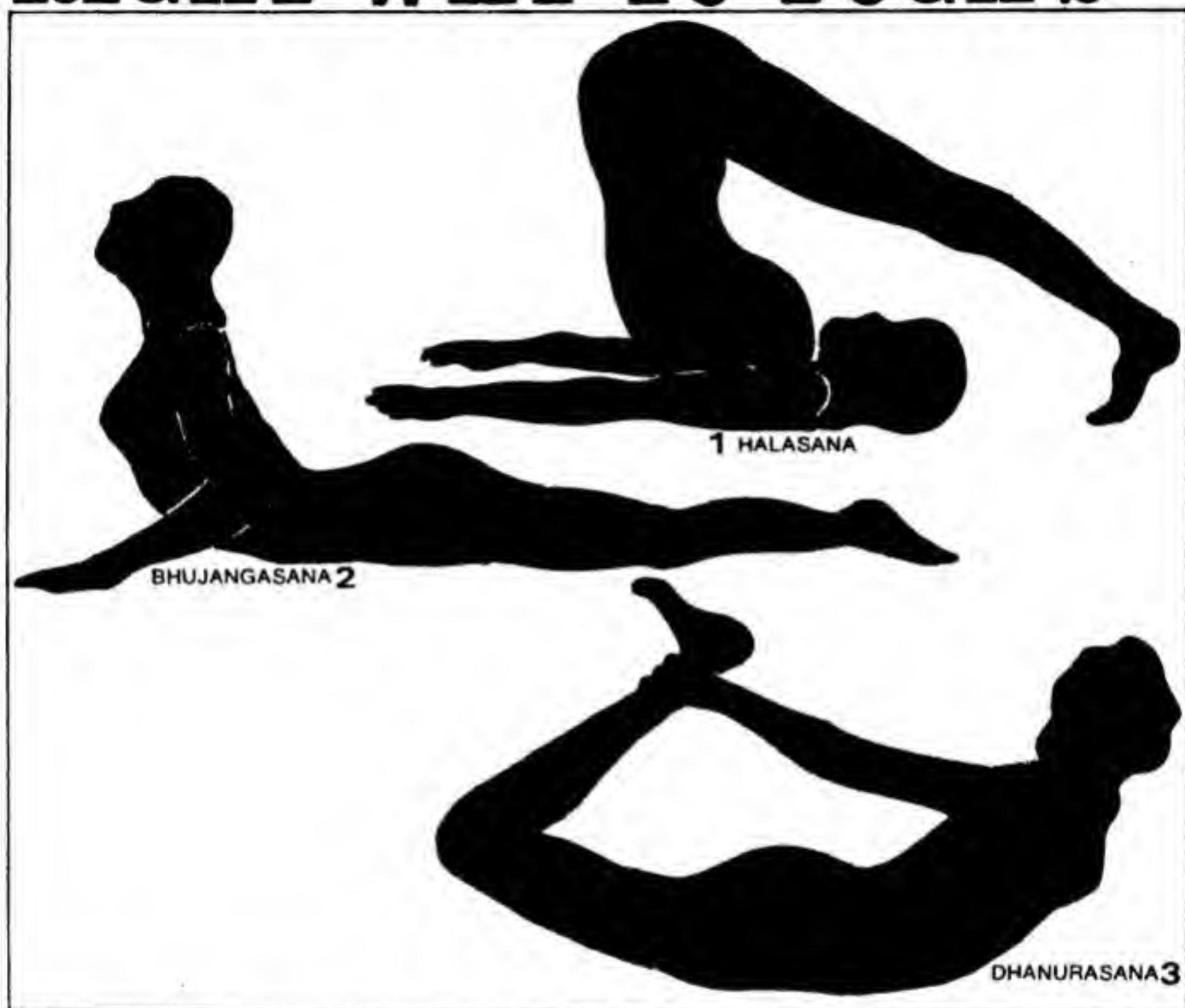
Watching closely the setting and the lives of the people in the colony, one can almost retrace the course of events at Quarters 338 and 339 during those months in 1955, while Prabhat Ranjan Sarkar was fast turning into the Baba, the Father figure, the Param Purusha, the Supreme Person, the Incarnation of the Divine, all part of the myth that rose during the next eleven years till the first crude blow was dealt in 1967.

The awful squalor and anonymity in which the people lived in the slummy railway colony must have created in these people without identity, hopes or aspirations, a near-dementia, a mad hunger for recognition, for love of a father, for a community informed by a vision and fired by a transcendent hope. The ground had long been prepared for the Man with an Idea. The lonely workshop clerk at once became the centre of the entire people as soon as his own "meditations" had been completed and crystallised into a Plan. The publications of the Marg several years later make no secret of how he had thought and thought till the plan was formed. Once he came out into the open it was simple enough: Sarkar had become, hardly knowing it, the voice of the entire voiceless group; he had emerged as the image of faceless ones, the father of the entire crowd of "orphans", a sort of centre and focus of the collective unconscious of a whole class of people. At once a series of psychic events followed and the man, with some sort of clairvoyance perhaps, assumed the role of the Param Purusha.

The Marg journals provide enough material for any perceptive reader to see what followed in the years between 1955 to 1967. The name, the image and the myth of the Param Purusha grew to legendary proportions as the community expanded and people of a similar class and comparable psychic type gathered round Prabhat Ranjan increasingly. As the following grew, the methods of work adopted changed from the merely psychic miraculous type to the more "modern-cum-political" type, and soon the Ananda Marg, a religious order with an almost messianic political type of general social-economic world view came into being. Here it must be remembered that this was inevitable and what came into the world was no longer necessarily what Anandamurtiji had wished or consciously designed or intended: something had happened and not even the central person and the man responsible for the first initiative could now exercise any clear control on it. to be concluded



RIGHT WAY TO YOGA 2



Halasana : This gives the posture of a plough. Lie straight on the floor with the palm touching the ground, as shown in figure one. Join both legs, then lift them very slowly to form an acute angle over your head. Continue lowering legs, keeping knees straight and stiff, till your toes touch the floor behind your head, as shown in figure one. See that your chin is pressed against your chest. This exercise is to strengthen the spinal nerves and muscles of the back. Come back very carefully and very slowly to original position.

Bhujangasana : This is also called the pose of the cobra. This is specially good after a hard day's work, as it increases vitality. Lie face down, legs straight, palms under the chest on the floor, on level with the lower ribs. The forehead should touch the floor. The legs should be straight, stiff and together throughout. Raise head slowly upwards, the neck and trunk will follow gradually. Breathe easily. Do not move legs. Now keep arms straight, head thrown back, eyes looking at the ceiling, trunk raised as far as you can (figure two). You can raise only a few inches in the beginning, but your performance will gradually improve.

Hold this position to a count of 10, then slowly lower head and trunk and just relax.

Dhanurasana : This pose represents the bow. Lie on your stomach, face downwards. Relax. Keep arms straight at the sides. Gently fold the legs. Raise your hands backwards and catch hold of the ankles. Raise slowly head and chest, holding arms and forelegs stiff, as shown (figure three). It takes practice to bend the legs backwards without straining them. Remember to keep the legs together all the time. You can feel your stomach muscles contract when you do this exercise.

Ardha-matsyendrasana : Sit on the floor with knees bent. Bring right foot under your crotch, and left foot over your right knee. Turn your trunk to the left and stretch out your right arm to clutch your left toe. Your left hand goes behind your back as close to the midriff as possible. Turn your neck completely around the face, the back till it is in line with your left shoulder. Count up to 10, slowly come back step-by-step in reverse to original position. Now do the same with the other leg.

Text Ruksana Lal.

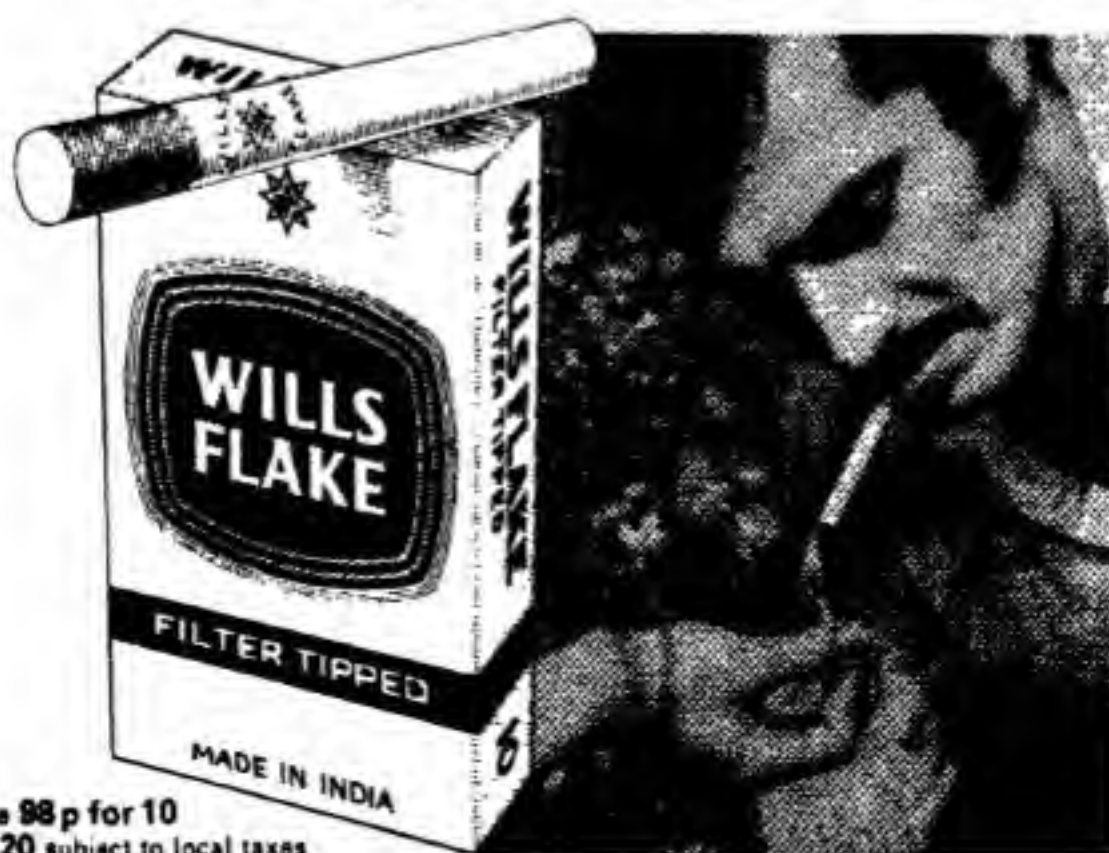
And now, the taste-giver is a best seller too!

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What's the reason for this spectacular success? Wills Flake is made from rich full-bodied Virginia tobaccos, carefully blended to give you a taste that satisfies. With a filter that delivers all of it.

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Maximum price 98 p for 10
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A quality product of
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Company Limited

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Where have all the diaphanous Bengal handlooms gone? The traditional centres still live — within a hundred mile radius of Calcutta — and the weavers still continue to wield their looms; but where is the yarn? Another dying art on our hands?

Not if we can help it, maintain one group of dedicated people under the seemingly innocuous banner "Refugee Handicrafts". They have been liaising with the Government in a big way to try and get a reasonable quota of yarn for these weavers, help them find markets for their saris, and most of all, when they are hard-pressed to continue their life-long culture of weaving, to advance them the funds to keep themselves and their traditions alive. The names of the centres are familiar household words — Santipur, Dhatrigram, Kanyanagar, Dhaniakhali, Rajbalghat and Begumpur; some of these names have become synonymous with the saris themselves. But the markets are no longer flooded with them, and those which are available command a price that is not considered "worth it" in the cotton range. Hence the efforts of the Refugee Handicrafts society



in our fashion



are to be commended, especially as the small profits obtained from saris sales are ploughed right back into the society to further the rejuvenation of weavers. Inside the retail store, as we survey the counters displaying a multihued variety of tangails folded in that peculiar baguette — fashion that sets them apart from other handlooms, our model, Rina Ghosh, spots some of the original creations and is soon busy flitting butterfly-like, in and out of sari after sari, picking a *tilki* here or a *ratanchur* there to match the mood of the saris. One moment it is a blue and green and magenta tangail with the colours spaced out flag — fashion and set off by an old gold border. A modest fifty-five rupees, its effect at even a conservative wedding could be stunning (mention may not be made of the South Indian pendant costing Rs. 400, also from the shop). In contrast is a pale olive green tangail blending into a mustard border and sprinkled all over with a myriad jamdani butis in mustard and white, which could be the talk of the cattiest cocktail party goer.

TEXT: Rita Bhimani.



PART VII

by GEORGES SIMENON

MAIGRET and Monsieur Charles



Gerard Sabin-Levesque, a Paris solicitor, was in the habit of vanishing for days together. But this time he had been away for over a month causing his anxious wife to call on Superintendent Maigret. In course of his investigations, Maigret calls on psychiatrist Amadieu, a friend of Gerard. Now read on....

'He vanished over a month ago....'

'Without telling anyone?'

'No one. He used to go away, but never for more than a week, and he would always keep in touch with his head clerk. This time, he hasn't....'

'I wonder what's happened to him?' Amadieu muttered to himself.

Then he added, puzzled:

'But how can I help you?'

'I'm looking for a man I've never met, whom I knew nothing about until yesterday; I'm trying to get some kind of picture of him.'

'I see.'

'I've just been to see your friend, Doctor Florian. He's the one who gave me your address. He says that Sabin-Levesque was actually a very reliable sort of person.'

'I agree with that.'

'Do you think the sort of life he's been leading all these years could have driven him to suicide?'

14 'It wouldn't be like him. Besides, his life had its consolations....'

'I know about that. I've met several

of his girlfriends....'

'I had dinner at the Boulevard Saint-Germain quite a few times soon after his marriage....'

'Just as a friend?'

'I think I can tell you the truth, despite professional etiquette.... Gerard asked me to come and observe his wife.... He wondered if she was quite sane.... I found her extremely intelligent; she seemed to see right through me from the very first.... She would look at me coolly, as though challenging me.... and she would deliberately drink like a fish....'

'She still does....'

'I know, but when I was present she drank twice as much. She would glance at me every time she poured herself another drink.'

'"It's a disease, isn't it, doctor?" she would say to me.... "I'm what you call an incurable alcoholic...."

'"Practically no disease is incurable," I would reply, "if the patient really wants to be cured...."

'"How can I want to be cured when I can't face life?.... I'm all alone in the world; my husband despises me and doesn't give a damn about me...."

'"I'm sure you're mistaken. I know Gerard. If he didn't love you, he wouldn't have married you...."

'"He thought he loved me once.... I never was in love with him but I thought I might be in time.... He's the most selfish and cynical human being I've ever met...."

Amadieu relit his pipe and blew a puff of smoke up towards the ceiling. The room in which they were sitting was a cross between a living room, a consulting room and a study, without quite being any of the three; books and magazines lay scattered everywhere.

'You can imagine what a spot I was in. Poor Gerard would just sit there and listen while all this went on, never saying a word.'

'The sixth or seventh time I went there, she came up to me in a big drawing-room and, before I could even say hello, she announced in a slurred voice:

'"Please don't bother taking off your coat, Monsieur Amadieu. We won't be having dinner. From now on, you're *persona non grata* in this house. I'll

choose my own psychiatrist when I need one...."

'And she turned her back on me and staggered off to her rooms.'

'The next day, my friend Gerard came here to apologize. He told me she was becoming more impossible every day and that he now just did his best to avoid her. Incidentally, he added that she was trying just as hard to avoid him....'

'Why didn't your friend ask for a divorce?'

'Because he was a Catholic and, in spite of the life he led, he was quite religious. Besides, those escapades of his would have been held against him in any divorce court....'

Maigret puffed on his pipe thoughtfully, gazing at the big red-headed man with the light blue eyes. He sighed and rose to his feet:

'In other words, you don't think she's mad?'

'Not at first sight. Mind you, I've only ever seen her when she was drunk. I'd have to study her case far more thoroughly before I could establish a diagnosis....I'm sorry I can't help you more....'

They shook hands and Amadiou watched the two men walk down the stairs; there was no lift in his house.

'The Brasserie Dauphine?'

'With pleasure, chief.'

'Pity we can't send her to Sainte-Anne to be looked after by a man like that....'

'There must be times when her husband finds it hellish to live with her, even though they don't see much of each other. Just to know she's there under the same roof and feeling as she does...I think I'd be frightened....'

Maigret looked at Lapointe, dead serious:

'Do you believe she'd be capable of....'

'I told you a while ago I felt sorry for her....I still do feel sorry for her, because she must be terribly unhappy, but even so she scares me....'

'Anyway, he's got to be somewhere, dead or alive....'

'More likely dead,' Lapointe sighed under his breath.

As soon as they reached the Brasserie Dauphine, Maigret went to the phone and rang up his wife.

'I know, you're not coming home for lunch,' Madame Maigret said before he could open his mouth. 'In fact, I was so sure you wouldn't that I only got a bit of ham and some salad for you.'

He would have liked another *pastis*, but he remembered his friend Pardon's advice and decided against it. Nor was he supposed to eat the *Tripes à la Mode de Caen* which were on the menu, but he did anyway, enjoying them thoroughly.

'I can't decide whether or not to ask for a search warrant. I'd have trouble getting one anyway, since there's no proof of any crime....'

'What would you be looking for?'

'A weapon....Did the solicitor own a gun?...Did his wife?....'

'Do you think she would be capable of killing him?'

'She'd be capable of anything. She could just as well have killed him with a poker or a bottle....'

'And what would she have done with the body?'

'I know. I don't see her waiting to murder him outside the *Cric-Crac* either. No shots were heard, so she would have had to knock him out first and then get rid of the body....'

'Perhaps she had an accomplice....'

'Or else we're just on the wrong track and our man was mugged. It happens every night....'

'If he was mugged, why should the killer go to the trouble of getting rid of the body?'

'I know....I know....I can't make it out...One moment I think I'm near the answer, and the next moment I feel I'm going round in circles....'

Maigret gave a strained laugh.

'The big joke would be if our solicitor reappeared suddenly, fit and smiling, and demanding to know what we were up to....'

'What do you think of Lecureur?'

'The head clerk? I don't like him much, though I couldn't say why. He's a cold fish; nothing ever troubles him and he's always too self-controlled....'

'You spoke about what would happen to the practice if Sabin-Levesque turned out to be dead....Lecureur's been working there for over twenty years...He can't help but feel a little as though the business belonged to him....'

'The widow would have to agree to keep him on and I don't think that's very likely....There certainly doesn't seem to be much love lost between the two....'

'Well, naturally they wouldn't kiss in front of us....'

Maigret stared at Lapointe.

'Do you really think that might be so?'

'Yes I do, ever since this morning....I may well be wrong but....'

'Isn't that explanation too facile? They're both intelligent people. Nathalie is as cunning as they come....You heard what the psychiatrist said....It reminded me of some phrase I read recently: "Frenzied and utterly amoral...."'

'You think that description fits her?'

'It does when she's drunk. And since she drinks from morning to night that makes her a dangerous woman....'

'Dangerous enough to murder her husband?'

'Who knows?....She's got quite a





temper....I'm going back there to see her, just to provoke her....'

'Perhaps she was frightened?'

'Of whom?'

'Of her husband....There must also have been times when he wished she was dead....He put up with her for fifteen years, I agree, but there can come a moment when a man just can't take any more....'

Maigret laughed uneasily.

'We must sound rather foolish, the two of us, constructing our fine theories around a subject we don't know the first thing about....'

He did not order a brandy with his coffee. He was sick of it and would be for a long time to come, having seen the solicitor's wife gulp it down like water.

FOUR

Maigret sat at his desk, with an apparently blank look in his eyes. He was watching the man who sat opposite him, who was wearing a smartly-cut chauffeur's uniform and twisting his cap round and round in obvious embarrassment.

As usual, Lapointe sat at one end of the desk with his shorthand pad. It was he who had gone to fetch the Sabin-Levesques' chauffeur at the Boulevard Saint-Germain, finding him in a room over the garages.

At first the chauffeur was too nervous to sit down and Maigret had to insist.

'Your name is Vittorio Petrini?'

'Yes, sir.'

He was so smart that Maigret expected him to salute when he replied.

'Where were you born?'

'In Patino, a small village south of Naples.'

'Are you married?'

'No, sir.'

'How long have you been in France?'

'Ten years, sir.'

'Have you been working for your present employer all that time?'

'No, sir. I worked for the Marquis d'Orceel for four years.'

'Why did you leave that job?'

'Because he died, sir.'

'Tell me about the work you do for Monsieur and Madame Sabin-Levesque.'

'I don't have much to do, sir. In the morning I go shopping for Mademoiselle Jalon....'

'Is that the cook?'

'Yes, sir. She has trouble getting around, as she's quite old. Then I used to clean the car, unless Monsieur needed me.'

'You're talking in the past tense....'

'Excuse me, sir?'

'You talk as though it were in the
16 past.'

'I haven't seen Monsieur for a long time.'

'Which car did he use?'

'Sometimes the Fiat, sometimes the Bentley, it all depended on which client he was going to see. Sometimes we drove as far as fifty, or even a hundred kilometres out of Paris. Many of Monsieur's clients are very old and don't come into town any more. Some of them live in beautiful chateaux....'

'Did your employer talk to you on those journeys?'

'Sometimes, sir. He's a very good employer, not at all stuck-up and nearly always in a good mood.'

'Did Madame ever go out in the mornings?'

'Practically never. Her maid, Claire, told me that she gets up very late. Sometimes even after lunch.'

'What about the afternoon?'

'Monsieur almost never needed me. He stayed in his office.'

'Didn't he drive himself?'

'Sometimes. But then he preferred to take the Fiat....'

'What about Madame?'

'She went out sometimes at about four or five o'clock. Without me or the car. It seems she would go to the cinema, usually to one of the local ones, and then she would take a taxi home.'

'Didn't you find it odd that she never asked you to take her there or to come and fetch her afterwards?'

'Yes, sir. But it's none of my business.'

'Does she ever go out in the car with you?'

'Yes, once or twice a week.'

'Where does she go?'

'Not far. To the Rue de Ponthieu. She goes to a little English pub and stays there quite a long time.'

'Do you know the name of the pub?'

'Yes, sir. It's called the Pickwick....'

'What state is she in when she comes out?'

The chauffeur hesitated, reluctant to answer the question.

'Is she drunk?' Maigret insisted.

'Sometimes I have to help her get into the car.'

'Does she go straight home?'

'Not always. Occasionally, she would ask me to take her to another bar, the one at the Hotel George V.'

'Was she alone when she came out of there too?'

'Yes, sir.'

'Was she able to get back into the car?'

'I helped her, sir.'

'What about the evening?'

'She never went out in the evenings.'

'Did your employer?'

'He went out, but he didn't use the cars. I think he preferred to go by taxi.'

'Did he go out every night?'

'Oh no. Sometimes he didn't go out for eight or ten days.'

What is the secret of success of Indo-German partnership?

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Over the past 25 years the peoples of India and the Federal Republic of Germany have worked closely together. With evident success.

INDO-GERMAN ECONOMIC RELATIONS AT A GLANCE :

Economic assistance to India (upto December 1971)

—Technical assistance (Grants)	Rs. 67.7 Crores
—Bilateral Capital Assistance (loans at concessional rates of interest and condition)	Rs. 1283.21 Crores
—Multilateral Assistance (loans through IDA)	Rs. 36.3 Crores (approx)

Total Volume of trade between
India and the Federal Republic
of Germany
(upto December 1971)
Rs. 218.6 Crores



The Federal Republic of Germany
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'And did he stay away for a few days sometimes without coming home?'

'Yes, sir.'

'Did you ever drive them anywhere together?'

'Never, sir. Except once, to a funeral. That was three or four years ago....'

He continued to play nervously with his cap, which had a leather peak. His blue uniform was impeccably cut and his shoes shone like mirrors.

'What do you think of your employer's wife?'

He gave a faint smile, obviously embarrassed.

'Do I have to tell you? It's not my business to discuss her....I'm only the chauffeur....'

'How did she behave towards you?'

'It varied. Sometimes she never said a word and she would purse her lips as if she were furious with me. At other times, she would call me her little Vito and chat the whole time....'

'What about?'

'It's hard to say. Maybe she'd say:

'"I wonder if I can bear this sort of life much longer...."

'Or else, when she wanted me to drive her home, she would say:

'"Back to the prison, Vito...."

'Is that what she called the flat in the Boulevard Saint-Germain?'

'Yes, when she'd been to a few bars.

'"You know, it's only because of this pig of a boss of yours that I drink the way I do. Any woman would do the same in my place...."

'That sort of thing, you know....I listened to her but I never said anything. I'm very fond of Monsieur....'

'What about her?'

'I prefer not to answer that.'

'Do you remember the 18th of February?'

'No, sir.'

'That was the day your employer left the house for the last time.'

'He must have gone out by himself because he didn't ask for the car.'

'What do you do in the evenings?'

'I read or else I watch television. I try to get rid of my accent but I never manage to....'

The telephone rang, interrupting the conversation. Maigret motioned to Lapointe to answer it.

'Yes....He's here....Just a moment....'

Lapointe turned to Maigret:

'It's the Police Commissioner for the XVth arrondissement....'

'Hello, Jadot....'

Maigret knew him and liked him very much.

'I'm sorry to disturb you, Superintendent....But I thought you'd be particularly interested in what I have to tell you....A Belgian bargeman called Jef

Van Roeten was testing the motor of his boat at the Quai de Grenelle when the wash brought a body floating up to the surface. It gave him quite a shock....'

'Did you identify the body?'

'His wallet was still in his trouser pocket....Gerard Sabin-Levesque. Does the name mean anything to you?'

'I'll say it does! Are you on the spot?'

'Not yet. I wanted to tell you first. Who is he?'

'A Boulevard Saint-Germain solicitor. He's been missing for over a month. I'll see you there....Thanks....'

Maigret put a second pipe in his pocket and turned to the chauffeur.

'I won't be needing you any more for the time being. You can go. Thank you for your co-operation....'

As soon as the chauffeur was gone, Maigret turned to Lapointe:

'He's dead all right.'

'Sabin-Levesque?'

'They've just fished the body out of the Seine at the Quai de Grenelle....Come with me....but tell the Criminal Identity Laboratory first....'

The little car threaded its way through a traffic jam and got to the Pont de Grenelle in record time. Below street level was the river wharf with its barrels and piles of timber and brick. Two or three barges were being unloaded.

A crowd of fifty people jostled around an inert shape in the centre. A policeman was doing his best to keep them back.

Jadot had already arrived.

'The deputy officer will be along soon....'

'Have you got the wallet?'

'Here it is....'

He handed the wallet to Maigret; it was limp, slimy and water-logged, not surprisingly. There were three five-hundred franc notes and a few hundreds in it, an identity card and a driving licence. The ink had almost completely faded, but certain words were still legible.

'Anything else?'

'Yes. A cheque-book....'

'In his name?'

'Yes.'

Maigret had been throwing a few covert glances at the sodden corpse lying stretched out on the ground. As always in such cases, he had to make a real effort of will to go any closer.

The corpse's belly was bloated, like a distended wineskin. There was a gaping hole in the chest, leaving horrid whitish viscera exposed. The face had lost almost all human resemblance.

'Lapointe, go and ring up Lecureur. Tell him to come immediately....'

He could not inflict such a sight on Nathalie.

'Where's the bargeman?'

Someone answered with a thick Flemish accent:

'I'm right here, Monsieur....'

'How long ago did you moor your boat on this spot?'

'Almost two weeks. I only meant to stay for two days to unload my bricks, but my motor broke down. Some mechanics came to repair it and it was a long job. They only finished this morning....'

His flaxen-haired wife stood by his side, holding a blond baby in her arms; she did not seem to understand French and was looking anxiously at the two men while they spoke.

'At about three o'clock, I decided to try out the motor because I want to return to Belgium tomorrow morning when I've picked up a cargo of wine at Bercy.... Something seemed to be obstructing the motor... then, when it started up, the body suddenly shot up to the surface.... It must have got caught in the anchor or in the propeller, which explains why it's all cut open like that.... Not my lucky day, sir....'

Oron, the deputy officer, couldn't have been more than thirty years old. He was very smartly-dressed and distinguished-looking.

'Who is it?' he asked, after shaking hands with Maigret.

'Someone who disappeared over a month ago. Sabin-Levesque, a Boulevard Saint-Germain solicitor....'

'Had he swindled his clients?'

'It would seem not.'

'Did he have any reason for wanting to kill himself?'

'I don't think so. The last person to see him alive was a nightclub hostess....'

'Murder then?'

'Very likely.'

'Committed right here?'

'I don't think he'd have let anyone bring him to the banks of the Seine alive. He was no fool.... Hello, Grenier.... I've some dirty work for you to do....'

'I've seen it....'

Doctor Grenier belonged to the new breed of forensic experts.

'I can't do anything here. Not much use in my giving a coroner's verdict of death, since it's fairly obvious....'

The Forensic Institute had sent a special van to collect the body, but it had to wait until the Criminal Identity photographers had done their work. Lecureur soon arrived and walked down the stone steps which led to the wharf.

Maigret pointed to the shapeless heap, which gave off a nauseating smell.

'Will you confirm that it really is him...?'

to be continued

IF YOU PUT the hand below into a pairs contest you wouldn't find many plus scores on the North-South side. In a tournament at Geneva the Swiss internationals, Trad and Catzellis, accomplished a brilliant double in reaching the best contract and making it.

Dealer, South. Game all.

♠ A K Q 10 3
♥ A K Q J 6 4
♦ Q J
♣ -

♠ 7 5 2
♥ 8 7 5 2
♦ K 10 8 6 4 2
♣ -

♠ J 9 6 4
♥ 10 9 3
♦ -
♣ A 9 8 6 5 3

♠ 8
♥ -
♦ A 9 7 5 3
♣ K Q J 10 7 4 2

North-South were playing a natural system and the bidding went:

SOUTH	NORTH
1♠	2♥
3♣	3♠
4♣	5♥
6NT	No

South's 6NT (in preference to a pass or Six Clubs) seems a doubtful manoeuvre, but this was the only slam that could be made against best defence.

West led a diamond and dummy's Jack held. The declarer took two rounds of spades, then six rounds of hearts, arriving at this position:

♠ Q 10 3
♥ -
♦ Q
♣ -

♠ 7
♥ -
♦ K 10 8
♣ -

♠ -
♥ -
♦ A
♣ K Q J

♠ J 9
♥ -
♦ -
♣ A 9

Trad had come to the conclusion by this time that East held a spade guard and the Ace of clubs. He came to hand with ♠ A and exited with a club, leaving East on play.

The extra diamond trick given by the opening lead made no difference. On a heart lead, for example, declarer can achieve the same end-play, keeping an extra club in hand.

Did I say that 6NT could not be beaten by best defence? Not quite true; try leading the King of diamonds!



THE SCHLESWIG-HOLSTEIN problem, which had seemed to defy reasonable solution during the nineteenth century, was neatly solved in 1920 by a plebiscite and partition. While the plebiscite was being organised by an international commission, Schleswig was provided with a series of 14 Danish-printed stamps showing the emblem of Jutland, two lions passant, but values in German currency. Larger stamps in the same series showed a view of the Jutland coast.

In the event, the region north of Flensburg Fjord voted to revert to Danish rule and the remainder of the two provinces was retained by Germany. The 'Plebiscit Sleavig' stamps, once frequently found in cheap packets, are becoming scarcer, especially in fine used condition on original envelopes.



'They've used only 20% of what I have.'

There's still 80% in me.'

When it's easy to fix an appointment with busy stars like Jaya Bhaduri, Amitabh Bachchan and Shatrughan Sinha, one would have thought that to meet a relatively less active artiste like Simi would have been much easier. But no. Every time I telephoned it was "Simi's out for dinner" or "Simi's shooting" or even if she was at home, her mother chose to speak for her. When Simi finally came on the line, it was to give me an appointment to ring her up two days later to fix up the actual interview! (If it sounds complicated to you, imagine my predicament!) Before the final time was given, Simi said: "You mean you'll need a WHOLE hour?"

To top it all, I turned up at her place on the dot, only to hear her servant say: "Simi's not at home!" But Simi was in, and attributed her servant's odd behaviour to the constant nuisance the neighbouring college girls make of themselves, by going to her house.

Though a good artiste, Simi has been seen on the screen only in spurts — a 'Do Badan' here and a 'Saathi' there (both of which won her coveted awards as the best supporting actress). When she received high acclaim as a full-fledged actress in Raj Kapoor's 'Mera Naam Joker', one thought Simi would now be regarded as real box-office timber and would be able to shed the "supporting" image. But things didn't quite work out that way. There was 'Seema' where the whole story revolved round her, but there was an awful 'Anokhee Pehchan', too, where she played second fiddle to a newcomer like Raakhee, followed by another leading role in 'Pasand Apni Apni'. All three films didn't click at the box-office.

"As an actress, I've done everything in my capacity to give full justice to my roles. I live my characters. But it has its repercussions. Take 'Seema' for example. It was a great strain, because I never resort to glycerine tears. Crying twenty times a day can be truly trying! Believe it or not, it took me a whole year to outlive the 'Seema' character! When the film didn't do well, I realised how foolish I had been. Though I decided never again to take my roles that seriously, I still indulge in it off and on.

"I didn't like 'Anokhee Pehchan' from the start. We people sometimes have to work in films we don't quite like — maybe for the money.

"And 'Pasand Apni Apni'. I'm surprised the film was even completed and released". Made by a couple of inexperienced film-makers, the unit landed in England,

only to find that their promised financier had fled!

Over the years, Simi has learnt to do her own make-up (she even runs her own beauty column in a weekly). To Simi, a good actress is one who won't let anything come in the way of her executing her role to the fullest extent possible — least of all, unwarranted inhibition. "But our actresses had better continue being inhibited. They don't have anything good to reveal under their clothes.

Of course that puts Simi at a real advantage. Tall and poised, sophisticated to her finger tips, Simi has the natural grace of a model and a figure to match.

Simi has worked under top directors. "I can't compare Rooks, Ray, Raj Kapoor and Hrishikesh Mukherjee. It's like trying to compare four different professions. But I think Hrishida would be better off if he concentrated on one venture at a time. I think he'll be happier, too".

In spite of having worked with directors of such high calibre, Simi feels "There's still 80% in me. They've been able to use only 20% of what I have. Early in life I expressed my emotions through poetry. Later, I found that writing was not sufficient. I needed a stronger outlet — acting. If I hadn't become an actress, I'd probably have been a vegetable!

Raj Kapoor rates high on her list of men she admires. "He's such a thorough gentleman. You've got to know him well to understand him, to know what he really is". Among the new crop of stars, she feels only Rajesh Khanna can claim a portion of her admiration — "He's a real gentleman". Raaj Kumar, Dharmendra and Shatru she dismissed with a shrug of her shoulders. "Amitabh Bachchan, I liked him on the screen. In real life he gets under my skin.

Simi, for the first time, will be seen with Amitabh (along with Rajesh Khanna and Rekha) in Hrishikesh Mukherjee's 'Namak Haram'. Her other assignments (5-6 films on hand) include an exciting FFC-financed film in which she plays the main character.

Simi's main pastimes are riding and swimming. "I love animals", she declared, as her three poodles woofed into the room (one of them is blind).

"If I had three wishes, I'd wish for the happiness of my family. My close friends. And a nice happy future for myself.

Regarding your nice, happy future, don't you ever think of marriage? "Think of marriage? I'm all set to get married. You just get me a super guy."

N. BHARATHI.



An actress who sent her little nephew to the movie was surprised to see him return quickly. She recounted with excitement: 'You know, he said he sold his Rs. 2.10 p. ticket for Rs. 1.75 p. For the first time, I have seen the "black" price of a cinema ticket deprecated and resold at a loss!' She was greeted, of course, with cheers to that one.

Raakhee is going to be a namma by New Year. She has started taking on the interest of a young, excited, mother-to-be. Papa Gulzar, loading her with books on babies, before - and - after plans, is as happy. Raakhee warned him the baby might look like Khatija her constant companion, because she keeps looking at Khatija instead of him and he is always leaving home early for work. Superstition says a baby resembles the person the mother most looks at.

Look who was talking! Shatrughan Sinha was shoving the poor director around, refusing to let the villain of the movie hit him in a fight-scene. "The villain should not touch my body — I won't have it. Let him point a pistol at me, I won't mind". The shot had to be abandoned as well as the shooting cancelled (not to mention the loss to the producer) and the mighty-villain-just-turned-hero-and-not-quite-made-it coolly drove off, ego untouched.

Another pain-in-the-neck star is the Temperamental Tanuja. She misses her schedules more than four times a month and, to every producer, excuses herself saying "I have Saridon trouble". Then the producer goes to her room with concern to find out if she is any better, she'd be sitting cross-legged amidst guffaws and bawdy jokes, cigarettes, etc., playing cards with friends. "It's just that Tanu is careless, she is such a wonderful artiste she could have reached the top long ago — she's



neglected her career and taken life too easy", said one of her producers. Tch, tch Tanu!

Rajesh and Dimple left for their honeymoon on a far-from-honey mood. No one was told, no flash-publicity, there were just four close friends to see them off. The trouble started in Kashmir. Dimple was in Chintu's room when he trunk-called!

Poona's Blue Diamond Hotel housed quite a few filmi customers. Most prominent pair, of course: Jaya Bhaduri and Amitabh Bachhan. She was shooting, and he? Seems he was mostly doing chauffeur duty, taking her to her sets in the morning, meeting her at lunch and bringing her back to the hotel after pack-up.

Lambu driver may have found company with swinging Simi, who was also there with Mamma and maid; anticipating male company she had brought along her two-piece bathing suit. Off-work hours found her in the pool with who 'to

you think? Kiran Kumar, yanking and shoving her legs in mischievous teenage-boy fun. But Simi always likes to act younger than her age — Kiran is such a baccha compared to her, their water-sport could only be likened to didi-chhotu relationship.

Nude-wave creator B. R. Ishara was also in Poona, hammering away at his latest quickie that's all he ever produces with new stars Parveen Babi and cricketer Salim Durrani. Sweaty, smelly Baburam — that's his name — barefoot and impatient was, as usual, rushing his technicians. Just one-day old on the sets, new girl Parveen (didn't even know her name, had to find out) sat with Salim making pouty, petty small-talk. She has a lot to learn about the ways of the trade for she was complaining loudly to Salim: "That lighting man of Ishara's, he's so slow, he's taking more than an hour!" She doesn't know that greater stars hatch hours in make-up rooms waiting for lighting changes.

Khaas baat

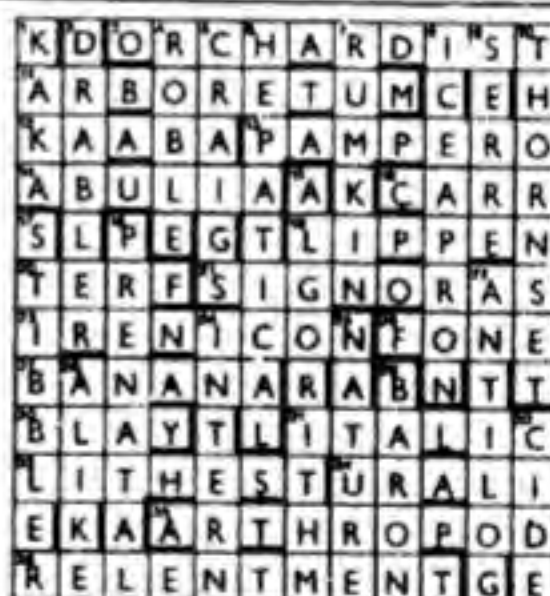
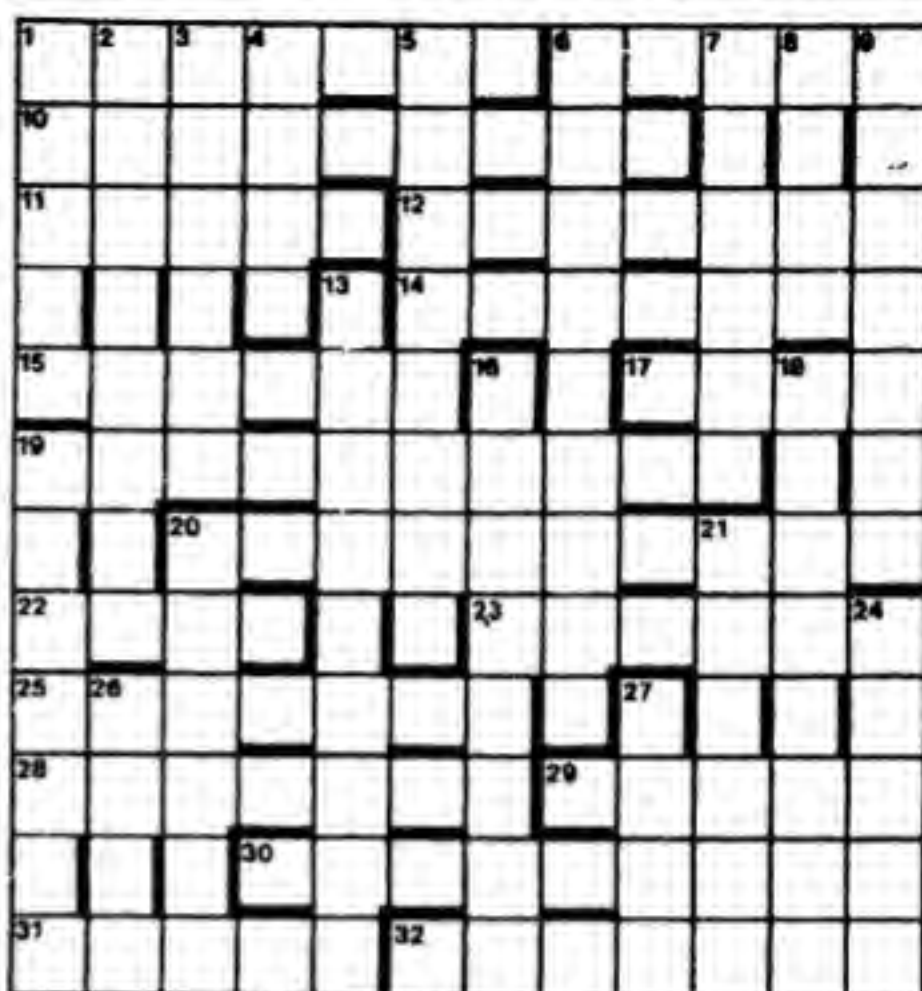
AZED CROSSWORD

No. 17: PLAIN ACROSS

- 1 Ne'er-do-well, a worthless flirt (7)
 6 Fish in river, recurrent urge (5)
 10 Bearded, run amok, or seized by inquisitor? (9)
 11 Pour out Jock's shin-bone soup (5)
 12 Homer studies returned, an ordeal (7)
 14 Weave: how filigree ends (7)
 15 Accepting nothing until redressed, seek it? (6)
 17 Military division in confusion without oil (4)
 19 Sid, Roy and Ben, perhaps, if feminine's involved (10, two words)
 20 Animal leap wildly and twitch? Not if it is (10)
 22 Race, getting pulled back by weight (4)
 23 Sang in Aida, part only - sore throat (6)
 25 Wolves, bashful love group? The reverse (7)
 28 Storing caparison (7)
 29 Very old serf needs new teeth (5)
 30 Old reptile, a cunning one, holding girl back (9)
 31 Turning, pay out end of rope and pass it through (5)
 32 Snow's first breaking ball, yielding quick single? (7)

DOWN

- 1 Pain: gives smack for all to see (5)
 2 Stiffen? Ask only for treatment with bit of embrocation (8)
 3 Like snow, one foot deep in what it isn't (6)
 4 Old made virile? Damn peculiar (4)
 5 Unitarian smashes icons, a Scot (8)
 6 Forward, holding spike on pole, fitted (9)
 7 An evil spirit, perhaps that which follows us (6)
 8 'The Scotsman's' provided information about its leader (4)
 9 Disease: without one medicine's out of place (7)
 13 Left a hat that can be carried (9)
 16 Ancient Greek sea's engulfing ship's prow (8)
 18 Une pomme pour la princesse? (8)
 19 Bandana, one frowned on in polite company? (7)
 20 It might upset a 'U' syce (6)
 21 Cat: name for a woman that gets 'er cross? (6)
 24 Put up with a rude fellow (5)
 26 Jock's nap, a nap twice cut short at start (4)
 27 What this bird must beware of in Paris (4)



AZED No. 16

Solution and notes ACROSS

12, Ka-aba, 14, Abul(l'm)ia & lit., 16, Carr(y), 21, Sarong is (rev.); 23, Peace emblem, 30, s.v. blue, 34, Ur-Ali

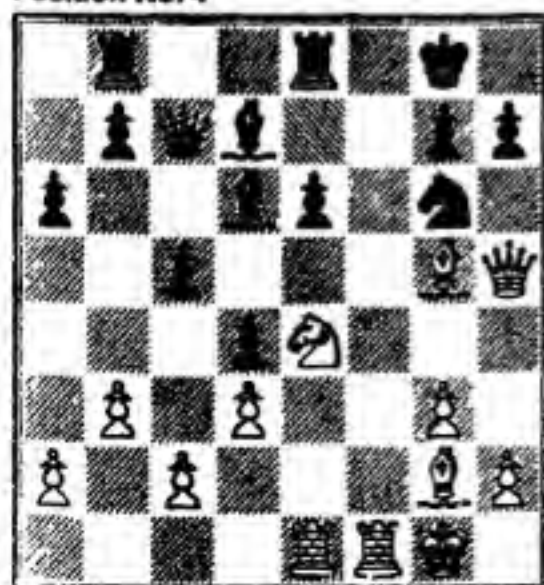
DOWN

4, (P)roble(m); 5, cr A.I.Ga; 6, Anag, 7, Rum-kin & lit.; 8, i.e. Por(s)ena anag. (1); 10, see horn (vb); 17, Blé in r. bits (rev.) & lit.; 24, 2 meanings, 25, W. S. Landor, 'N I loved', 32, Hidden in rev

CHESS

by HARRY GOLOBEK

Position No. 4



White to play - how should the game go?

Continuation of Position No. 2

This arose in a game Djindjichashvili-Tukmakov, Leningrad 1971: - 4 k3; p p 2 p 2, 4 k1 p 1; 2 k1 r p 1 p 1; 5 r 2; p 1 p 5; 1 p 2 q 3; 1 k 5 Q.

White won by 1. Q-R8 ch, Kt-B1; 2. R-Q8 ch, KxR; 3. QxKt ch, K-B2;

4. QxP ch, K-B3; 5. QxP, resigns.

White wins the Queen after 5. . . . KxKt; 6. P-Kt4 ch, K-B5; 7. Q-R8 ch.

Old weaknesses and new follies

For hundreds of years now writers of

elementary textbooks on chess have indicated to beginners that the weakest point on the board is KB2, either Black or White. Hence the popularity in the old days of such dashing gambits as the King's Gambit or the Vienna. With both these White hastens to open up the KB-file in order to concentrate his attack on Black's KB2.

These gambits have practically gone the way of the snows of yesteryear and yet the fundamental truth of the weakness of KB2 remains valid. The point is that it is one of the nearest squares to the King whether castled or not and that, initially at any rate, it is defended by one piece only, to wit the King himself.

So the old openings have passed away and have been replaced by such modernities as the flank openings, the English, Reti, King's Indian and the like. Especially pertaining to this day and age is what one might call the King's Indian Opening by which White adopts the scheme of the King's Indian Defence. With it in fact players like Petrosian have achieved considerable successes. But it demands great accuracy and savoir-faire.

Curiously enough, it is as much concerned with the opening of the KB file as was the King's Gambit and here, from last year's Wijk aan Zee Grandmaster Tournament, is an example of its dangers that demonstrates yet once again the initial weakness of the KB2 square.

White: Timman. Black: Pomar.

Caro Kann Defence.

1. P-K4, P-QB3; 2. P-Q3, P-Q4; 3. Kt-Q2, P-K4; 4. Kt-B3, B-Q3; 5. P-KKt3, starting off as a King's Pawn the opening has really transposed into a

King's Indian Opening.

5. . . . Kt-K2; 6. B-Kt2, O-O; 7. O-O, Kt-Q2; 8. R-K1, P-KB4; 9. PxBP. A strategic error; with his Rook now on K1 White has a weakness on KB2, always a sensitive point. Hence he should refrain from opening up the KB file for Black and instead should play P x QP.

9. . . . Kt x P; 10. P-Kt3, Q-B3; 11. B-Kt2, Kt-R3; 12. P-B4, Kt-B2; 13. P x P, P x P; 14. Q-K2, Kt-Kt3; 15. P-QR4, B-KKt5; 16. P-R3, B-R4; 17. QR-B1, QR-K1; 18. P-R5, Kt-Q2; 19. B-B3, Kt-B4; 20. P-QKt4, Kt-R5; 21. B-QR1, B x P; 22. P-Kt4. A weakening of the King-side, but Black was threatening to win a piece by KB x Kt.

22. . . . B-Kt3; 23. P-Q4, P-K5; 24. Q-Kt5, B x Kt; 25. Kt x B, Q x P ch; a pretty little combination that underlines the weaknesses of White's KB2.

26. K x B, Kt-Q3 ch; 27. K-Kt3, Kt x Q; 28. Kt-B1, R-B1; 29. Kt-K3, Kt(R5)-B6; 30. B-B1, R x B; White resigns, since to either Kt or R x R Black replies Kt-K7 ch.

A loose and shameful Knight

From the International tournament at Palma de Mallorca, 1971.

White: Tatal. Black: Reshevsky.

QP Benoni Defence Deferred.

1. P-Q4, Kt-KB3; 2. P-QB4, P-B4; 3. P-Q5, P-K3; 4. Kt-QB3, P x P; 5. P x P, P-Q3; 6. Kt-B3, P-KKt3; 7. P-KKt3, B-Kt2; 8. B-Kt2, O-O; 9. O-O, R-K1; 10. Kt-Q2, QKt-Q2; 11. P-KR3, P-QR3; 12. P-QR4, R-Kt1; 13. Kt-B4, Kt-K4; 14. Kt-R3, Q-B2; 15. P-B4, Kt(K4)-Q2; 16. B-Q2, P-B5; 17. R-B1, P-QKt4; 18. P x P, P x P; 19. P-QKt4, Q-R2 ch; White resigns.



If you've got the taste

Mohmeaks

got the drink



Week beginning July 15, 1973.



ARIES (March 21 — April 20)

You are now on the brink of favourable tides and you will experience success in most of your undertakings. The first half of the week may open the gates of your fortune in office. Excursions and entertainments are likely. If you are single and in love, the elders may turn in your favour. Those who have talent in expressive arts may find the month eventful and momentous. Avoid travelling.



TAURUS (April 21 — May 20)

New investments and fresh contracts may flourish. Men in service may not find congenial atmosphere at work. Some businessmen are likely to be blessed with unexpected gains in business. Artists, receptionists and advertising executives are under favourable stars. There is a likelihood of pleasure trips to places of historical importance with your friends. Be cautious in dealing with the opposite sex.



GEMINI (May 21 — June 20)

This is a week when you need to supervise your colleagues and associates with care. If you are in Government service deserving promotions may be delayed. Business executives! You will come out successful in most of your undertakings. If you are single, interesting love ties are developing unknown to you. Even if you are married you will become romantically involved.



CANCER (June 21 — July 21)

This week may bring some troublesome events in your family affairs. If you are in politics you are going to face public disfavour. Businessmen and industrialists! you will find yourself in anxious state of mind. If you are in service take extra care in discharging your duties. Delay and disappointment could hardly be ruled out. The health of your children may cause mild concern.



LEO (July 22 — Aug. 21)

You are going to be on top of your form this week. Financially this will be an exceptionally lucky period. Business trips may fulfil your aims and aspirations. If you are in service be watchful and guard your position. Business executives! some sudden lucky development will take place in your office. Persons in joint family will experience good change in relations with family members.



VIRGO (Aug. 22 — Sept. 22)

Fatigue due to pressure of work could be an important factor this week. Prospects for finance are sound. Persons in Government service may have sudden uplift. Monday and Friday may cause some obstacles on professional sphere. If you are in any research and development work success will come to you very easily on Tuesday. Health of your spouse and children may cause anxiety.



LIBRA (Sept. 23 — Oct. 22)

A generally lucky and good week. The tide of fortune will be flowing strongly in your favour. Associates and colleagues will be pleasingly co-operative and this is a time when to push ahead. However, it is wise to take extra care in money dealings and in enterprises. Professionals and businessmen will keep around average levels. If you are in service, some favourable changes are likely.



SCORPIO (Oct. 23 — Nov. 22)

This is probably the best week of the month for all financial activities. There are better chances for speculation. If you are in service you will be benefitted much. Social workers will be able to rise to new heights. If you are suffering from chronic diseases considerable relief may be expected. If you are unmarried develop an optimistic outlook in dealing with the opposite sex — you will succeed.



SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 23 — Dec. 20)

Regarding domestic matters, this is outright an unfavourable week. If you are in service, you will prosper well this week. There may be ample opportunities to improve your status and income. If you are in business, unforeseen obstacles in the smooth flow of activities. Industrialists! notable gains and advancement can hardly be made. If you are single — romance in any form should be avoided.



CAPRICORN (Dec. 21 — Jan. 19)

From the very beginning of the week you may have your own grievances and thwarted ambitions. The week is not favourable for persons in service. Businessmen! there is a likelihood of conflicts with income tax authorities. Avoid joking at the expense of others — you are likely to be equally criticised and outwitted by others. Men in politics may be victims of false charges or secret enmity.



AQUARIUS (Jan. 20 — Feb. 18)

In different ways your fortune will take upward turn. There will be less expense and your income will improve. Industrialists! newly started industry may not have desired developments. Businessmen! somehow you will be able to manage with the present trend and achieve your object. Health of your spouse may cause worry. There is a possibility of injuries through sharp instruments.



PISCES (Feb. 19 — March 20)

Unfavourable influences of planets are over now. This week will bring about a greater understanding with your partners. Avoid conflict with seniors. Industrialists! troubles with workers and from governmental authorities indicated. There are good signs for those who are in service. An encouraging letter may be expected. For unmarried persons this week is favourable for love affairs.

This magazine is distributed
FREE with sunday's
Hindusthan Standard

SOME OF OUR WOMEN

How have women fared in India, and specifically in Bengal, in the last fifty years? To find an answer to this query, Sashti Brata went along to see five women, everyone of whom had distinguished themselves in their own fields. Ranging from Srimati Thakur, who started her career as a dancer in the early 20s, to 22-year old Rupa Mukherjee, the table tennis star.

Next Sunday.

sunday

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COLOUR MAGAZINE
15 JULY 1973

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'Param Purusha'.



Acharya Dasrath :
one of the early



RETTAPARA

JAIK... LIBRARY

Prabhat Ranjan Sarkar was born at Jamalpur on April 1, 1923, the eldest son of late Mr. Lakshmi Narayan Sarkar, also an accounts clerk in the railway workshop. The father had gained popularity in the town by running a free homoeopathic dispensary and in a way the Sarkar family was already becoming the focus of the collective unconscious of the poor and distressed people around. As a Marg publication on the Baba puts it, "the entire population of Jamalpur took a keen and intimate interest in his (Lakshmi Narayan's) family and its progress. A son for him was almost everybody's wish." The image and the hope were further reinforced by astrologers who read the stars of the new-born son. They were themselves baffled by the inherent contradictions of their own readings, for the horoscope showed that the boy would bring tremendous fame to the family and yet he would have nothing to do with the

family; that he had the qualities of a king and yet he would be a Sadhu.

Acharya Jagadishvarananda Avadhuta, who calls himself the "Marg P.R.O. for the whole world", keeps repeating that it is the command of the Baba to spread only his ideology and never talk about his miracles. The Avadhutas consistently refuse to talk about the miraculous powers of Anandamurtiji and yet their own book on the Baba is packed with stories of miracles and psychic spells cast on his "sons and daughters". The automatic learning of long Shiva mantras when he was a little boy of four; his awe-inspiring account of his room packed with known and unknown organisms; the weird tale of being carried by a raging storm to the banks of the Ganga, miles away from where he lived, to be confronted by Lord Shiva; a hunter's story of how he had seen a tiger carrying the little boy Prabhat Ranjan to a



Prayer-room in the camp headquarters at Patli



ANANDA MARG END OF THE BLISS

hill-top — all these and more were the stuff on which the legend grew. Even as a boy he is said to have wandered alone among the rugged hills which flank the shabby town. For hours he would sit and brood on a tiger's grave set amidst the wilderness of a sprawling maidan at the foothills. On a visit to Bamunpara, his native village in Burdwan district, Prabhat Ranjan would spend hours lying quietly in his bed and on being questioned he would ask not to be disturbed "as he was seeing the past history of the Universe". Undoubtedly a precocious child, by the time he joined the Jamalpur Railway High School he is said to have become a "moving dictionary" with an uncanny knack for picking up different languages. His interest in Tantra perhaps arose from his stay in Calcutta with his maternal uncle who was said to be a highly evolved Tantrika.

His father died while he was still at school and in some years the pressures

of family burden grew so heavy that Prabhat Ranjan was obliged to break off his college education in Calcutta and return to Jamalpur to work as an accounts clerk in the Railway Workshop. It must have been hard to go back to the miserable confines of the lower middle-class Hindu family, to the dreary routine of life amidst the gray sameness of the colony's tenements, rows upon rows of them built back to back where thousands of faceless people lived in misery. He renewed his wanderings among the hills and spent hours amidst the wilderness of the Valley of Death, his mind all the time working on a "big project". Stories about his miraculous powers and clairvoyance had already gone around, but then a remarkable episode established him as a sooth-sayer.

The story goes that the Chief of the Workshop, an Englishman, one day went to Mr. Sarkar and asked if he could tell him anything about his wife who was



severely ill in England. The doctors had not been able to diagnose the exact ailment but were of the opinion that the only way to relieve the lady of her acute pain was to remove a kidney. Mr. Sarkar closed his eyes for a moment and then reassured the distressed husband that there was nothing to worry about, that only a minor operation would be necessary. Some months later the lady arrived at Jamalpur in the best of health. The grateful Englishman invited Sarkar to his house for tea. The moment his wife saw Prabhat Ranjan Sarkar she was overwhelmed, and tears streaming down her cheeks, she told her husband that it was this very Indian doctor who had argued with the British doctors and finally dissuaded them from removing her kidney. This stunned the Workshop Chief who knew that Sarkar had not gone out of Jamalpur even for a day.

Soon Prabhat Ranjan Sarkar was all

set on his "spiritual" adventure. The times and the milieu in which he lived were just right for the "project" he had in mind. It was a time of political disillusion, rooted in the breakdown of faith in democracy, socialism, and the general secular order borrowed from the West. Corruption and rot had entered so deep into the body politic by the mid-Fifties, specially in Bihar, and the frustration in the middle-class wage-earners in the small towns was so deep that anyone who promised to deliver them from the morass was sure to be met more than half-way. In the early Fifties Mr. Sarkar started picking and choosing a few persons from those around him for teaching them Sadhana. He began telling people that the re-establishment of morality and the remaking of Man were his first concern.

For small men, each caught up in his own little struggle for survival, Prabhat

UTTARPARA
JAIKRISHNA PUBLIC LIBRARY.



Ranjan's erudition and width of knowledge were almost staggering. "I was myself a graduate but I could never believe anybody could be so wise and learned," said Acharya Dasrath Singh, a school teacher at Jamalpur who came into contact with Sarkar in the early days of the Marg and soon got himself initiated. His sunken eyes closed in humility as he said, "I felt I knew nothing."

Has he had any experience of Anandamurti's spiritual powers? After a pause he says, "Once I committed a mistake and I was thinking of asking Baba to give me the punishment. Every evening Baba used to walk with a group of four followers to the tiger's grave where he sat till late in the night talking to them. Often I joined him and that evening I thought I would confess to him. But before I could say anything, Baba said, 'Dasrath, if anybody realises his own mistake that is his punishment.' I was

'Valley of Death' amid the rugged hills at Jamalpur.



taken aback. Yes, he knows everything." Again his eyes close in reverence.

Sitting outside No. 338, I talked to Mr. M. N. Roychoudhary, a colleague of Sarkar from his clerical days. Though a non-Margi, Mr. Roychoudhary too had come under the spell of Sarkar's "ocean-like knowledge". He has had no personal experience of Sarkar's spiritual prowess, but says he was bewildered by his "fantastic memory" and ability to speak different languages. When taken on a stretcher to the Special Magistrate's court on September 18, 1972, to give his testimony, Sarkar claimed he knew 200 languages and could make his statement in any one of them, but he preferred to do it in "Cambridge English". Exempted from appearing in the court regularly on grounds of health, the only other time he was taken to the court was in June 1972 for his identification by Madhavananda Avadhuta, who has turned Government approver.

It was amazing, says Mr. Roychoudhary, how Sarkar could give the smallest details of canals and rivers in places he had never visited himself. He cannot imagine that a man as kind and with such deep human qualities could ever indulge in cruelty.

For the first time, on November 7, 1954, a small group of people — "all treading the same path" as Sarkar told them — gathered in Quarter No. 338 of the Rampur Railway Colony. By the time they gathered next, a few days later, they had all come under the spell of the "Preceptor". A conscious display of hypnotic powers brought them down to his feet. Soon afterwards he revealed to the "initiated ones" his plans of entrusting them with the task of "carrying the rest of the world with them on the path of bliss". The seed had been laid.

On January 9, 1955, the Ananda Marg was born, with nine followers. In Quarter No. 339 the first Dharma Maha Chakra was held, followed by a "Milita Bhoj" when "Baba personally came out to see if every one had taken his food". The Father had arrived. He himself never became a Sanyasin. "Elevated souls don't have to be Sanyasins," say his followers. "He was never initiated by anybody." The whole complex design of miracles and mystic events around the central figure, reminiscent of a setting like the Arunachalam made holy by the life and teachings of Ramana Maharshi had started coming into full play.

But what really was the Ananda Marg's philosophy and what was it out to achieve?

A close look at the ideals and tenets laid down in the writings of Sarkar as 7





of notions picked up from nearly every religious tradition of India, from the ancients down to the moderns, worked into a general pattern of humanistic ideology. The analysis of the process of social evolution offered by the Marg smacks of a half-baked variety of Marxist interpretation of history, too. Out of this emerges Sarkar's ideal of the Sadvipra, the authentic man of vision, whose sovereign rule over the world he has been sent to inaugurate. All through the detailed account of these ideals, one can sense a strong undercurrent of belief in the imminent approach of a millenium, the vision of a descent of heaven on earth which the Marg is about to help fulfil. There is an ever-present distinction here between the real thing and the pseudo one, the implicit suggestion that here in the Man and his Marg lies the authentic Person and the true Movement which is destined to lead the people out of the present-day darkness and misery. There is too a continuing emphasis on the themes of "Class" and "Caste", which shows again and again how the Marg tries to build an eclectic ideology out of notions and theories derived or drawn from thought-worlds that are completely discordant and irreconcilable by their very nature.

In trying to make this near-impossible marriage of ideals, the entire framework begins to bristle with contradictions and difficulties for which there could not be any real defence. All along, the Theoretician indulges in a strange and exasperating combination of faith and reason, leading finally to the need for what is described as a spiritual revolution, a complete reordering of the socio-economic structure to be undertaken by a powerful group of spiritual seekers, sadhakas, who would think and act completely disinterestedly and thus transform the entire social order.

The way that this impossible union of political and religious ideals is attempted is best and most clearly seen in the Marg's central theory of Progressive Utilisation, what is popularly and for the purposes of propaganda known as PROUT. This basic tenet has five fundamental principles in turn, which are clearly a cross between the socialist and totalitarian approaches to the government of society. While individuals are forbidden to accumulate wealth without the express permission of the "collective body", the very next tenet lays down that "there should be maximum utilisation and rational distribution of all mundane, supramundane and spiritual potentialities of the universe". The third commandment is still more an instance of confusion worse confounded in its phrasing and must be sampled directly :



Acharya Jagadishvarananda Avadhuta stresses a point

"There should be maximum utilisation of all physical, metaphysical and spiritual potentialities of unit and collective body of human society."

As one reads the next canon of PROUT, one has an immediate sense of what linguists and semanticists mean when they talk about the terribly inadequate medium that language can be, defeating its own central purpose of communication :

"There should be a proper adjustment amongst these physical, metaphysical, mundane, supramundane, and spiritual utilisations."

By the time one reaches the fifth and last tenet of PROUT, one really overreaches the boundaries of meaning, being left with the vaguest sense of what it is all about :

"The method of utilisation should vary in accordance with the changes of time, space, person and the utilisation should be of progressive nature."

With that kind of thing before one, one cannot help feeling, even with the best will in the world, that the entire ideology is an exercise in the art of prevarication, and a poor exercise at that ! No wonder that in the denouement, enough loopholes in the system were left, so that what transpired in the cross-examinations regarding the ideology and the connexions between the different wings of the Marg



now looks like a thorough wash-out.

All the same, the Marg grew rapidly — in strength, wealth and influence. In 1962, Anandamurtiji "created" the first Avadhutas, whose number is now nearly a thousand. A little later came the Avadhutikas. A year later the first Marg school was established; now there are nearly 400 of them all over the country. Ananda Nagar, too, was established in 1963. In due course, came an Engineering College at Ananda Nagar, a Women's Relief Department, Tribal Welfare Centres, the Marg Relief Society, the Education, Relief and Welfare Section (ERAWS) and finally in 1970 the Ananda Marg Universal Relief Team (AMURT).

In 1966, the first Avadhuta went abroad to spread the Marg ideology. Since then they claim to have gained a large following in 33 countries of the world, including the U.S.A., Canada, Argentina, Mexico, West Germany, U.K., Holland, Italy, France, Japan, Australia, Philippines, Indonesia, South Korea, Formosa, Singapur and Nepal.

The Marg claims it has at least 30 lakh followers in India alone. They are mostly from the lower middle class in urban areas, but many officials, army men, doctors and engineers are also known to be Margis, although they are keeping a low posture at the moment because of the

Government's attitude. Few, if any, Government employees today would make bold to say that they are believers in the cult.

But where does the Marg get all the money to sustain its huge organisation? According to prosecution witness Vishokananda, the Marg had received donations from followers in foreign countries and some critics even allege that it has been getting money from the CIA. But all this is stoutly denied by the Marg. They say it is almost compulsory for the 30 lakh followers of the Marg to donate at least two per cent of their income every month. "Besides, our life is so austere," say the Avadhutas, "and we are also able to raise quite a bit from our priced publications."

But what they deny most stoutly is that the Marg has anything to do with politics or that it is working to bring about a violent revolution in the country. Anandamurtiji, they insist, has only given a socio-political theory; it is not for the Marg to translate it into action. But what about the Proutist Bloc of India? When asked about the PBI and other branches of the Marg in the court, Sarkar said: "I am founder president of Ananda Marg Pracharak Sangh. Ananda Marg is a cult. I do not know Seva Dharma Mission, Progressive Federation of India, Proutist Bloc of India and Vishwa Shanti Seva. They are not branches of Ananda Marg nor affiliated with it." And yet Sarkar's own defence counsel, the noted criminal lawyer Nageshwar Prasad, said during his argument in the court that "Guruji was instrumental in giving birth to the Proutist Bloc of India...and therefore, his rivals had decided to silence him." When faced with this obvious contradiction, the Avadhutas would insist that you must distinguish between Ananda Margis and the Ananda Marg. "Those who run the PBI may be followers of the Marga but the Marga has nothing to do with the PBI."

But the conscious denial of any political dimension itself shows how from its inception the movement carried like a deadly worm within, or a seed of decay, an obsession with politics — something that came out in the eventual series of defections, intrigues and alleged reprisals. The conscious building up of the image of the Master, modelled on the life of teachers like Ramkrishna and others the exclusive emphasis on "Baba Nama Kevalam", the conscious playing on the traditional mythic and apocalyptic images — all these point to the inherent character of the entire cult and its final, near-pathetic end in the fate of the Master.



The sabse khaas baat is the Hema Malini's "forren trip" for which she took off recently. Her terrific success is making her talk high-and-mighty — the very same girl who had to be pushed by her Amma to say a few words at meets. What's more, she has taken on an twangy American accent. And more... she loses her temper and keeps showing her irritation (in English). A person who came to see her off asked: "What are your poor producers going to do when you go away for two months?" She was working her feet off with double shifts, etc. "O let them go to hell! Let them suffer for making me suffer like this!" She had just sent a message to a producer telling him she'd like to rest on the day of her departure — and had to pack besides — but he insisted on her completing the dubbing. "These fools think I am going away for good or something, the way they've made me rush with my shifts". Price of being hero-stuff! She was dubbing till seven-thirty in the evening and five hours later boarded her plane with nightmares of filmwallas chasing her up the ramp!

The word here is "akhdoo" for a person who has cultivated snobbishness and become hoity-toity (a la Hema). Latest victim is writer-director Gulzar — who is not only like that to workers and colleagues who've known him as a meek, unassuming fellow — but rumours insist his new bride Raakhee is finding the going a bit bumpy too, especially since his old chamchas and a well-known chamchi keep coming between the newly-wedded couple.

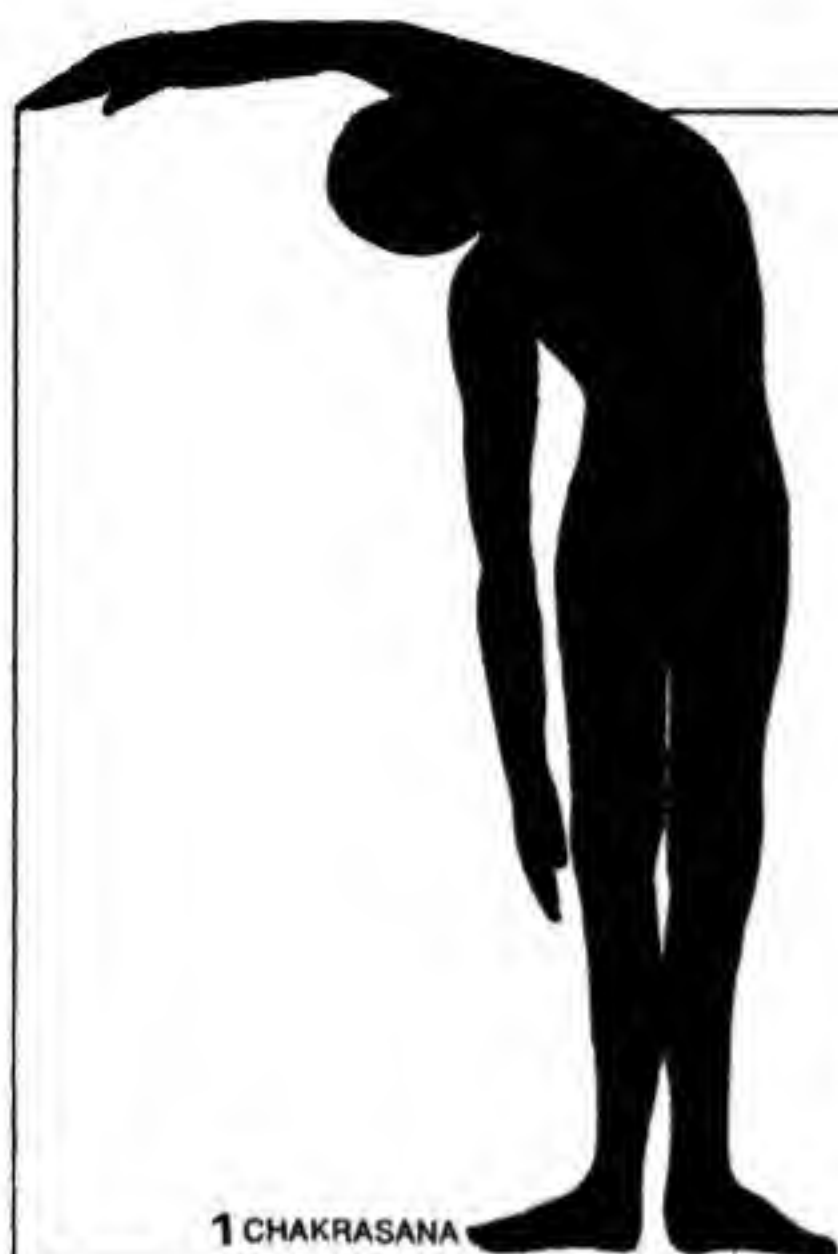
Sanjeev Kumar is the quietest, slickest operator in town, so says a girl who has been (may be still is occasionally) in close touch with him. He maintains that bhola-bhala image because the man hates giving frills to his dates, like taking them out, being seen with them, etc. Sez this gal, he goes only for the real thing. And personally Sanjeev, like Shatru, has been kicking up controversy merely to be seen in print. The Nutan-slapping-Sanjeev incident, the proposal-to-Waheeda Rehman story, her rejection of him, and now recently the proposal-to-Hema Malini which was also rejected. In Hema's words: "These fellows are mad, they'll publicly state anything that comes to their head just for the publicity. The big story he gave and got published in a magazine was rubbish. Cooked-up stuff".

His latest gimmick. Giving stories denying a romance with Anju Mahendra and reaffirming strong ties with her in others. Gimmicks will be the undoing of this man. Perhaps he just can't help it. He started life in stunt-films!

khaas baat



There is a pot-bellied producer called Ram Dayal who gained fame with his "Do Raha", which pushed Radha Saluja into Rape-girl prominence. He has made another controversial film called "Prabhat", whose advance reports sing tall merit for heroine Zahida. But the pot-belly is going on a rampage, escorting his "new find" Jai Kaushalya, with whom he is a little more than friendly, and, asking everyone to give her a boost, to play down Zahida's truly commanding performance. Said a cynic, disgusted at the personal publicity campaign: "He deserves a headline: Film-maker promotes sweetheart, not heart of the Film!"



1 CHAKRASANA



GOMUKHASANA 2

Chakrasana : Stand straight. Legs together. Arms widespread. Raise one arm, the other lowered till it touches the knee. Lower trunk sideways till almost at right angles to your leg, as shown in sketch 1. Count to 10 slowly, come up straight again. Now do the same with the other hand.

Vrikshasana : Stand straight. Bring right leg up and touch crotch with the heel of your feet. Interlock fingers, raise hands, with enjoined palms facing upwards. Count upto 10 and come back to former position. Don't forget to thrust out knee straight without bending. Do exercise with the other foot. You might lose your balance in the beginning when you are practising this exercise, so do it against the wall for support.

Paschimatana : Sit on the floor. Bring knees forward to your stomach, clutch toes with index finger. Once you have a good grip, stretch out one foot till leg is straight in front of you. This hurts like mad in the beginning. You may bend your knees a little till you master this exercise. (While one leg is being stretched, your other leg is still bent and clutched with your index finger. Your head will be bent forward to facilitate reaching your toes with your hands). Count to 10 and bring foot back to original position. Now do the same exercise with the other leg. Stretch both legs out straight. Breathe out, bend forward and try to reach your toes as to grip them with your index fingers. Bring your head down to touch your knee and your arms will bend automatically, with elbows touching the floor. In the begin-

ning, you may not be able to reach your toes, but try in the beginning to at least reach your ankles, but *don't bend your knees*.

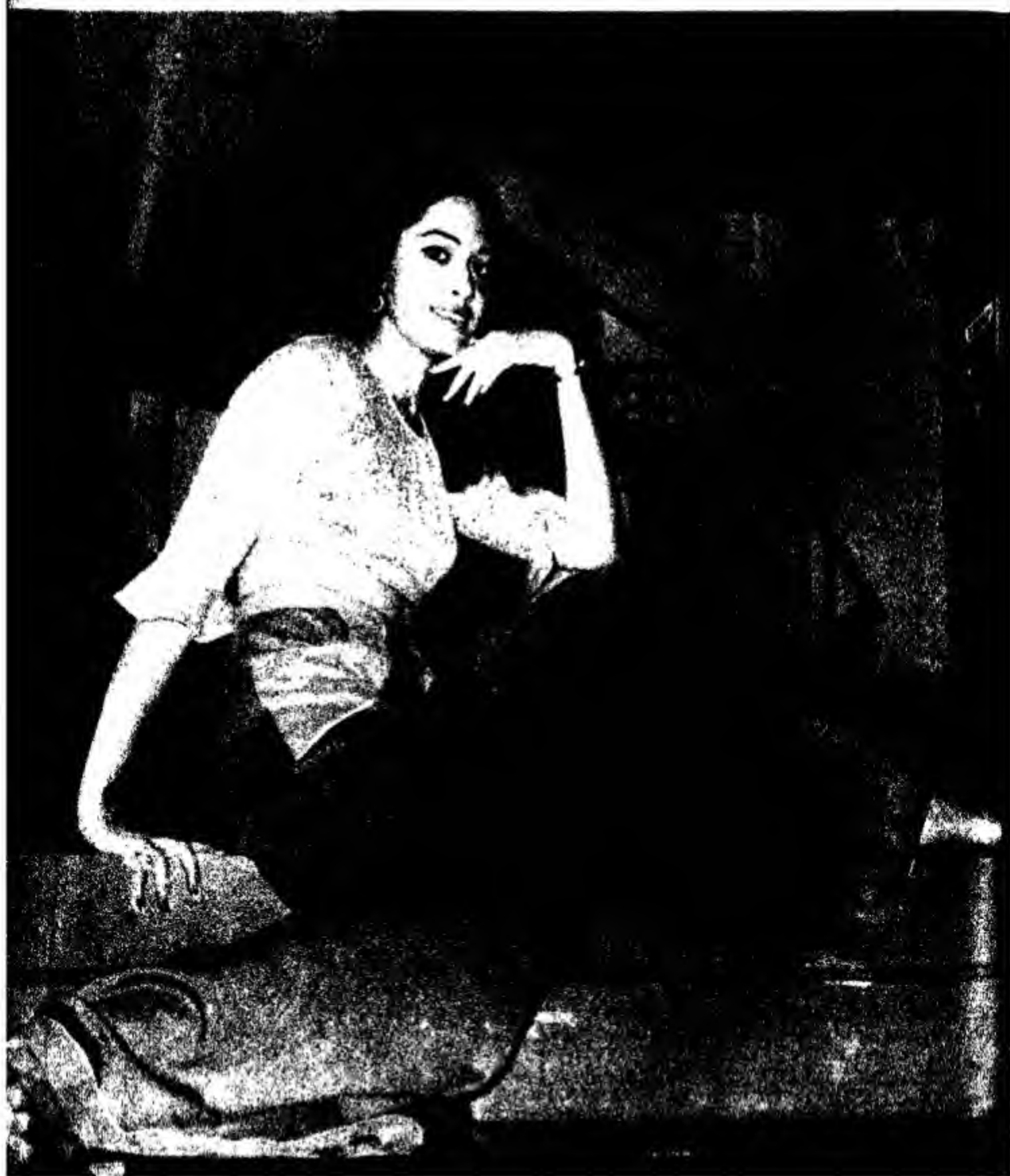
Supta-vajrasana : Sit with legs stretched straight in front. Bend right, then left leg downwards till foot touches buttocks, with the result that you are sitting on your bottom and with your feet at the side near your buttocks. Lower body slowly backwards with the help of your arms till your body touches the floor. Fold arms under head till hands are touching your shoulders. Now count up to 10 and come up slowly. (There is a temptation to release legs from its folded position while coming up. This is wrong. Remember to come back to original position by following exercise step-by-step in reverse). Release legs after coming to sitting position.

Gomukasana : Sit on the floor. Cross over knee and bring left foot near right buttocks and right foot near left buttocks, so that your right knee is over your left knee. Raise right hand, bring it back till elbow points upwards, as in sketch 2. At the same time, bring left hand from the back to touch right shoulder blade. Interlock fingers. count to 10, release fingers and come back step-by-step to original position. Now do the same with the other side, so that left knee is over right knee. This may need help in the beginning. Get someone's help till you can do it yourself.

When doing all these exercises don't forget any of the instructions given in part one.

Text Ruksana Lal.

in our fashion





The idea of a boutique as something expensive and exclusive no longer holds true for young designers like Sita Sareen. To 22-year old Sita, a two-year course at the Fashion Institute of Technology in New York culminated in the now famous Genesis boutique in New Delhi, a set-up which prides itself in catering to the college crowd with trendy, inexpensive clothes, mass-produced.

Sita, incidentally, now lives in Calcutta in a disarmingly furnished split level two and a half storey house where our model, Rima Sen Gupta found herself some uncanny crannies to pose in as she slinked in and out of the oh-so-comfortable cotton jersey creations that fit her glove-like. Which is not surprising with the clothes coming in an assortment of sizes as in the West. There was the canary yellow hosiery maxi with myriad - coloured flowers blooming on the sleeves and midriff in the same material. Could add a touch of mod glamour to a stiff garden party at Rs. 85. The clinging comfort of jersey could be carried on into the late evening with a purple hostess gown that has a bold line of orange piping for only Rs. 80. Our model, Rima, feels she could spend the whole day and half an evening in the versatile parrot green palazzo pants with broad orange piping high-lighting pockets with a simple sleeveless top (Rs. 50 and Rs. 20 respectively). The flares of these pants are unbelievably graceful and non-male. And when everyone is so briefly clad at a beach, why not cause a mild sensation in an elegant towelling beach gown in a green and peach and pink print; remembering though to drape the attached cape over your wet curls. Its worth a hunner spent.

Sita believes in the transience of fashion. You don't want trendy clothes to last for ever and ever — that's her philosophy — so why not give a girl something she can afford, say a jersey top for Rs. 15, which she will wear a few times and discard for newer fashions, and never, literally, feel the pinch. Sita's set-up in Delhi churns out on an average four to five hundred dresses and pants and tops per day. It just goes to show that sometimes fashionable clothes can be prettier by the dozen.

Text: RITA BHIMANI

Pix: BISHWARANJAN RAKSHIT



PART VIII

by
**GEORGES
 SIMENON**
MAIGRET
 and
**Monsieur
 Charles**

Gerard Sabin-Levesque, a Paris solicitor, was in the habit of vanishing for days together. But this time he had been away for over a month causing his anxious wife to call on Superintendent Maigret. Maigret soon found out about Gerard's visits to nightclubs and the women he picked up there. Then a body with Gerard's wallet and cheque book was discovered in the river and Gerard's head clerk, Lecureur was brought in to identify it. Now read on....

The head clerk approached reluctantly. He walked stiffly, holding a handkerchief to his nose and mouth.

'It's him all right,' he said as soon as he came back.

'What makes you recognize him?'

'His face. It may be disfigured, but you can still tell it's him. Do you think he threw himself in?'

'Why should he have done that?'

Lecureur moved still further back, trying to get as far away from the corpse as possible.

'I don't know. A lot of people drown themselves....'

'I've got his wallet and his cheque-book....'

'That proves it then....It is him....'

'You'll be summoned to the Quai des Orfevres tomorrow morning to make a sworn statement....'

'At what time?'

'Nine o'clock....Have you got a taxi waiting?'

'Vito had just returned....I asked him to bring me here....He's up there with

the Fiat....'

'Then can you give me a lift?....Come on, Lapointe.'

He walked up to Grenier, who seemed to be the only one not to mind the presence of the corpse.

'Can you tell me by this evening whether he was murdered before he was thrown into the water?'

'I'll try to....It won't be too easy, because of the condition he's in....'

The three men made their way through the crowd of onlookers. Jef Van Roeten ran after Maigret.

'You're the boss, aren't you?'

'Yes.'

'Can I leave tomorrow morning? I've told you everything I know....'

'You'll have to go to the police station first to make a statement and then sign it....'

'Which police station?'

'That gentleman over there will explain. The one with the little moustache and the black overcoat; he's the chief of police for this district and he'll tell you what to do....'

They got into the small Fiat which Vito drove very smoothly, like all expert chauffeurs.

'Monsieur Maigret, will you excuse me,' the head clerk whispered, 'but if I don't stop at a bar and swallow some thing strong, I may vomit....'

The three men got out again and went

into a bar, empty except for two lightermen. Lecureur, who was white as a sheet, ordered a double brandy, Maigret asked for a beer, but Lapointe had a brandy also.

'I never thought they'd find him in the Seine.'

'Why not?'

'I don't know. Sometimes I thought he might have gone off with a woman.... he could have gone to the Riviera or anywhere.... The only thing which really worried me, though, was that he didn't ring up....'

They soon reached the Boulevard Saint-Germain.

'Will you please look up all recent transactions and get in touch with the bank....?'

'Perhaps you could give me the cheque-book so that I can look through the stubs....'

Maigret gave it to him and went in by the right-hand door under the arch, while the head clerk went into the office on the left.

'What! You again! the maid exclaimed when she opened the door. She seemed furious.

'Yes, mademoiselle, it's me again. And I'd be grateful if you would go and tell your mistress right away that I'm here, waiting for her....'

He started walking towards the boudoir, keeping his pipe in his mouth just to annoy her.

Ten minutes later, Nathalie entered the room; she was not wearing a dressing-gown today but a very elegant suit.

'I was just going out.'

'Which bar were you going to?'

'It's none of your business.'

'I've some important news for you. Your husband's been found.'

She did not ask if he was dead or alive.

'Where?' was her only question.

'In the Seine, by the Pont de Grenelle...'

'I knew something had happened to him....'

The corners of her lips twitched, but her gaze remained steady. She had been drinking, but she was in fairly good shape, for once.

'I suppose I must go and identify the body. Where is he? In the morgue?'

'We don't have morgues any longer. It's called the Forensic Institute now...'

'Will you take me there?'

'You won't have to identify him. Monsieur Lecureur has done so already. However, if you wish to see him....'

'Are you trying to insult me?'

'What do you mean?'

'Do you really think I'd be so morbid?'

'One can never tell with you....'

The precious bottle of brandy was on a small table, with some glasses. She helped herself to a drink, without offer-

ing one to her guests.

'Well, what now?'

'The press will know about it by tonight and they'll be sending reporters and photographers around to see you.'

'Can't you stop them?'

'You can refuse to let them in.'

'What will happen if I do?'

'They'll start ferreting around for other sources and they'll be pretty tough on you, you can be sure of that. They're a susceptible lot. They may well find out certain things....'

'I've got nothing to hide.'

'Do as you wish, but if I were you I'd see them and try to put up a good show. The first ones will be here in an hour, at the latest.'

This piece of information did not stop her from gulping down another glass of cognac.

'They keep in touch with the police...'

'You enjoy speaking to me like this, don't you?'

'Believe me, I don't.'

'You hate me....'

'I hate no one....'

'Is that all you had to say to me?'

'Yes, that's all. We'll be meeting again soon, I have no doubt.'

'It won't be a pleasure. I despise you, Monsieur Maigret. And now, push off... Claire! Throw these characters out! ...'

Maigret wondered whether to call off the inspector who still stood on the pavement opposite 207 bis, waiting to tail Madame Sabin-Levesque. He finally decided to leave him there; after all, they had got nowhere so far by tapping the phones, which was not surprising as Nathalie had not hesitated to go out at night, wearing only a nightgown under her fur coat, just to find a public phone-box.

'What do you make of it all, Lapointe?' Maigret asked, getting into the car.

'If she behaves like that with the press, she's in for a real caning in the papers tomorrow....'

'I've got nothing more to do at the office today. Drop me off at my flat....'

Madame Maigret gave him a sly smile when he came in.

'Happy?'

'Why should I be happy?'

'You found your body, didn't you?'

'Did you hear about it on the radio?'

'Yes, in a news bulletin at six o'clock.... Are you hungry?'

'Not really. Not after the afternoon I've just spent.'

He went over to the drinks cabinet, wondering what he might drink to get rid of the queasy feeling in his stomach. He finally chose a small glass of gin, an unusual choice for him; the bottle had 15 not been touched for a year.

'Want some?' he asked.





'No, thanks.... Sit down for a moment and read the papers. I'll make you something light....'

The soup was ready. After that, she gave him some ham, salad and diced cold potatoes.

'You're worried, aren't you?' she asked him in an undertone, while they were eating.

'I don't understand certain things and I never like that.'

'Who are you working with?'

She knew that he always worked with one or another of his closest colleagues. Sometimes it was Janvier, or else Lucas, although the latter usually took over from him in his absence. This time, it happened to be Lapointe.

'Would you like me to turn on the television?'

'No, thanks. I'm feeling too lazy to watch it.'

He sat down in his armchair and began to look through the papers. But his thoughts were elsewhere, chiefly with Nathalie, who had turned them out of her house with such rude comments.

At nine o'clock he was dozing, and his wife was about to wake him up so that he could go to bed when the telephone rang and roused him with a start.

'Hello.... Yes, it's me.... Is it you, Grenier?.... Did you find out anything?....'

'I'd like to ask you one question first. Did the gentleman usually wear a hat or not?'

Maigret thought it over.

'I never met him and I didn't think of asking his wife or his staff.... Wait a moment.... He was a smart dresser and liked wearing youthful-looking clothes.... I imagine he went bare-headed....'

'Or else someone took his hat off before hitting him over the head.... Not just one but I'd say at least a dozen very heavy blows.... The skull is in little pieces, like a jig-saw puzzle.'

'No bullets?'

'None in the head or in the body either.... I couldn't tell you exactly what the weapon was; a hammer, a spanner, a car-jack.... Probably a car-jack.... Two blows would have killed him, but the murderer was really determined to finish him off....'

'What about that hole in his chest?'

'That's more recent. The body was already in a state of decomposition when it must have got caught on an anchor or something of that sort....'

'There's one detail which may interest you.... His ankles have been bound very tightly, with wire probably. So tightly that one of the feet was almost severed.... The wire must have been used to tie him to something heavy, like a block of stone or a weight of some kind....'

'How long would you say he's been in the water?'

'It's hard to tell.... Several weeks....'

'Four or five weeks?'

'About that. By the way, I examined the clothes. There was a set of keys in one of his pockets.... I'll have them delivered to you first thing tomorrow morning....'

'I'm eager to see them....'

'Then send someone over for them....'

'Right. Leave them with the concierge....'

'I'm going to take a nice warm bath now and eat a big dinner.... I wouldn't like to do this sort of work every day.... Goodnight, Maigret....'

'Goodnight, Grenier.... And thanks...'

He was at his office before nine o'clock on the following morning. The first thing he did was to send an inspector to fetch the keys from the Forensic Institute.

There was a knock on the door. It was Lapointe, who instantly guessed that Maigret had some fresh news.

'Grenier rang me.... Sabin-Levesque was murdered with a blunt, or what the reports call a contusing instrument. Ten or so very violent blows.... the murderer tied a stone or some sort of weight around his ankles before throwing him into the water....'

'Incidentally, Grenier found a set of keys in one of the dead man's pockets....'

'Have you seen the papers?'

'Not yet.'

Lapointe went to fetch them from the inspectors' duty room and, when he brought them back to Maigret's office, there was a smile on his face.

'Look....'

On the front page of one daily, Maigret read the headlines:

WELL-KNOWN SOLICITOR MURDERED

The photograph which illustrated the item would have astonished anyone who had seen Madame Sabin-Levesque about an hour before the picture was taken. She did not look in the least bit drunk and had gone to the trouble of changing into a black suit with a white lace blouse.

Her brown hair was meticulously groomed. Her face, which seemed longer, wore a sad expression which was both appropriate and photogenic. She was holding a handkerchief in her hand, as though she had just been weeping and was afraid of breaking down again.

HIS GRIEF-STRUCK WIDOW CANNOT UNDERSTAND

There followed quite a long interview with Nathalie with all the questions and answers. She had received the reporters in the drawing-room, not in her boudoir.

'When did your husband disappear?'

'About a month ago. At first, I didn't

worry because he sometimes had to go and visit a client out of town."

"Who was left in charge of the practice?"

"His head clerk. A most competent man. My husband trusted him implicitly and had given him power of attorney."

"Did you go out a lot?"

"Not much. We saw a few friends at home, but we led a quiet life."

"Was it you who warned the police?"

"I decided to go and see Superintendent Maigret and to let him know I was worried...."

"Why Maigret?"

"I don't know.... I've read accounts of several enquiries he's conducted and it made me trust him...."

There was another, shorter interview with Jean Lecureur.

"I have nothing to tell you."

"Did he leave you a message?"

"No. He never left messages, but he usually rang me every two or three days...."

"Did he do so this time?"

"No."

"Weren't you worried?"

"I was after about ten days...."

"Why didn't you get in touch with the police?"

"I preferred to let Madame Sabin-Levesque know I was worried."

Another paper carried a photograph of Nathalie sitting in the main drawing-room.

MYSTERIOUS DEATH OF A SOLICITOR

The text was more or less identical, but it stressed the fact that the police had not been warned initially. The article ended with the words:

"Apparently, Madame Sabin-Levesque was used to these mysterious absences."

"What's incredible," Lapointe said with grudging admiration, "is the way she managed to pull herself together so quickly...."

An inspector came in with the set of keys. It contained half a dozen small keys and a safe key, most probably the key to the big safe in the office.

Bonfils brought in a list of all the Paris nightclubs and cabarets. Maigret was surprised to see how many there were: the list was three closely-typed pages long.

He slipped it into a drawer, got up and said with a sigh:

"Boulevard Saint-Germain...."

"Do you think she'll let us in?"

"I'm not going there to see her. I'll have to go up to the Magistrates' Court first...."

He found out that Coindet was the examining magistrate who had been put in charge of the case. Coindet was an affable, good-natured old soul; Maigret

had known him ever since the beginning of his career. He went down the long corridor of examining magistrates' rooms until he came to Coindet's office.

Coindet shook hands with him.

"I was expecting you. Sit down...."

A clerk of the court was sitting at the typewriter; he was at least as old as Coindet.

"You didn't send me a report, so I only know what I've read in the newspapers...."

"I didn't because there's nothing to report," Maigret replied, smiling. "You forget we only found the body yesterday."

"Yet I hear rumours that you've been investigating this case for three days...."

"Without results. I need a search warrant this morning...."

"For the Boulevard Saint-Germain?"

Yes. I'm not very popular with Madame Sabin-Levesque...."

"That's not the impression she gives in the interviews...."

"What she tells the journalists is another matter.... I want to go over the solicitor's flat thoroughly; I've only glanced at it so far...."

"You won't leave me without news for too long?"

Coindet was alluding to Maigret's reputation for conducting investigations in his own good time, without worrying too much about keeping the magistrates informed.

Twenty minutes later, Maigret and Lapointe were going into the by now familiar gateway on the Boulevard Saint-Germain. It suddenly occurred to Maigret to go and talk to the concierge, a dignified-looking old man.

"I was wondering when you'd come and see me, Superintendent...."

"I've been so busy...."

"I understand.... I'm an ex-policeman myself; I used to walk the beat.... I suppose you're particularly interested in the lady?"

"She's an unusual sort of woman."

"And a pretty unusual pair they both are, or I should say were, now that he's dead. They had two cars and a chauffeur, yet when they went out, they nearly always went on foot. I've never seen them leave the house together and I hear they even ate separately."

"Nearly always."

"She told the reporters they received friends but in fact they never had visitors. From time to time, the solicitor would go off, his hands in his pockets, whistling a little tune, just like a young man, never taking anything with him. I suppose he must have had another woman, or at least another flat somewhere...."

"I'll come back and see you when I have a moment. You seem like a man who keeps his eyes open...."





'Habit, you know....'

A moment later, Maigret was ringing the doorbell of the apartment. The maid glared at them with fury when she opened the door. She would probably have slammed it in their faces if Maigret had not thought of putting his foot inside first.

'Madame is....'

'Never mind Madame. If you know how to read, take a look at this. It's a search warrant, drawn up by an examining magistrate. Unless you wish to be arrested for obstructing the law....'

'What do you want to see?'

'I don't need your help. I know the flat....'

Maigret started to walk towards the solicitor's rooms, followed by Lapointe. He was particularly interested in the mahogany desk and the contents of its four drawers. It was the only piece of furniture in the flat which was locked.

'Why don't you open the window?' It's stuffy in here....'

He tried three of the keys before he found the right one. There was nothing in the first drawer except for some writing paper with Sabin-Levesque's name printed on it, some envelopes and two fountain pens, one of them in solid gold.

The contents of the second drawer were more interesting. It contained

several snapshots, most of them taken in the garden of a huge villa. It was Sabin-Levesque's house on the Riviera and looked as though it had been built at the turn of the century. The photographs were of Nathalie, who seemed about twenty years younger, and of the solicitor in his shirt-sleeves, looking like a student.

The words 'La Florentine' were written on the back; this was obviously the name of the villa.

In one of the pictures, there was a huge Alsatian standing close to Sabin-Levesque.

It occurred to Maigret, seeing the picture of the dog, that he had seen no pets anywhere in the apartment.

He was about to close the drawer when he noticed, right at the back, a small passport photograph taken in a Photomat. It was of Nathalie, looking even younger than in the Cannes pictures and also very different. In this photo, she had a mysterious expression and her smile was deliberately provocative.

One word was written on the back: Trika.

It was obviously an invented name and equally obvious that she had not adopted it just to go and work as a lawyer's secretary in the Rue de Rivoli.

When she had told Maigret about her past life, he had begun to get suspicious, especially after he discovered that her so-called employer had been dead for ten years.

When she had spoken to him, she had known the lawyer was dead, so that no one could contradict her story. She had probably never been a secretary, or a typist for that matter.

'Lapointe, look at this.... What does it remind you of?'

'Of a high-class call-girl....'

'And we know where the solicitor looked for his lady friends.'

Maigret carefully slipped the photograph into his wallet. He now opened the two left-hand drawers. The top one contained some cheque-books, all unused, except for one in which every cheque stub had been made out to 'The Bearer'.

There were a few odds and ends in the last drawer; a platinum wristwatch, some gold-embossed cuff-links, rubber bands, stamps.

'Having fun?'

Nathalie had just come into the room. Claire must have woken her up. She had already drunk a good deal of brandy, for they could smell it on her breath.

'Hello, Trika....'

She had enough self-control not to seem too taken aback.

'I don't understand.'

'Never mind. Read this....'

He showed her the search warrant. She



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drew away.

'I know. My maid told me. Make yourselves at home. Do you want to search the pockets of my dressing-gown?'

Her expression was no longer the same as on the previous day. There had been a look of anxiety in her eyes before; now there was a look of barely disguised terror. Her lips were trembling even more than usual, as were her hands.

'I haven't finished searching this suite yet.'

'Am I disturbing you?....It's been such a long while since I came to this part of the house....'

Ignoring her, Maigret began to open and close other drawers and cupboards. There were at least thirty suits in the wardrobe, most of them light-coloured and all bearing the label of one of the best tailors in Paris.

'I see your husband didn't wear a hat?'

'How should I know? I never went out with him....'

'Congratulations for that act you put on with the reporters yesterday.'

She smiled, flattered in spite of her circumstances.

The bed was huge and very low; there was something very masculine about the whole bedroom, with its leather-covered walls.

The bathroom looked as though the solicitor had only just left it. The toothbrush was in its mug, the razor on a shelf with some shaving-soap and a pumice stone. The bath-tub, the basin, the floor and the walls were all made of white marble. The window overlooked a large garden which Maigret noticed for the first time.

'Is that your garden?' he asked.

'Why shouldn't it be?'

It was unusual to see such fine trees in a private garden right in the centre of Paris.

'Tell me, Trika, you were a hostess in which nightclub?'

'I know my rights. I don't have to answer you.'

'You'll have to answer the examining magistrate.'

'I'll have my lawyer with me then.'

'Have you got a lawyer?'

'I've had one for a long time.'

'The one in the Rue de Rivoli?' he asked ironically.

He did not know why he was so hard on her, but there was something about her manner which constantly irritated him.

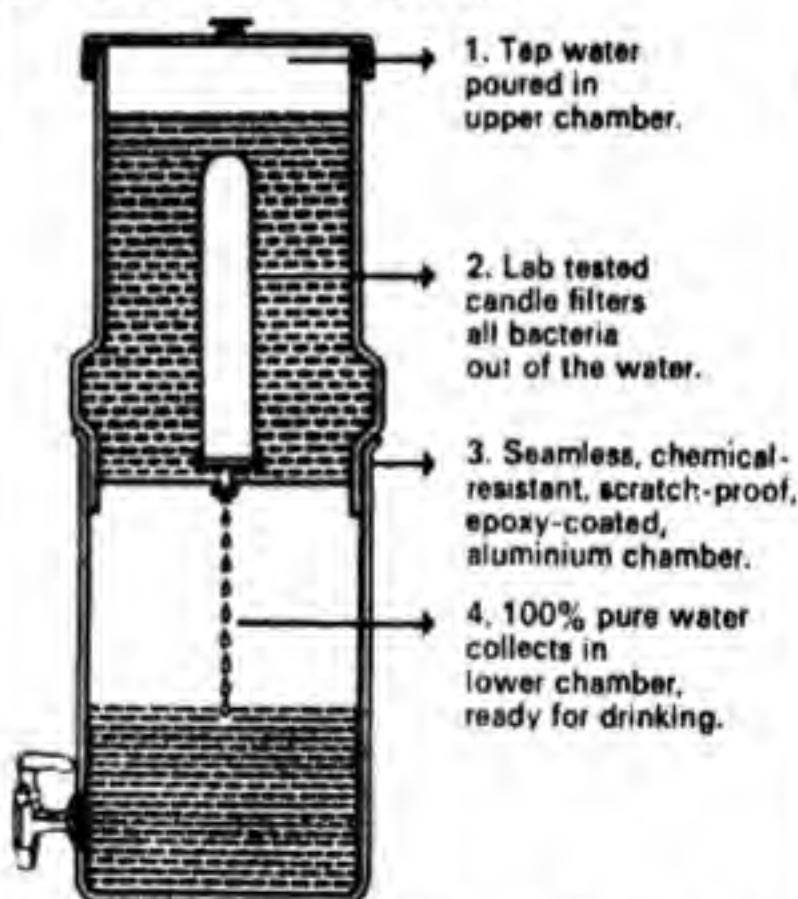
'That's my business.'

'We'll go to your rooms now....'

to be continued

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Don't call me a ditcher



At the first time I set eyes on Anil, I was with Shatrughan Sinha — on the sets of their starrer, "Tanhaal". He saw us in deep conversation, passed us a couple of times, looked our way a dozen times. But there was not a word, not even a nod, let alone a smile. Only after a formal introduction by Shotgun did he flash his boyish grin, flex his tonsils and confess: "That's my line of approach!" But don't believe Anil, for all practical purposes, he has eyes only for spouse Rashmi!

"I just cannot do without Rashmi. When she was sick, I couldn't manage anything — I even forgot the electricity bill and bang went our electricity supply!"

Rashmi, who was seen in the Anil-Jaya starrer 'Jai jawan, jai makan', is now a home bird. Busy at the home-front with hubby and four-month-old Siddharth. "You must see my son. He's cute", said Anil. Who does he look like? I wondered aloud. "Like me", answered Anil. I thought you said he looks cute, I hurled back! Anil just laughed and took it in good spirit.

The Dhawans' romance dates back to their Institute days. "I saw this simple, good-looking, understanding (understanding at that stage?) girl in my class, and it was love at first sight", Anil reminisced. "I had to run after her to finally get her". "Why don't you interview her? She's more intelligent than I am. I'm proud she's my wife".

The couple love doing everything themselves— right from meeting producers and signing contracts to handling fan mail and shopping. Their modest little flat is neatly furnished. Nothing showy or unwanted. And, unlike other stars, there are no gaudily impressive volumes to line the walls. In fact, Anil blandly admitted that he wasn't fond of reading. "Even in school, I used to simply filch books from others, build a library of my own, but not read anything!"

At the Institute, Anil was at the bottom of the list. Yet, when he passed out, he had absolutely no alternate careers in mind. When age catches up with him,

"I'll go into business or something like that". His baby face, pink cheeks and child-like looks have gone a long way in giving authenticity to his innocent, 'bechara' roles. Anil likes making 'quickies', which is why he isn't seen on the screen with established, busy actresses. Again, he tries to vary his co-stars as much as possible. And then the topic inevitably came to 'Do Raha'.

"Sexy film, na?" he said shyly. "But, can any actor enjoy hot scenes with the whole unit watching?" he fumed. "Those scenes are harder than most. The director, as in the case of the beach scene, can only tell us what he wants. It's up to the stars to plan the movements".

With lots and lots of films on hand, Anil often has eternal pal Shatru parting with friendly advice. After 'Chetna', these two actors are seen together in more films than any other star pair! Which gives them ample scope to experiment and explore their talents. Hold your breath! In 'Shaitan', Shatru actually plays the lead with Anil Dhawan as villain! In another, Anil has a dual role — as Ram and Lakshman, Hanuman being Shatru!

No write-up on Anil can be complete without devoting much space to Shatrughan Sinha — he just has to creep into the conversation every five minutes. Their friendship is, in Anil's words "without any selfish motive. When I met Sinha, he had only 'Prem Pujari'. But there was something about the man which made me feel he'd go places, something which made me want to know him better. He responded to my feelings. Now Sinha, Rashmi and I are a gang all by ourselves. We don't have any other close pals". And, of course, even if Anil didn't mention it, Shatru's brother Yogi is also a part of the gang — after all, isn't he Anil's constant date these days?!

Theirs being a typical 'Chetna' kind of relationship, Anil looks up to Shatru as one would to a friend, philosopher and guide. Once Anil came rushing into the room, almost in tears, to describe an accident he was caught in (and halfway through, realised my presence and exclaimed, "Oh no! She'll write it!"). Sinha looked suitably elderly and gave his advice (something like, "Anil tum bahut fast chalata hai gaadi. Watch out.") which Anil lapped up eagerly and was actually comforted! As Anil admitted: "I respect that man so much that in front of him I never talk vulgarly or talk about dames. If Sinha ushers in such topics then I participate in the conversation. But I never start such subjects when he's around!"



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ANIL DHAWAN

Don't call me a ditcher

"Both of us have benefitted from our friendship. Shatru noticed my ability to keep calm whatever be the situation. Now he rarely loses his cool, too". And even if Anil doesn't realise it, his association with a talker like Shatru has left its distinct mark on him. Take for instance, Anil in company. Can you imagine this 'bhola' actually entertaining girls in his room without being ill at ease? Add to it his occasional naughty jokes, his amusing anecdotes and then you'll understand how far Shatru has helped Anil to come out of his shell and become an interesting conversationalist.

But Anil himself thinks he's better off as a nondescript introvert. "If your presence isn't felt, you lose nothing. If you are noticed, the only impact you have on others is that they find you a kind of mystery figure and want to know more and more about you". On the other hand, "An extrovert like Sonu will have bouquets and brickbats in plenty."

"I feel more at ease when I'm not noticed as Anil Dhawan, the star. I like travelling (and driving myself) in little cars (he has a Volks and a Datsun). I can't imagine myself in a huge, sprawling car. After all, unlike several others, a car isn't a novelty to me. Coming as I did from a rich family, I used to drive my own car to school and college, from the age of 16.

"Though I've always wanted to be an actor, I once tried to do medicine. But while preparing for the P.M.T. (pre-medical test), in spite of taking tuitions, I realised that it was too tough for my brains."

Anil feels all the men in the industry indulge in activities which, had they not been actors, they'd refrain from doing. "All of us do things we shouldn't be doing. It's only a sudden feeling of power that prompts men to be like this".

The last time I met Anil, he was late for his appointment. "Hi ditcher!" I called out. "Don't call me a ditcher so loudly. My market (for dames) will come crashing down!" said the young man masquerading as a Casanova. In spite of Anil's repeated attempts to pass off as a Shatru-ish wolf, every time I meet him, I can only come back, thinking, what a nice BOY!

N. BHARATHI.

BRIDGE by TERENCE REESE

ALTHOUGH most of the limelight at Las Vegas, 1971 was on the challenge match between the Dallas Aces and the Blue Team, I doubt if there was any more passionate encounter than that between the Goren team and the Aces in the knock-out event. On the one side were the Aces, official world champions and all young as bridge players go, on the other a team with such veterans as Howard Schenken, who was one of Culbertson's partners in the great matches of the 1930s. These rivals met over 64 boards in the semi-final.

When the last session of 10 boards began, the Aces held a lead of 18 points, despite an eight-point penalty for the late arrival of one player at an earlier session. The older players, with a little luck on their side, caught up and led by four points when board 61 came along.

Dealer, South. Love all

♠ Q 8 6 5	
♥ Q 6 3	
♦ Q 3	
♣ A Q 10 5	
♠ K J 7	♥ 10 9 3
♥ A 9	♦ 2
♦ A 8 7	♠ K 6 5 4 2
♣ K J 7 4	♥ 9 8 6 3
	♠ A 4 2
	♥ K J 10 8 7 5 4
	♦ J 10
	♣ 2

At both tables West opened 1NT and there were two passes. Lawrence, for the Aces, reopened with Two Hearts and made nine tricks. At the other table Ogust, playing against a two-way 1NT, bid Three Hearts and was raised to Four.

Wolff led the Ace of hearts, then switched to the Ace of diamonds. Jacoby (this was Jim Jacoby, son of Oswald) signalled with the 6, won the next trick with ♠ K, and switched to the 10 of spades. Natural play, you think?

Deciding from West's lead of the Ace of hearts that he held a strong no trump with both black Kings, Ogust went up with the Ace of spades and ran off all the hearts. At the finish West, with ♠ K J 7 and ♣ K in front of the dummy, was squeezed.

As astute readers will have noted, Jacoby could have beaten the hand by leading a club into the A Q 10, cutting communications for the squeeze. Not easy, but still a mistake for a world class player. South was marked with the Ace of spades both by the bidding and the play, so the club switch could hardly cost. The Goren team won fairly comfortably in the end.



THE UNESCO campaign to save Venice from irreparable damage by pollution and flooding has already been publicised by issues of stamps in Algeria and the Togo Republic. One of the Algerian stamps has a view of the Bridge of Sighs and the three Togo stamps also feature well-known Venetian buildings, among them St Mark's Cathedral on the 30-francs value (above). Like many Togo stamps, these have been designed and printed in Israel.

AZED CROSSWORD

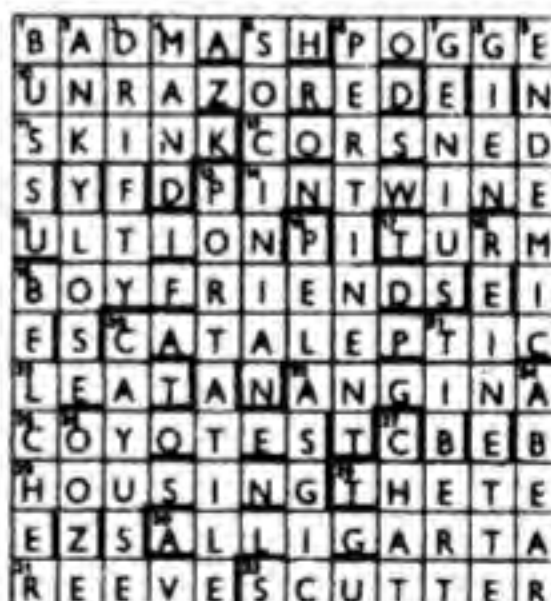
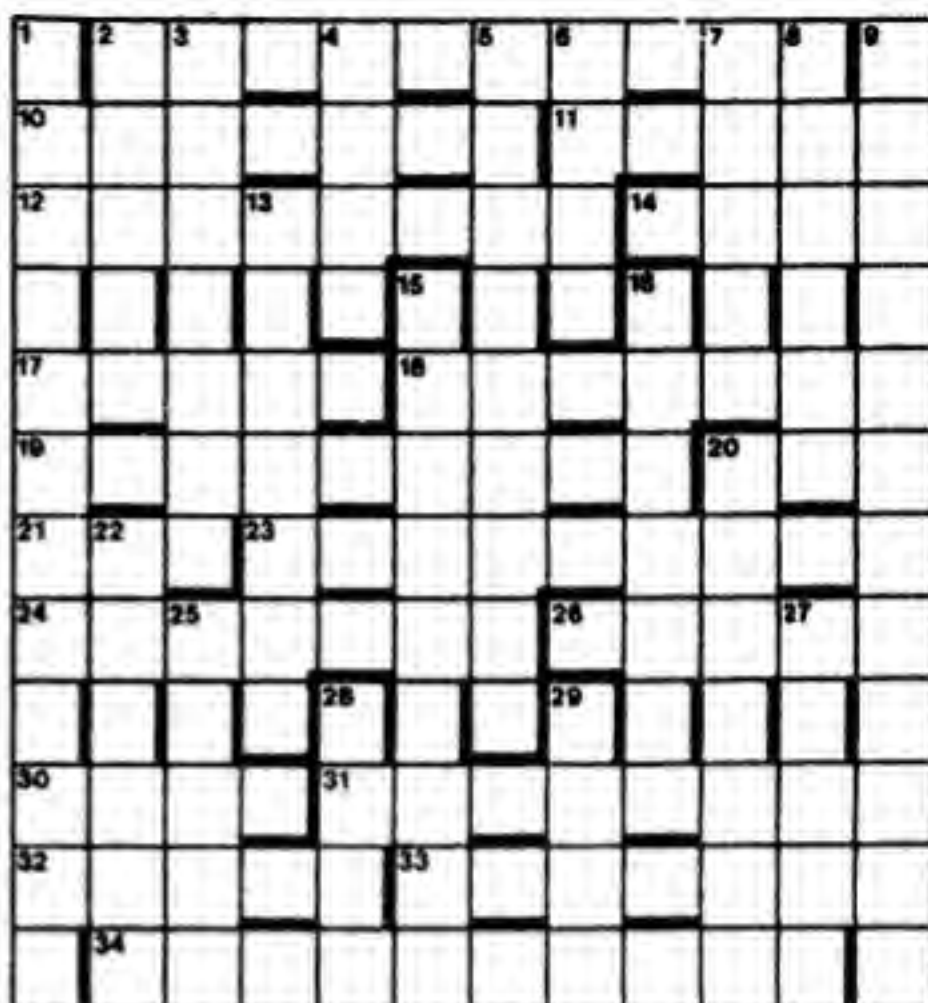
No. 18: PLAIN

ACROSS

- 2 I provide what bit of conch loop a lady will get (10)
 10 Translate poems in servitude (7)
 11 I'm not positive one's coming round (5)
 12 Feeling bad: cachaemia? (8)
 14 Assumes having retired Jock's snug (4)
 17 Fawn, i.e. dally, catching notice (5)
 18 Senior lawyer has seat by the queen (7)
 19 The man, directing Sol at it, makes signals (9)
 20 A common workman also (3)
 21 Turkey's 2½ lb., engulfed by cooker (3)
 23 Screen, where lofted drive might go (9)
 24 Real as recurrent ennui, loosely (7)
 26 Dig at with end of malice (5)
 30 Actor fears it, in need of a drink (4)
 31 Touching US president does his policy often (8)
 32 Old queer purple glass containing carbon (5)
 33 One of a later generation (7)
 34 Plant has dark web, mottled (10)

DOWN

- 1 Double-sided MS., about love, composition of Sappho, right? (12)
 2 I'm bowed in close confinement over nothing (5)
 3 Church porter, perhaps, for religious festival? (7)
 4 S-stop turning over old old refuse (4)
 5 Sumach — to get wood-ash? (9)
 6 Held over start of journey: its destination's unvarying (4)
 7 4' 2" boundary strip (5)
 8 Make noose tight under ladrone's head? Do opposite (6)
 9 Slipped, perhaps, being topless at Ascot? (12)
 13 I've this if seriously in the red, or reddish-brown (7)
 15 They're away: one letter's about posted (9)
 16 A morbid state and a poetic, suffering it (7)
 20 A traveller, one who might be ... (7)
 22 ... Catching Jumbo, took a look up, take off O.K. (6)
 25 Fate soon envelops king, rising (5)
 27 Created initially by those reaching each new decision (5)
 28 Sandpiper misses its second migration (4)
 29 Snake's head's a bind: get ladder as before (4)



AZED No. 17

Solution and notes

ACROSS

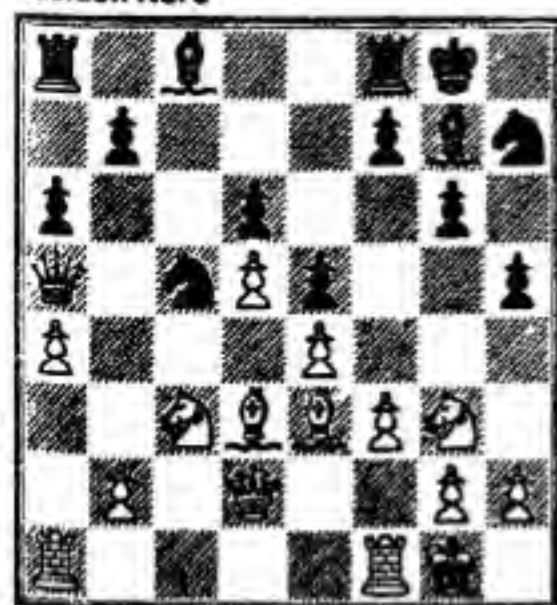
- 6, Po, egg, 11, 2 meanings, 14, in twin E; 15, O in anag of until & lit. 22, Tael (rev.); 28, 2 meanings; 31, Veer (rev.)-e; 32, S-cutter, DOWN

- 1, U film cert. 4, Man put manhood into, 8, Time N in part; 7, Anag. of glen (next answer)-us, 9, Anag. less 1; 16, Pele-s-gic, 17, Little queen (Fr.); 28, Anag. & lit., poor horse, 21, Tib 'er T; 26, (Sn)ooze, 27, Fr for cat.

CHESS

by HARRY GOLOBEK

Position No. 5



White to play—how should the game go?

Continuation of Position No. 3

This was the finish of a game played in Hungary, 1970 between Graca and Rad-

noti.—1rb2r2, 1pR1Kt2p, p2R2pk, 5p2, 4pP2, 2PktP3, 1P3P1P, 5BK1. White won by 1. R-KB6!, R-KR1, if 1... R x R, 2. Kt-Kt8 ch, K-R4, 3. R x P ch, K-Kt5, 4. B-K2 mate.
 2. R x B, K-Kt2; again, if 2... QR x R, 3. Kt x P ch, K-R4; 4. B-K2 mate.
 3. R x R(R8), R x R, 4. R-Kt6, resigns.

Winning the Queen

Usually, that is to say, in the vast majority of cases, the winning of the Queen is equivalent to winning the game. Hence the erroneous belief, which has been a very long time a-dying, among the less experienced and more ignorant players that when you attack the Queen you should say 'Check'. Hence, too, the German note at the end of a game—'Check, mate and wins the Queen', a sort of irony by superfluity.

However, and it pays to realise this, there are exceptions and players should keep an open mind on the subject.

Thus, those situations in which one gains the Queen can be divided into three categories. The first, the most frequently encountered, is when the win is a genuine one and the game is in consequence won. The second is that when the win is really an intentional Queen sacrifice on the opponent's part for some great compensatory advantage in position. And finally the third is that when the win is in reality a loss since it costs too much material; for example, when one 'wins' the Queen for three minor pieces, or for a Rook and two minor pieces, or even for a Rook, Bishop and passed pawn.

There are quite a number of known variations in the opening which are based on this last consideration and the following game from last year's Atlantic Open in New York is a good example.

White: L. Heinen. Black: N. Matleo

Sicilian Defence

1. P-K4, P-QB4; 2. Kt-KB3, P-Q3; 3. P-Q4, P x P; 4. Kt x P, Kt-KB3; 5. Kt-QB3, P-QR3; 6. B-Kt5, P-K3; 7. P-B4, B-K2; 8. Q-B3, Q-B2; 9. O-O-O, QKt-Q2; 10. B-K2, P-Kt4; 11. B x Kt, tempting is 11. P-K5, B-Kt2; 12. P x Kt, B x Q; 13. B x B, but then, after 13... P x P it is apparent that White has insufficient compensation for the Queen. 11... Kt x B; 12. P-K5, B-Kt2; 13. P x Kt. White now decides he will win material when he 'loses' the Queen; and so he does but, as will be seen, this advantage could have been merely temporary and hence the safe 13. Q-Kt3 was preferable. 13... B x Q; 14. B x B, B x P; 15. B x R, P-Q4; shutting in White's valuable Bishop and thereby proving White has miscalculated. 16. B x P, Q x P ch; in the euphoria of the moment Black commits an error that costs the game. Correct was 16... P x B; 17. Kt x QP, Q-Q1 when indeed Black should win. 17. K-Kt1, B x Kt; now if he plays 17... P x B; then 18. Kt x QP, and the Queen has no good retiring square. 18. B-B6 ch, K-B1; 19. Kt-K2, Q-B2; 20. Kt x B, P-K4; 21. Kt-B5, P-Kt3; 22. R-Q7, Q-B1; 23. R x P ch, resigns. An entertaining, if far from flawless, game.

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SOME OF OUR WOMEN



Week beginning July 22, 1973.



ARIES (March 21 — April 20)

A measure of success is likely in speculation. Revival of interest in social work may be anticipated. Lots of obstacles and setbacks in domestic life may make you unhappy. Business executives! help from willing friends and powerful status in office indicated. If you are single and in love, you may receive some bad news on Wednesday and thereby your routine will be disturbed.



TAURUS (April 21 — May 20)

This week will prove normally good for people in service. A favourable change in work may occur during the second half of the week. If you are in business increased activity will manifest with larger turnovers. Executives! so far as routine activities are concerned they will do generally well. Married women! health of your husbands may cause worry. Have patience! ultimate success is yours.



GEMINI (May 21 — June 20)

Business will register improvement and professional activities will contribute above-average results. Presence of Saturn in your sign may keep your mind perturbed. This week cannot be considered a prosperous week for service. If you are in publishing business you will be favoured by the stars. This week is full of possibilities of travel and excursions. Wednesday is good for meeting people.



CANCER (June 21 — July 21)

A week of hard but stimulating and exciting effort. No need to worry about money — income will improve. Do not count much on your brothers and sisters. You will be put to a certain amount of anxiety or trouble by them. Industrialists! nervous tension may build up slightly during the second half of the week. Professionals! keep a particular eye on the reputed members of your circle.



LEO (July 22 — Aug. 21)

This is a week in which to avoid being drawn into arguments with governmental authorities. Businessmen! be careful about launching into ambitious schemes. Industrialists! a meeting which takes place early in the week will have a far more important outcome than you envisage at the time. An erratic week where personal relationships and friendships are concerned.



VIRGO (Aug. 22 — Sept. 22)

You are approaching the end of a phase of worries and difficulties. Businessmen! this is the time to delegate powers to the person in view. Persons in service will enjoy ordinarily favourable time. Some of the unemployed may be able to get work. Executives! a favourable trend may be witnessed in your office. If you are in speculative deals some gain is possible in the first half of the week.



LIBRA (Sept. 23 — Oct. 22)

In a minor way your fortune will take an upturn. This week is good for finances. Gains will flow from various sources and all financial activities will meet with a fair amount of success. Persons in service will come up in life. For Professionals, a normal week without much ups and downs. Industrialists! if you are in need of money loans may be raised on favourable terms.



SCORPIO (Oct. 23 — Nov. 22)

A situation of stress or tension may develop in your office on Tuesday. Minor ailments like disease of the eye indicated. Businessmen! enterprises will thrive to yield better results. Industrialists! income from regular sources will remain unaffected. If you are in Government service setbacks in official routine appear to be unavoidable. If single, freedom from worries and troubles should not be anticipated.



SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 23 — Dec. 20)

Stars are not well-disposed towards you this week. Official displeasure, loss of health and disappointment indicated. Domestic peace may be disturbed. For industrialists there may be difficulties from Government side. Persons in commercial houses may suffer temporary setbacks in their work. If single, your friends may give a good solace to you in your mental sufferings.



CAPRICORN (Dec. 21 — Jan. 19)

A prosperous week for journalists, lawyers and surgeons. Now you may sort out your difficulties and plan for the future. Conflict with your spouse indicated. Curb investment to avoid financial stringency. Monday will bring profit if you make the right move in business. Avoid a trip on Wednesday. Restrict your expenses till Friday. Love ties will be troublesome.



AQUARIUS (Jan. 20 — Feb. 18)

This week is quite auspicious from the standpoint of fun and recreation. You are now under less pressure; things come to you more easily. Businessmen! an opportunity for development and expansion of your business will come to you. Industrialists! avoid making firm commitment. This week holds good promises for artists and authors.



PISCES (Feb. 19 — March 20)

You have a busy week ahead. This is the time to organise an active social life. Businessmen! new openings and opportunities you have not envisaged will present themselves to you. An influential person will come to your help. If you are single, your love life is under unfavourable stars. There is a heightened possibility of travel on Saturday.

This magazine is distributed
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Hindusthan Standard



India has had women politicians, declared and undeclared, from courtesans to saints, down the ages. And then, in the amiable if muddled early years of Indian independence it is the women who took part in the freedom struggle, call them politicians or not, who set the refined tone and intensely high public standards for what we get nowadays or mostly very imitations of them.

Next Sunday Amita Malik writes about the women politicians of India.

sunday

HINDUSTHAN STANDARD

COLOUR MAGAZINE

22 JULY 1973

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BRIDGE STAMP ALBUM

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WOMEN

Some of our



Srimati



men

In the North Pole, under the ice-domed igloos, the Eskimo offers his wife for the night to a visiting male guest, as a gesture of hospitality. In China, where a man of forty took a mistress, approved and often selected by his wife, concubinage was a respectable social phenomenon until very recent times. Swiss women still do not have the vote in their democracy. And British law, even in 1973, treats the wife as the property of the husband — assaulting the spouse may be cause for a civil divorce, but the police cannot prosecute the man under criminal law. Nearer home, we had the *baijis*, *devadasis* and other similar receptacles for the discharge of male libido and the aggrandisement of masculine vanity.

Throughout the ages, all over the world, the female has been socially, sexually and economically exploited. 'The Status of Women' became a serious political issue in Britain only at the turn of the century, with Mrs. Pankhurst and the early suffragettes, leading the battle for universal franchise and women's voting rights. Today in the Western world, and particularly in America, that same campaign has taken a novel, if more hysterical, twist under the zealous-sounding title of 'The Women's Liberation Movement'. Of course there are comic turns in the act, such as SCUM (Society for Cutting Up Men), whose professed objective is the abolition of men by the device explicitly stated in its very name. But underlying all the fervid rantings of girls from well-to-do homes, there is a serious and obsessive urge to remedy a social evil which is probably as old as Mankind itself.

In India, proverbially the land of paradoxes, where at first glance the social position of women is even lower than in the West, the quest for Women's Liberation seems to have made surprisingly little impact. On the other hand, the executive head of the most populous democracy in the world is a woman, and it is rumoured that she governs the nation with a much firmer hand than her male predecessors. To conceive of a comparable phenomenon in the Western world — a woman President in America or France, a lady Prime Minister in Britain — it would be safe to assert that one would have to look beyond the twentieth century.

How then have women fared in India, and specifically in Bengal, in the last fifty

years? To find an answer to this query, I went along to see five women, every one of whom had distinguished themselves in their own fields. Ranging from Srimati Thakur, who started her career as a dancer in the early 20s, to 22-year-old Rupa Mukherjee, the table tennis star who recently went to Peking as Captain of the Indian team, the ladies offered a fascinating glimpse of the social and cultural changes that have taken place in the last half century.

I met Srimati Thakur at her home in Elgin Road. A lady in her late sixties, with greying hair parted in the middle, Srimati Thakur was dressed like the naturalised Bengali she is. A Gujrati by birth, she came to Santiniketan in 1920 and was instantly adopted by Tagore as his favourite protege.

There was the problem of language at first, as no one else excepting the great man, apparently spoke English: "Gurudev taught me Bengali himself. You couldn't help learning fast, he was such a great teacher."

"It was a very closed society in those days and there were no such things as hostels. So I asked my mother to build me a hut within the compound and I lived there all by myself. That was considered quite daring but I experienced no problems."

As if this was not enough, Srimati Thakur bought herself a ladies' bicycle and was the first woman in Santiniketan, perhaps in the whole of Bengal, to go trapesing around in a two-wheeler. Violation of taboos seems to have come quite naturally to her. "I played tennis in shorts and once went on a six-week trek to Badrikedar with two boys. Gurudev never stopped me from doing anything. When I asked him if I could go, he merely laughed and said, 'I don't think you'll ever come back. Like Yudhisthira, you'll be swallowed up by the Himalayan snows.' So I packed my things, put on my breeches and off I went. For a single girl to go along with two boys on an expedition like that was quite something in those days, you know."

After a six-year stint at Santiniketan, Srimati Thakur went off to Germany with the idea of studying philosophy. But once there she discovered a talent in herself which, under the patronage of Tagore, was to launch a socio-cultural

revolution in Bengal.

"Girls from respectable families never danced in those days. But when I came back from Germany and showed Gurudev what I had done with his songs and music through the dance, he was so excited about it that he said, 'I must show the people of Calcutta what you have done'. So he hired the University Institute Hall and I did some dances on the stage all by myself.

"You could say it was the first time a girl from a good family had performed in public. Of course, there were always *baijis* who danced to entertain rich people and the temple dancers in the South. But they were not artistes."

Did she never experience any social ostracism because she was a dancer?

"When you had Tagore's blessings, nobody dared to say anything. The whole atmosphere was so cultural and chaste. And when I went to Bombay, I refused to be ordered about by people who wanted to make money out of me, make me do a night show or cabaret and things like that."

Wedded as she is to a one-time veteran Communist leader, Soumendranath Thakur (who had met Stalin and Trotsky while in Russia), I asked if an inter-communal marriage did not cause problems.

"There was no trouble from the Tagore side of the family. I was an intimate of the Jorasanko house and the Tagores, as you know, were very emancipated. Satyendranath Tagore, the first Indian ICS officer and Gurudev's elder brother, used to go riding with his wife and family in Chitpore Road. So there was no problem there. But my mother had some misgivings mainly because of Shammu's political affiliations. As it is, half the time after my marriage he was in jail. But I knew he was a Communist and I was old enough to decide what I wanted to do.

What did she think of the Women's Liberation Movement?

"It is not relevant here. You see, European women had to fight for the vote, we got it automatically. If you go up high enough, there is no discrimination against women in this country."

"Things have changed so much. Even twenty years ago you didn't see women on the streets by themselves. They were always escorted by durwans or servants. But now you see them everywhere, in the streets and the shops, and they go to work just like the men."

There was an old-world odour of self-satisfaction about the lady. Certainly, she nursed no grievance against male society nor did she appear to have stumbled against any impediments in her journey through life. Perhaps she was right, the higher up you go...



Next port of call was Gita Mukherjee, the Communist MLA whose party (CPI) maintains such a tenuous and Jeevesian link with the ruling Congress.

"I was born into an old nationalist family in Jessore and I joined politics while I was still in school there. I became a card-holding member of the Communist Party of India in 1942, but my connexions with the Party began earlier in 1939."

Why Marxism?

"Because I felt Congress did not go far enough. I began to wonder what we would do after independence, how we would liberate the masses."

Were there many women in the movement then?

"Not many, but there were some. And they were all very committed. You see, when a woman attaches herself to something, she is much more devoted to it than a man, much more loyal."

Wasn't there a certain amount of social opprobrium attached to a woman who was an activist in politics?

"Oh yes, as you say, we were thought to be rather loose. And not only in those days. Even years later, when I was established in politics, and married into a respectable family, there were always slanders and insinuations against my name. Although the villagers and peasants among whom I worked gave me their deepest love, and which I shall remember to my dying day, there were people who



gossiped and spread rumours because I was a woman."

"Couldn't there have been some vestige of truth in these rumours? After all, yours was not an arranged marriage, was it?"

"No, mine was an inter-caste marriage. My father knew me very well and was sure that I wasn't loose and that was all that mattered. But my grandfather, who was an old Bengali aristocrat, was very upset with the idea of his granddaughter marrying into a Brahmin family."

How did you meet your husband?

"He was a very prominent student leader and the founder of the All Bengal Students Federation. So I naturally came into contact with him when I arrived in Calcutta from Jessore. But I had met him even earlier. His family did not mind very much. In fact his elder brother, who was then the head of the family, had to persuade my grandfather to accept our marriage."

Does it cause any friction within the family to belong to a Party which is led by your husband in the Assembly?

Gita Mukherjee laughed: "Of course not. If anything, it is a great help."

"But supposing you were to come to a different opinion from your husband on a particular political issue?" I persisted.

"It hasn't happened yet. When and if it does, we shall have to see!"

As I was obviously not getting anywhere with this line of questioning, I changed the subject. "What do you think

of Women's Liberation?"

"There can be no Women's Liberation without the Liberation of the masses. And that can only come when we have a scientific-socialist society. First we have got to build the economic base, then everything else will follow."

"Do you approve of distributing the Pill to unmarried women?"

"Well," she said, "I wouldn't like girls to go around producing babies when they are not married. So prevention is better than cure. But I would like them to be responsible and respectable."

"That sits rather oddly with your professed ideology, does it not?" I queried.

"You know, even Karl Marx, that greatest of all liberators, said, 'I prefer weakness in a woman and strength in a man'."

And on that line of all lines, I bade her adieu.

The encounter with the youngest member on my list of distinguished women turned out to be inadvertently hilarious. Rupa Mukherjee was 22, dark, with long plaited hair and a vivacious face.

"I am going to start work within a week," she said, starting the dialogue. "I may not get the amount I want but I shall settle for what I can get. I don't suppose I shall have to do any real work, players get jobs very easily, you see. First, I shall start as a clerk, then after a while I will become an officer."

"You mean you just have to show your face in the office and you get paid for that?"

"Yes, you just have to show your face. But you must play of course."

The girl had shot into all India table-tennis fame at the age of eleven. Since then she had visited China, Japan, Singapore, Yugoslavia and London on sporting expeditions. Nine times Bengal champion, her present obsessive ambition was to win the national title.

"And after that?" I asked.

"After I become national champion, I'll quit table tennis and become a housewife."

Both laudable ambitions, I reflected, but who will choose the husband?

"You see, in our family all marriages have been arranged and they have all been successful. So I too will have an arranged and I am sure it will be successful."

Touching faith in the wisdom of elders, I thought, so I asked about her conception of the ideal man.

"He must be educated, sober, tall, fair and smart. He must be able to behave properly with elderly people as well as his friends."

And would she consider going out with a man alone before she got married?

"I do not accept such invitation because I don't think it is proper."

"What's wrong with going out with a man?" I persisted.

"I don't know what's wrong with it or right with it. I just know that my mummy wouldn't like it and my family wouldn't like it if I mixed too freely with boys. And I accept what they say because on this point they are correct. Nowadays they hear so many cases. So I listen to what my mummy says and if she is satisfied, then I am."

"Have you heard of a thing called sex?"

"I don't think about those things. I don't think players bother about those things at all." I couldn't stop myself from laughing at this point.

"Supposing you heard of a girl who is 21, unmarried and pregnant, what would your reaction be?"

"I would not like it," she replied emphatically. "I would not support the girl."

"What should she do?"

"I don't know what she should do, I just would not like it. She should get married to the same person."

"Supposing he doesn't want to?"

"Then I don't know. I just don't like to think about those things." In her spare time, Rupa Mukherjee read Nihar Ranjan Gupta and James Hadley Chase. She had no opinions about Women's Lib or any other topic for that matter. "When I leave table tennis, I shall start thinking about those things."

As I climbed the stairs down from her family flat, I wished I had a one-track mind like her's.

Leila Majumdar, the well-known children's writer was born into a Brahmo family and then married a Hindu. Her father did not speak to her for eighteen years because she chose to have a civil marriage instead of a religious ceremony in a Brahmo church.

Now in her early fifties, Leila Majumdar co-edits "Sandesh" with Satyajit Ray, who is a first cousin. Educated in a convent, with flawless English at her command, Leila Ray (as she then was) nevertheless began her literary career in Bengali. There was no dearth of talent in the family and writing came naturally.

"I don't think Women's Liberation in this country.... I have never experienced any discrimination because I am a woman. As a young girl I was allowed to mix around quite freely with boys and my parents placed no restrictions. I don't suppose many young people in our group had what you call 'affairs' in these days, but neither did they in Europe at that time. Mostly they were involved in



politics and though I kept myself informed, I was never an activist.

"The sex of a writer doesn't count. What you write does. So the question of social discrimination does not arise."

I began to get the distinct impression that women born into well-to-do educated families during the 20s did not suffer from the shackles of male domination in Bengali society, as much as those who came after. The business of getting the British out of the country obscured a lot of taboos which swung back into force after the foreigners left.

So I trekked down to Aparna Sen's house on a sweltering Monday morning in a mixed mood of hope and apprehension. She was wearing a long robe down to her ankles, her face was unmade and her eyes looked drawn with sleep.

"I was up till early this morning, and if I had your number I'd have rung you up to cancel the appointment. But I really am very tired. So if you insist I'll go through with the interview but I would prefer to make it tomorrow."

My mind clicked a sharp note on the debit side of the ledger. "Another of those star-like stunts," I thought. But I acquiesced to her suggestion with grace. After all she was the top heroine on the Bengali screen while I....?

Next day she received me in the garden patio. Her husband was on the other side of the table with a chess board in between them. They had both played about four moves but it looked as if it was going to be rather an elementary game. Mrs. Sen's face was unmadeup as before but it radiated vitality. I suggested we withdrew to the sitting room to shut out the street noises from my tape recorder. She agreed and put the chess set away. Mr. Sen excused himself, and I started going through the usual routine of school, college, date of birth, etc. Aparna Sen obligingly supplied all the biographical data, among which the only significant one was how she had changed her screen name after she was married: "Sanjay put his foot down. 'I refuse to be Aparna Dasgupta's husband' he said, and that was that."

Did she like Presidency College?

"Well, yes, I liked some of the professors. But I never liked studying. I was more interested in finding out what college was like than getting a degree. So I left before graduation!"

As an ex-Presidency man myself I was interested in boy-girl interactions during her time.

"We were sort of Ram Mohans, pioneers, in that way. We would skip classes and sit on the lawn and chat or else play bridge in the library. The professors raised their eyebrows but what

could they do?"

"And did any of the students pair up?"

"Oh yes, but they never went very far. They would perhaps do a bit of petting or sneakily hold hands or even go to a cabin and draw the curtains. But I don't think they went the whole way. Most of my friends came from very conservative families. If the boy visited the girl's house, he would have to sit in the sitting room with people watching all the time. And they would never dare go to a hotel or something for fear of the stink afterwards. So I don't think they actually did it because they never got the chance."

I asked whether her marriage had been arranged.

"No, ours was very much a love marriage." As I fumbled for words, she put the next question herself. "Did we sleep together before our marriage? Yes, we did."

"If your friends found it so difficult, how did you manage to solve the problem?"

Mrs. Sen flashed one of those whipping smiles and quipped: "We were lucky."

And what did she think of pre-marital sex in general?

"Well, the only thing is that if a girl sleeps with a man, and everybody knows about it, and then she decides not to marry him, she would probably find it difficult to find another partner. But even then I would say, it is much nicer to find out before hand, before she bears any children, when things become much more difficult."

"In my own case, when Sanjay and I fell in love, to be honest, funny as it might sound, I was a little idealistic. When I fell in love, the first thing that occurred to me was *not* going to bed. But when we ultimately did go to bed, it was such a spontaneous thing that neither of us thought anything about it."

"But when my daughter grows up, I am going to ask her to start taking the Pill not to throw her into bed with a man but because she will, whether I like it or not."

"What would your attitude be towards extra-marital relations?"

"Well, if it does not burden one with a permanent sense of guilt, then it is all right."

"What would happen in your case?"

"I think I would certainly be burdened with a sense of guilt. Perhaps not permanently, but I think it would certainly impair, damage my relationship with my husband. With me, going to bed and being in love are totally connected."

"And what about Women's Lib?"

"Why bother ourselves with Women's Lib. We are in a wonderful position in this country as we are. We have the best of both worlds. We get a certain amount



Aparna Sen

of gallantry from me yet we are allowed to do exactly as we choose. I do not like the idea of men and women being completely equal in every way, so much so that you are not even offered a seat. I feel I am an entity in my own right, and since I can do what I like, I couldn't care less."

"And what about the less affluent?"

"It has nothing to do with affluence. When I used to go to college, someone came up to me in a bus and asked if I was Aparna Sen. To which I replied, 'Yes!' He looked startled and said, 'Even a famous actress like you has to travel by bus?' And I told him, 'When people go to college, they usually travel by bus or tram, don't they?'"

I asked her opinion about nudity on the screen.

"If the director feels it is necessary to have a nude scene, and I can trust the director, then I would be willing to do it. But the thing is you can't trust any director here except Satyajit Ray. When I did a kissing scene with Shashi Kapur, the director just wouldn't say cut, so we went on kissing and kissing.

10 "The thing I do deplore on the screen is violence. I feel nude scenes and even copulation is much less injurious than violence, I just can't stand that sort of

film, it disgusts me."

"What about the Naxalites?"

"That's different, that's violence with a cause. And I admire them. There is something tremendously inspiring about somebody who believes so wholeheartedly in a cause that he is prepared to disregard his own life.

"I definitely feel there is everything wrong with the social set up we have at the moment. I also realise that I get most of the benefits from this set up. But if I suddenly abandon everything just now, it would not help anybody and it would certainly hurt me.

"So I try to encourage films which project the kind of idealism I believe in. And I would be willing to act in such films for a nominal sum or even for no money at all. Because it would preach the message which would ultimately awaken the consciousness of the masses. After all as actors or artists that is about all we can do, make people aware."

I had not heard such succinct summing up of a committed artist's role for some little while. It made me wonder about my own work, and the city in which I was born. And then I reflected that with Aparna Sen in Calcutta, it can't be entirely doomed.

It was obvious that individual determination was the hallmark of all the ladies I spoke with, but then that characteristic is not uniquely female. The dual response of the Bengali male towards the woman — both a goddess and a servant girl — had helped women to climb the social and cultural ladder. But the old dilemma remained. A woman had to be wily, wheedle out of male society what a human being ought to be able to claim as a right.

The repeated insistence on the irrelevance of Women's Lib in the Indian context made me think that Indian women, especially those who are well off, are a self-satisfied lot. But then, so is middle-class America. It is not a necessary criterion of progressiveness to be perpetually frustrated. Women, perhaps more than any other member of the animal kingdom, are able to induce themselves into believing whatever they wish; adjustment is a traditional Bengali trait, more pronounced in a female. Older women obviously had the better time, as exceptions were rarer and those who did break the barriers were accorded that much more adulation. But after all those hours of talking and sipping tea, I came away with the nagging suspicion that these people were in a cocoon, and one day in the not too distant future, they will be forced to emerge, try their wings in the open air. It will be then that the test will come. Who knows, I might even be around to report on the maiden flight.

SASTHI BRATA.

RIGHT WAY TO YOGA 4

After doing the body exercises, you must do the breathing and facial exercises to complete the session. As always, the watchwords: slow steady rhythm in doing the asanas and following instructions to the letter.

Breathing exercises :

Uddyana : Sit in the padmasana (lotus) position. Palms on your knees, elbows bent outwards slightly, head bent slightly forward, thus putting the weight on the palms. Breathe out completely and suck your abdomen in, so as to form a hollow just under your ribs. Count to three. Relax. Now do the exercise again, count to three.

Kapalabhati : Sit in the lotus position. Keep other fingers straight together, let the index finger touch the centre of the thumb. Arms outspread, rest your fingers in the above mentioned mudra on the knees. Breathe in deeply, regularly, slowly. Now exhale the breath out with the stomach. This is exactly the way a dog pants. But do this through the nose and not through the mouth. This is done in a quick movement by which the air is pushed out by the stomach muscles. Each time you breathe in and out, there should be regular intervals. Do this 20 times to start with, bring it up gradually to a count of 80. You should breathe in and out like the working of a pump.

Ujjaiyi : Sit in the lotus position. Breathe in deeply through the nose, take in a deep lungful of air (yoga enthusiasts point out that most of us have never learnt how to breathe in and out properly!). Now push air out through nose. Do this 5 times. Bring it up to 20.

Facial exercises :

Simha mudra and Jeeva bandha : (Done alternately) —

(a) **Simha mudra :** Sit in the lotus position. Palms on knees. Body slightly bent forward so that the weight is on the palms. Thrust your tongue out as far as possible with eyes upwards. Count to three, come back to original position.

(b) **Jeeva bandha :** Come back to padmasana position after doing simha mudra. Stick tongue to palette, keeping mouth as wide as possible. Release tongue with a click. Count up to three before releasing tongue.

Now repeat simha mudra, then jeeva bandha. Do them twice each.

Brahma mudra : Sit in lotus position. Turn head slowly to face left side. Count to 10. Now turn head slowly to face right shoulder. Count 10 and bring face back to centre. Throw head as far back as possible, but do this steadily, gradually. Count to 10, now bring head down, as low as possible, without moving torso. Count to 10 and go back to original position.

It is of the utmost importance to end every yoga session with *sharvasana* : Lie flat on your back. Legs straight. Let the whole body and limbs go limp. Concentrate on the regularity of your breathing, try to prevent your mind from wandering. The purpose of this exercise is to let both your mind and body relax.

Follow these exercises with care to tone up your body and mind. If you can get a master to help you, well and good, otherwise, a careful study will also be of help.

Text Ruksana Lal.

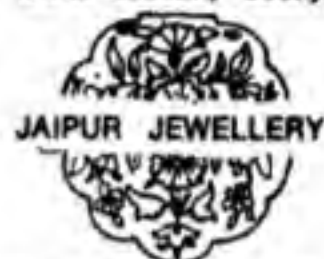
Sketches : Lalita Uttam Singh.





Fashion, in certain moods, despises costume jewellery, but its acceptance today among collegiate and couturier alike has made it a veritable gold mine for the new craftman. Costume jewellery is not, in the strictest sense, meant to be an imitation of real jewellery, but goes its own independent way, deriving its effects from the novelty of material and variety of design it works with.

In a two-part article, we present Jaipur jewellery in all its sophistication, and also the more inexpensive Rajasthan 'junk' ornaments for adornment that looks casually costly.



Jaipur jewellery is characterized by extravagantly set-precious and semi-precious stones in sophisticated designs and brilliant colours. Jaipur jewellery is not cheap; it is an artistic investment, nevertheless.

LEFT

The rings on all her fingers are semi-precious stones set in gold-plated silver and in silver itself, and cost between Rs. 85 and Rs. 125.

TOP

A tikka or tikli executed in thappa work uses a thin layer of gold to set the enamel with the drop pearls. Enamelled bangles in a variety of colours. The odd one out is in gold following the same designs. The tikka costs Rs. 200, the enamelled bangles Rs. 250 each and the gold is Rs. 100.

BOTTOM

Trupoise and white sapphire make up this chunky necklace, earring and ring at Rs. 2,100.

JULIET FONSECA

Model: Meera Uirmani

Photographs: Taiyeb Badshah

Jewellery: Lall's Gems and Jewels, Bombay

in our fashion



PART IX

by **GEORGES SIMENON**
MAIGRET
and
Monsieur
Charles

Gerard Savin-Levesque was in the habit of running away with nightclub hostesses. But this time when he kept away longer than usual, his anxious wife Nathalie went to Superintendent Maigret for help. Then Gerard's body was found in the river. Maigret, found in the dead man's desk two old photographs. One showed Gerard and his wife. The other was of a younger Nathalie in a provocative pose.

Now read on....

On the way, Maigret glanced at the titles of the books in the study. There were quite a few good modern authors, including some in English; Maigret assumed the solicitor had spoken the language fluently.

They went through the smaller drawing-room, then into the main one, finally reaching Nathalie's boudoir. She stood watching them while Maigret opened a few drawers, which contained only trinkets.

He went into her bedroom. Her bed was as large as her husband's, but it was white, like the rest of the furniture. In the drawers, Maigret found nothing but some very fine made-to-measure underwear.

The grey-blue marble bathroom was untidy, as though it had just been used in a hurry. There was a bottle of brandy and a glass on a small table.

In the wardrobe, Maigret found only dresses, coats, suits and at least thirty pairs of shoes on special racks.

'Do you know how your husband died?'

She looked at him, tight-lipped, without answering.

'Someone hit him on the head with a blunt instrument, probably a car-jack. He was hit not once but at least a dozen times, so that his skull is in little pieces...'

She remained quite still and went on staring at the chief superintendent. There was a glazed look in her eyes and anyone seeing her at that moment would have taken her for a madwoman.

FIVE

Maigret paid another visit to the concierge in his lodge.

'Tell me, didn't the solicitor have a dog when he got married?'

'Yes, a beautiful Alsatian; he was very fond of it and the dog was devoted to him.'

'Did it die?'

'No. They gave it away a few days after they came back from Cannes, where they had spent their honeymoon....'

'Didn't you think it odd?'

'I hear the dog would snarl at Madame Sabin-Levesque every time she came near. It almost bit her once and tore the hem of her dress. She was terrified of it and so she made her husband give it away....'

When he got back to his office, Maigret

sent for the photographer who worked for the Criminal Identity Department. He produced the snapshot of the couple with the dog in Cannes.

'Can you enlarge this for me?'

'The result won't be perfect, but you'll be able to recognize the people in it....'

'What about this one?'

'I'll do my best. When do you want them for?'

'Tomorrow morning....'

The photographer sighed. The chief superintendent always wanted things done in a hurry. He was used to it by now.

Madame Maigret looked at her husband a little anxiously, the way she always did when he was conducting a difficult investigation. She was used to his silences and his grumpy manner. He would wander about the flat, not knowing what to do with himself.

Sometimes, when he was eating in an absent-minded way, his wife would ask him, smiling:

'Are you there?'

In fact, his thoughts had wandered far away. His wife recalled a conversation between Pardon and her husband one evening, when they were having dinner at the doctor's home. Pardon had said:

'There's one thing I just can't understand. You're the exact opposite of most policemen; why, you seem to hate having to arrest a criminal.'

'Yes, that's sometimes true....'

'Yet you carry out your investigations as though the outcome affected you personally....'

Maigret had answered:

'That's because each case is a personal experience in which I become involved. When you go to visit an unknown patient, don't you get emotionally involved too? Don't you struggle with death as though the patient were someone dear to you?'

He was weary and in a bad mood. The sight of the corpse on the Quai de Grenelle had been enough to upset even a forensic doctor like Grenier.

Maigret was fond of Sabin-Levesque, even though he had never met him personally. At school, he had known a boy who was rather like the solicitor, light-hearted and unconcerned. This boy had been the most undisciplined pupil in the class, interrupting the teacher or drawing in his exercise books during lessons.

When the teacher sent him out of the room for an hour, he would look in through the window and make faces at the class.

In spite of this, the teachers did not bear him a grudge and they even ended up by laughing at his antics. But then of course, he was also one of the three top boys in his class at every exam.

After leading the life of a playboy, Sabin-Levesque had suddenly got married.

Why? Had he fallen madly in love with Nathalie, alias Trika? Or had she cleverly manipulated his feelings for her?

What did she expect? A brilliant social life, a luxurious home, exotic holidays and fashionable resorts?

Then, about three months after the wedding, Sabin-Levesque had begun to go off on his own again.

Why?

Maigret kept on asking himself this question and could not find a satisfactory answer to it. Had she gradually revealed herself to be the way she was now? They were not getting along well together and then, at some point, they simply stopped being on speaking terms.

Yet neither of them had asked for a divorce.

Maigret finally fell asleep, still turning things over in his mind. When he woke up the next morning, he first drank the cup of coffee his wife had brought him in bed and then got up. It was raining a little outside.

'Are you going to have a busy day?'

'I don't know. I never know what's waiting for me.'

He took a taxi, which was significant, for he nearly always went by bus or metro.

He found the photographs lying on his desk; they were surprisingly clear. He took one copy of each and went to Peretti's office at the other end of the corridor. Peretti was head of the Vice Squad and he was the only police inspector to wear a diamond ring, as though something of the underworld had rubbed off on him.

A good-looking man with jet-black hair, he was still young and dressed in a rather flashy way.

'Hello there! Haven't seen you for a long time.'

It was true. The two men had their offices in the same corridor yet they hardly ever met and when they did it was usually at the Brasserie Dauphine.

'I don't suppose you know this lady?'

Peretti studied the enlargement of Nathalie's passport photograph, going over to the window to examine it more closely.

'Isn't it an old picture of that solicitor's wife, the one who was in the papers yesterday?'

'Yes, it's her, about fifteen years ago.... Here's another one of her with her husband, taken a few weeks or maybe months later....'

Peretti studied the Cannes photograph as intently as he had done the other one.

'I can't place either one of them....'

'I didn't expect you to. But there's something else I'd like to know. My men have drawn up a list of all the 15 nightclubs in Paris. Here's a copy of it. Do you see any clubs there which are





still run by the same people as fifteen years ago? I'm particularly interested in clubs round the VIIIth *arrondissement*.

Peretti looked at the list.

'Most of these clubs didn't exist fifteen years ago. Fashions change. At one time, the smart place for nightlife used to be Montmartre. Then it was Saint-Germaindes-Pres....

'Wait a moment.... *Le Ciel de Lit*, Rue de Ponthieu.... That used to be run by a nice old crook whom I've never been able to pin anything on; he still owns it....'

'Any others?'

'*Chez Mademoiselle*, Avenue de la Grande Armee. A very classy place run by a woman called Blanche Bonnard. She must be well over fifty by now, but she still looks pretty good. She has another club called *Le Doux Frisson* in Montmartre, Rue Fontaine; it's less genteel than the other one....'

'Do you know where she lives?'

'She's got a flat in the Avenue de Wagram; I gather she spent a small fortune doing it up....'

'I'll leave you the list. I've more copies of it. If you happen to think of any others....'

'I forgot to ask you where the owner of *Le Ciel de Lit* lives....'

'Marcel Lenoir? In the same building as his club, on the third or fourth floor. I raided his place once, hoping to find some drugs....'

'Thanks, old chap.'

'How's your case getting on?'

'So-so....'

Maigret went back to his office. Then, as usual, he went to the office of the director for a briefing. During the briefing, he could not help recalling that he might have been sitting in his boss's place only a month hence.

'How are you getting on with your solicitor's case, Maigret?'

The superintendents of the other departments were all present, each carrying various files.

'I'm not getting anywhere. I'm just accumulating bits and pieces of information which may or may not come in useful later....'

He sent off the enlargement of Nathalie's photograph to the newspapers, with the caption: *Madame Sabin-Levesque, aged twenty*.

He then went upstairs to the police archives and looked up the names Trika and Nathalie Frassier. He found nothing. Nathalie did not have a police record and had never had any encounters with the law.

16 'Will you take me to the Rue de Ponthieu?'

Lapointe or Janvier drove Maigret

everywhere; he had never sat behind the wheel of a car in his life. He had bought a car recently to go to his little house in Meung-sur-Loire on a Saturday evening or Sunday morning, but it was Madame Maigret who did all the driving.

'Anything new, chief?'

'We're going to see the proprietor of a nightclub. He's been running the same place for twenty years....'

The gates of the nightclub were shut, but they could see, through the grating, some large framed photographs of nearly-nude women.

They went in by the main doorway. The concierge sent them up to the third floor on the left. A rather grubby little maid opened the door for them.

'Monsieur Lenoir?.... I don't know if he can see you.... He's only just got up and he's eating his breakfast....'

'Tell him Superintendent Maigret wishes to see him....'

A moment later, Lenoir came out into the hall to greet his visitors. He was huge, very fat and not very clean-looking. He wore an old, wine-coloured dressing gown over faded pyjamas.

'To what do I owe the pleasure....?'

'Pleasure has nothing to do with it. Please carry on with your breakfast....'

'I apologize for receiving you in this fashion....'

Lenoir was an old rogue who had run a brothel twenty-five years earlier. He was probably about sixty but he looked older; he was unshaven and his eyes were still heavy with sleep.

'Will you please come this way....'

The apartment was as untidy as its occupant, whose belongings lay strewn everywhere. They went into a small dining-room which had a window overlooking the street.

Lenoir had finished one boiled egg and was just opening a second.

'I need a good start in the morning...'

He was drinking black coffee. The ash-tray was full of cigarette ends.

'Well, what can I do for you?'

'I want to show you a photograph and you must tell me if it reminds you of anyone....'

Maigret showed him the enlargement of Nathalie's passport photograph.

'She looks vaguely familiar.... What's her name?'

'In those days, about fifteen years ago, she used to call herself Trika....'

'They all love to choose the most idiotic names.... Trika....'

'Do you recognize her?'

'No, I don't to tell you the truth....'

'Can you look up her name in your files?'

Lenoir was a messy eater; there was egg yolk on his chin and on the lapel of his dressing-gown.

And now, the taste-giver is a best seller too!

When Wills Flake was introduced in Mid '71 it received immediate public support.

Today Wills Flake is the largest-selling filter cigarette in the country. And the youngest champion ever.

What's the reason for this spectacular success? Wills Flake is made from rich full-bodied Virginia tobaccos, carefully blended to give you a taste that satisfies. With a filter that delivers all of it.

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'Do you imagine I keep a file on every girl who works in my nightclub?.... Those women come and go.... A lot of them get married and you'd be surprised how many of them make really good marriages.... One of my girls became an English duchess....'

'Don't you even keep their photographs?'

'They nearly all take their photographs with them when they go.... And if they leave them, I just tear them up and throw them away....'

'Thank you, Lenoir....'

'It's been a pleasure....'

He got up, his mouth still full, and accompanied them back to the door.

'31, Avenue de Wagram....'

Number 31 was the luxury apartment block where Blanche Bonnard lived, as well as a dentist, two doctors and a barrister.

'Whom shall I say is calling?' the maid asked. She was dressed like the classic housemaid in a French comedy.

'Maigret.'

'The inspector?'

'Yes.'

Blanche Bonnard was not eating her breakfast but she was talking on the phone. They could hear her from another room.

'Yes.... Yes.... My dear boy, I can't just commit myself like that.... I need more information, my architect will have to make a survey.... Yes.... No, I don't know how long it'll take.... I'll see you this evening at the club, all right?.... If you like.... Bye....'

When she walked into the room, the sound of her footsteps was muffled by the brightly-coloured rugs which lay strewn everywhere on the carpet. She stared at Maigret for a long time, glancing only briefly at Lapointe.

'You're lucky not to find me in bed. I usually get up late but today I've got an appointment with my business manager.... Do come in....'

The living-room was sumptuous, much too sumptuous for Maigret's liking. Blanche must have been in her late fifties but she was still a good-looking woman, even at this time in the morning. She was plump, but pleasantly so, and she had beautiful eyes.

'I suppose you've come because of the Sabin-Levesque affair? I was expecting you one of these days, but I had no idea you'd be so quick....'

She lit a gold-tipped cigarette.

'Please smoke your pipe.... It won't disturb me, or my parrot for that matter.... When I saw that picture in the papers yesterday, I immediately thought I recognized her from somewhere. So I checked and of course I was right....'

'Did you know Madame Sabin-Levesque in the days when she called herself Trika?'

'And how!'

She got up, went into another room and reappeared, carrying an enormous album.

'My memory isn't very good so I keep everything. I've got five albums like this one, all stuffed with photographs.... Look....'

She opened the album and showed it to Maigret. There was a photograph on the right-hand page, of the kind taken by photographers in nightclubs.

It was of Nathalie, looking very young and demure. She was wearing a low-cut dress which showed her cleavage.

Sabin-Levesque was sitting by her side, bending slightly towards her.... There was a bottle of champagne in an ice-bucket on the table....

'He met her here.... She'd been a hostess for about two months....'

'Do you know where she had come from?'

'Yes. She had been working in a rather sleazy nightclub in Nice....'

'Did she speak about her past to you?'

'Oh, they all do. Most of them live on their own and have no one to talk to.... So they come and tell Mama Blanche

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Toothbrush
with the safe 'rounded bristle tips'
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**A toothbrush is more than
just a toothbrush
if it's Binaca**

everything....Can I offer you a drink?
....I don't drink much myself, but I
have a glass of port about now.'

The port was exceptional; Maigret
had never drunk a finer one.

'Her family name was Frassier. Her
father died when she was about fifteen.
He was an accountant or something of
the sort....Her mother was the daughter
of a Russian count and she liked people
to know it....You see, I haven't got such
a bad memory after all....

'She always sat at the same table in
my club. At first, the customers were a
bit shy with her because she looked so
young and innocent. They would hesitate
before going up to her table; she would
always smile and act friendly, but she was
rather withdrawn....

'She hardly ever went off with anyone.
I don't think she did more than three
times....

'Did she have a steady boyfriend?'

'No. She lived alone in a little hotel
room not far from here, in the Rue Brey,
I liked her, but I never could quite figure
her out....

'One evening, Gerard Sabin-Levesque
came in....I mean Monsieur Charles,
because that was the name we knew him
by....He had been coming to the club
for a long time.. He noticed Trika the
moment he came in....He went over
to sit at her table...He asked her to go
off with him but she refused....

'He came back every evening for a
week before she finally agreed to leave
with him....

'She came back a few days later to
fetch her things.

'"Madly in love?" I asked her.

'She looked at me without answering.

'"Is he setting you up?"

'"It's not definite yet...."

'Then she kissed me and thanked me
and I never saw her again.

'Two months later, though I saw a
wedding picture of them in the *Figaro*.
Trika was wearing a wedding-dress and
her husband a tail-coat

'"Monsieur Gerard Sabin-Levesque,
well-known society solicitor, was
married this morning to...."

Maigret and Lapointe exchanged looks,
wondering what to make of the story.
The little girl from Quimper, the hostess
who had worked in a sleazy Nice night-
club and after that in Blanche Bonnard's
establishment, had become the wife of
one of the richest and best-known
solicitors in Paris.

Gerard's father was still alive in those
days. He was a man of principles. What
had been his reaction to his son's
marriage? And how did the three of
them get along when they were all living
together in the same flat?

to be continued

BRIDGE

by C. W. HILL STAMP ALBUM

WHEN THERE are just eight tricks visible
in 3NT it is often good play to give the
opponents a chance to run the tricks in
their own long suit. This hand from Britain
v Norway in the European Championship
is an illustration of the technique on both
sides of the table:

Dealer, South. Love all.

♠ A Q 6 5 3		
♥ O 2		
♦ A 4		
♣ 10 7 5 4		
♠ J 4	♥ 9 8 7 2	
♥ K 7 6 5 3	♦ A 10 4	
♦ 9 7 5	♣ J 8 6 2	
♣ K Q 6	♠ 3 2	
	♥ K 10	
	♦ J 9 8	
	♣ K Q 10 3	
	♠ A J 9 8	

With Friday South and Rodrigue North,
the bidding went:

SOUTH	WEST	NORTH	EAST
1NT	No	2♥	No
2♣	No	3NT	No
No	No		

Two Hearts was a transfer bid, requesting
the opener to bid spades. This method
allowed North to raise to 3NT, having
shown his suit on the way.

West led the 3 of hearts, dummy played
low, and the 10 was covered by the Jack.
West was a follower of the Continental
style of leading third or fifth best, so
declarer read him for a 5-card suit. To see
what would turn up, South returned a
heart at trick 2. East won and led a third
round, though a club would have been
better play.

It can be seen that if West cashes the
last two hearts he embarrasses his partner.
Avoiding that trap, he led the King of clubs.
Thrust back on his own resources, de-
clarer won and played off three rounds of
spades. When this suit failed to break, he
drew the right inference from the play and
finessed East for the Jack of diamonds.

'Charles Goren Presents the Precision
System' has been published by Robert
Hale at £1.90. The book is said to have
been 'edited by Robert B. Ewen', from
which one may draw one's own con-
clusions. It is well written and well present-
ed, though like most American books it
oversimplifies. It will surely be welcomed
by the numerous players who are ready to
take up the system.



A PORTRAIT bust of Hugo Alfvén, the
Swedish composer, is shown on the 65-ore
stamp (above) in a series of four issued in
Sweden to mark various cultural anni-
versaries. Born in 1872, Alfvén began his
career as a violinist in the Royal Opera
House orchestra and in 1910 became
director of music at Uppsala University. His
compositions include five symphonies,
ballet pantomimes, and many songs.

The other personalities featured in the
series are Georg Stiernhielm, the seven-
teenth-century 'father of Swedish poetry',
Frans Franzen, the religious poet and hymn-
writer, and Lars Johan Hierta, the founder
and editor of the famous Stockholm news-
paper *Aftonbladet*. The stamp honouring
Hierta shows his statue in the Munkbron,
Stockholm.

To marry me, a man has to need me badly

Her entry is as stunning as her exit; her glamour is spicy; her charm impish; but in her heart-of-hearts, Mumu is just soft, warm, entirely female. Mumtaz, too, dreams her dreams of love, of home and a husband.

She was complaining: "What's left of Mumu that the world doesn't know. My career, affairs, everything is in print before I know where I am". In a recent interview with her, she shot out; a writer had made "horrible, badnami remarks about my character", and she decided not to meet any more journalists, "because they write whatever they wish".

But somehow, waiting for her shot-call from the director, she seemed to like the subject I warily asked her about — "What does marriage mean to you?" She was melting — a warm woman all over. Could I have stepped on to the Madhvani-Mumu story?

"In all my 25 years, I stuck to one brutal preference — my career. The climbing years, the successful ones, and the top position that I have now, are from my own 'mehnat'. I started work when I was 14, so it was quite some time before I could even think of marriage. At the time, I wanted desperately to become a great actress, not remain just a bit-dancer".

"I saw life earlier than most girls and I think now is the time, after I have achieved so much, to start thinking about marriage. If I meet someone I love enough to make me leave... I'm quitting next year, early". She was measuring her words now.

"So is there someone waiting in the beginning of '74?" I asked.

"Can any girl in my position, say Hema Malini, declare right out, 'Yes, there is a man'? We would need at least three years to plan finishing our commitments, etc. Then, who can be certain about this waiting ka chakkar, even if somebody proposes? To throw away the lakhs I earn and a name is no joke: greatness becomes a habit. But as a girl I think, the status of 'Mrs.' would be more rewarding than being just Mumtaz — top billing in the cast".

"Then there is a lonely spot which you want to fill by this thing called marriage?" I prompted.

"Yes, quite true. People come and talk to Mumtaz the star. But, within myself, there is an empty spot which I feel myself groping out to cover and fill. How

long can a girl keep going home just for a good bath, good food, a deep, large bed in a beautiful bedroom, and fool around with her young cousins and the other girls at home?"

"You came close to marriage — twice. Once with Shammi Kapoor and then Jeetendra. Reactions?"

"Totally no regrets. I am sure they did not 'jamao' because I am meant for someone better who can give me a better life, away from films". Mumu is superstitious and believes in fate. "I won't believe I am married till I am well and truly am married. Fingers-crossed policy".

"Does marriage conjure up a picture of mental support?"

"Look, I am sure I have 40 years ahead of me as an actress, if not as a heroine. If 'daal roti' was the only problem, I wouldn't need any support. Even mentally, I am quite self-reliant. But I want harmony of understanding and I should like to look up to a man and value his word above my own.

"Fears? Yes. I have never done any 'gulami' (slavery): I'm sentimental and sensitive, both. I've always got what I wanted, I am preparing for all those adjustments I might have to make to suppress my stubbornness which only a parent's home can pamper. I fear dependence and subordination". Talk of Women's Lib and marital status in one breath. In more ways than one, Mumtaz was slowly giving away what-is, to what-can-be in the near future.

"I always travel first class by plane, buy the most spotless diamonds and eat the best food: I am a stickler for quality. So I won't get anything new if I marry a millionaire. I want happiness. There are too many miserable Mrs. Millionairesses in the world. A man has to need me badly if he has to marry me". She was babbling about that a bit too much — it had to be a millionaire, she didn't discuss a poor man.

"What about the Madhvanis?" I asked, expecting the lid to fly. "What about them? They are the only family we have true, long-standing ties with. Yes, I visit them after work, and when I am abroad. If I plan to marry one of them, I'll tell your first": I thanked her in anticipation of the scoop, as she got up to face Rajesh Khanna, who had just arrived. His two-hour delay had been a boon.

VIJAYA IRANI.



Two different people connected with films went to a star at two different times and told the same story. Rumour in its initial stage. The stars involved: Vinod Mehera and Moushumi Chatterji! But while the one is placed under constant watch by Rekha, the other is married to Ritesh, alias Jayant alias Babu, son of Hemant Kumar. That hardly matters, because they stay in the same building: she is seen quite often in his flat. The story another person gave was that the two slipped away from a recent premiere function in Delhi to his room and had a little party of their own. People at the producer's party downstairs pretended not to notice.

The more you know film folks the more you've got to learn. Zeenat was seen driving a Volks coupe with a curly-haired youth as co-pilot. The talk around town is that it is she who's taking old boy Dev for a ride, as long as the going's good.

Mamma-to-be Raakhee is getting a daily consignment of books on baby-care from hubby Gulzar. His educating plan seems to have taken a new turn — he used to pay her fifty rupees for every book she read, to pull her out of her semi-literate state.

There is a quaint but long-standing custom among the studio technicians and camera hands. Only the director and the cameraman are allowed to look into the camera between shooting. If any other person, from star to chamcha, even glimpses through the camera lens, the technicians start clapping and then the man has had it: he has to pay a fine ranging from free cokes all around to Rs. 100. Usually they ask for cokes but to people who know about the tradition, the fine is harder.

Amitabh and Jaya have at last become man and



up about "nothing-between-us" a large section of filmland was sore at the "secret" procedure the couple adopted. A week in advance, a typical film-party invitation to mark the completion of their joint-venture "Abhimaan" was sent out to the Press people. The idea was to spring a surprise on all the guests by going into a room, getting into bridal attire and coming out to shock all, with the Pandit, the garlands et al.

The tension was taken out of it, however, when the two read the announcement of their wedding in the previous day's papers. The func-

tion was a surprise with hippies, swingers and Amitabh's favourite guests — journalists.

What enraged the other stars was that none among them was called. But it was meant as a show-gimmick — with the Press and photogs ready at hand to capture what was to be the greatest surprise of the century. In the end there was little surprise, as the expected happened. Jaya proved that she did not mean a thing she has said in the past: "I hate glamour, I am very simple". She wore heavy studio make-up and a bright-red filmi gold-embroidered sari — I am told there was a make-up man lurking somewhere. Then there were her caustic remarks about the Press, and these very people were the only prominent guests at her wedding. As I said before — the Guddi is growing up.

There was a time when Dev Anand had to pace the beat of Tanuja's flat. He had her in mind for the role of his sister in "Hare Rama Hare Krishna", which Zeenat played. Her mother and she called him to their home a few times and all he got was heavy pegs of booze, Tanu style, and hangovers to match. A few trips later, Tanu coolly turned him down: "Why should I play second fiddle to Mumtaz when I am getting first leads with Rajesh Khanna?" He was out-Deved this time!

Dilip Kumar has finally finished "Bairaag", starring wife Saira and Prem Chopra, with himself in the male lead. That and not the Jaya-Amit wedding was the surprise event of this year. His films are usually in the making for over five years, though how he manages to live in bungalows, no one knows. "Bairang" has taken two-and-a-half with the small stunt Dilip pulled by a so-called affair with Leena Chandavarkar (also in the film). This was just

Khanna's baat

AZED CROSSWORD

No. 19: 'RIGHT AND LEFT'

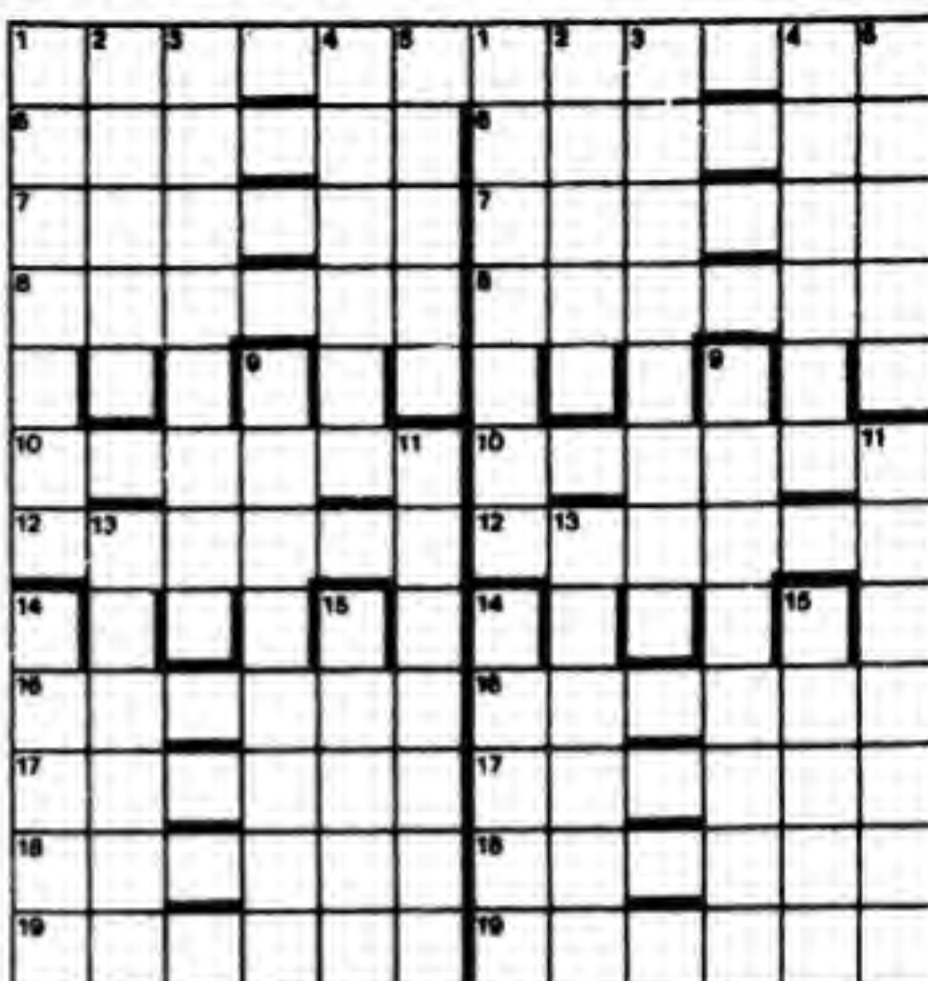
Apart from 1 Across, which is normal, each clue is really two clues, side by side but not overlapping, the answers to which are to be entered in the two similarly numbered spaces in the diagram, either side of the central vertical line. Either word may be clued first, and the division is not necessarily marked by punctuation. Solvers must determine which goes where.

ACROSS

- 1 Like this puzzle? You'll see each side met in a way by top of diagram (12)
- 6 Died having one leg crushed: constrain witchcraft not quite to speak of funerals (6, 6)
- 7 Drains Scottish river and gets sharp, strangely unreal bone (6, 6)
- 8 Revolting bit of décor is in gamboge flowers – dresses include one (6, 6)
- 10 Cocker: dog to tie roughly in, dog having rubber behind like seat with curvy legs (6, 6)
- 12 Old Jock's dry, what choked him when tight? Robber split, we hear (6, 6)
- 16 Blast-producer gripping end of reel (if unlucky): blast-producer unhappy *pro tem*. (6, 6)
- 17 Dock-worker, one too inclined to generalise about sea to be left behind (6, 6)
- 18 One's start of tedium in each endlessly rerun series, each single production (6, 6)
- 19 I'm pear-shaped, due for treatment all round calves: losing stone distresses (6, 6)

DOWN

- 1 Lighter about to leave fish, endlessly nasty danger to shipping in Glasgow dock (7, 7)
- 2 One who fell from divine bliss, initially angelic, brooding hellishly on rabid hate (5, 5)
- 3 Class briefly who's in motley thus, in black and white entertainer, terms nil, negotiable (8, 8)
- 4 Grass freely available? Damn English latitude – want old-style government, leaderless (6, 6)
- 5 At which Spenser wrote 'Dead Existence', a poem wherein glee's misplaced, unknown (5, 5)
- 9 Lovely spot depicted in art struggling to mix proportionately blessings o' plenty rising, like Xanadu (8, 8)
- 11 Treats as gods always in endless repose, as gods threefold after end of time (7, 7)
- 13 Make invasion? Undone I put two kings of direct descent, faithful, in hiding (6, 6)



AZED No. 18 Solution and notes

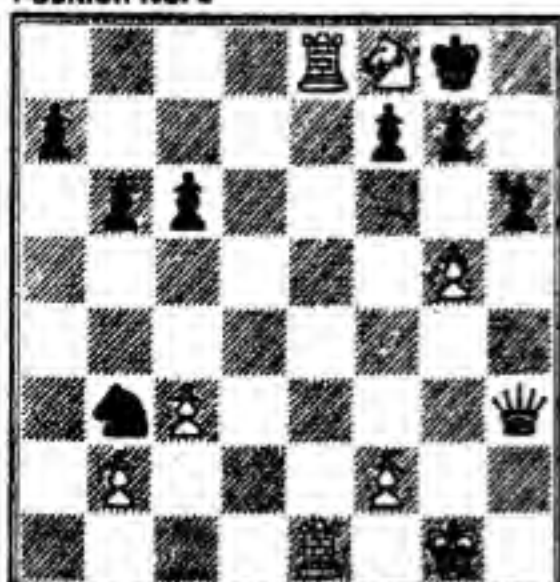
- ACROSS**
2, C(onch)-hank-she'll & lit., 11, a.v. anon; 17, To-ad-y; 20, and; 24, a.g. (rev.) and anag., 32, v. Quiser
- DOWN**
1, Anag. round O, 7, L-inch; 8, Slip-undergarment, 13, Bad f.O.U.s. 22, Had dek (K.O.) (rev.); 27, First letters & lit.; 28, T(e)rek
- Prizewinners appear with Everyman Crossword in The Observer.

- 14 Fate: one's stuff lifted in the end, but not all silk-satin (5, 5)
- 15 European poet: he's eating his one bacon particle (5, 5)

CHESS

by HARRY GOLOBEK

Position No. 8



White to play – how should the game go?

Continuation of Position No. 4

This occurred in a game Volzek-Chanduren played in Moscow in 1971 – 1 r 2 r 1 k 1: 1 p q b 2 p p; p 2 b p 1 k t 1: 2 p 3 B Q; 3 p K t 3; 1 P 1 P 2 P 1; P 1 P 3 B P; 4 R R K 1. White won by 1. B-Q8, Q x B; 2. Kt-Kt5, P-R3; 3. Q-Q8, Q x B; 3. R x Kt ch and

White mates 3. Kt-B7, Q-K2, 4. Q x Kt, R-KB1, 5. B-K4, resigns.

The accumulation of small advantages

Winning a game by a direct onslaught on the enemy King is both pleasurable and exciting but all games cannot be won in this way, and indeed it would be monotonous if this were possible. Against reasonable opposition there can be little hope of overrunning the enemy camp and when one great player meets another he must rely upon the policy of obtaining small advantages and then piling these all up so as to constitute a really tangible plus.

By this accumulation of small advantages I do not mean the acquisition of material, for, again, against good opposition one can rarely acquire more than some slight positional advantage. If one wins a piece or even a pawn then it is a sign, in the early stages of the game at any rate, of inferior opposition. This does not by any means rule out the possibility of using the positional advantages to force a win of material in the end, but it can only be in the end and as a result of much hard work.

Take, for instance, the following game, played most beautifully by the winner, from last year's grandmaster tournament at Wijk-aan-Zee.

White: Portisch. Black: Smyslov

Reti Opening

1. Kt-KB3, Kt-KB3, 2. P-KKt3, P-Q4; 3. B-Kt2, B-B4; 4. P-B4, P-B3; 5. P x P, P x P; 6. Q-Kt3, Q-Kt3, against Barcza,

at Moscow 1956. Smyslov played 6. Q-B1, but after 7. Kt-B3, P-K3, 8. P-Q3, Kt-B3, 9. B-B4, B-K2, 10. O-O, O-O, 11. QR-B1, Q-Q2, 12. P-K4, White had the advantage.

7. Q x Q, P x Q, 8. Kt-B3, Kt-B3; 9. P-Q3, P-K3; 10. Kt-QK5, B-Kt5 ch, 11. B-Q2, K-K2; 12. KKt-Q4, threatening to win a piece by Kt x Kt ch; hence Black's next move

12. . . . B x B ch, 13. K x B, B-Kt3, 14. P-B4, P-R3; 15. P-QR3, KR-QB1, 16. QR-QB1, B-R2, 17. B-R3, Kt-Q2, 18. R-B3, Kt x Kt; 19. Kt x Kt, R x R, 20. K x R, R-B1 ch; 21. R-Q2, B-Kt1; this does not look like a way of developing the Bishop but he has in mind the clearance of the diagonal by P-B3 and an eventual P-K4.

22. R-QB1, R x R; 23. K x R, P-B3, 24. K-Q2, B-B2, 25. B-Kt2, P-Kt3, 26. Kt-Kt5, Kt-Kt1; 27. P-K4, P x P, rather better was 27. . . . Kt-B3.

28. B x P, and not 28. P x P, when 28. . . . P-K4 would be good for Black.

29. . . . Kt-B3; 29. K-B3, P-K4; but now this is a mistake and instead he should have played 29. . . . K-Q2.

30. P x P, P x P; 31. P-QR4, K-Q2; 32. Kt-R3, P-KKt4; no better is 32. . . . K-B2; 33. Kt-B4, B x Kt; 34. K x B, Kt-K2; 35. P-R4, when Black has no good move.

33. Kt-B4, B x Kt; 34. K x B, K-Q3; 35. K-Kt5, K-B2; 36. B x Kt, P x B ch; 37. K-R6, P-Kt5; 38. P-Kt3, P-B4; 39. K-Kt5, K-Kt2; 40. P-R5, P x P; 41. K x BP, resigns, since he loses the KP.



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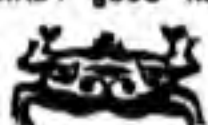
ARIES (March 21 — April 20) Uncertainty is in the air. Be prepared to go with plans and programmes of others. In service, you are not mentally happy now. Tuesday onwards you may expect better results. Ladies! social success and popularity for you. Bachelors and girls! exciting news will be received on 28th.



TAURUS (April 21 — May 20) You are starred for change this week that will bring benefit and improve your affairs. Professionals may gain reputation. In service normalcy may be maintained. Ladies, take care of personal and domestic affairs. Girls! with a restless mind do not plan your future. Bachelors! the second half of the week marks the start of a happier period.



GEMINI (May 21 — June 20) A pleasant surprise will help bring better trends. Your professional friends are likely to be critical because of your outstanding achievement. In service, support of seniors can be had. Businessmen, secret inimical activities will be over by the 2nd. Ladies! minor ailments indicated, but domestic harmony for you. Girls! good news on Wednesday.



CANCER (June 21 — July 21) If after a job, you may get an appointment in an organisation of your choice. Businessmen! money matter may make you worried. In service try to control your temper. You may be entrusted with a job for which you have been waiting. Bachelors and girls! happenings this week will give you a lift in your personal life.



LEO (July 22 — August 21) This week will be provided with the chance to put an important plan into action. In professional circle you will be able to prove your worth. In service, your friends are likely to be critical. Businessmen! move cautiously and invest carefully. Executives, your workload will increase. Bachelors and girls! grasp at opportunities.



VIRGO (August 22 — September 22) This is the time to assert yourself and be firm in policy formation. You may be free from debts and expect an offer from your near and dear ones. Ladies! pleasant functions are likely to be arranged at home. Businessmen! you can have speculative gains. Girls! you are charming, but your fastidious taste may not help complying with request of your friends.



LIBRA (September 23 — October 22) Pleasure through conveyance and properties indicated. In service, avoid arguments with juniors. Professionals! all round success for you. Businessmen! peaceful atmosphere in the market will prevail. Executives! stick to routine only. Bachelors and girls! you are due for big steps in personal life and the developments will bring happiness.



SCORPIO (October 23 — November 22) Improvement in status and increase in pay will keep you jubilant. In service, fear complex due to inimical activities may upset you. Businessmen! yield from investment is likely to be meagre. Ladies! tactlessness could be your worst fault. Executives! don't let things slide. Bachelors and girls! good time for romantic plans and holidays.



SAGITTARIUS (November 23 — December 20) Your personal nature will bring you to lime-light. Shy though you are, an excellent intellect distinguishes you. Professionals! unnecessary worries indicated. In service, you may receive arrears of pay. Executives! an encouraging letter for you. Girls and bachelors! your gentle charm will give you success.



CAPRICORN (December 21 — January 19) You may have short trip this week. In business be ever cautious in speculative dealings. Professionals! financial position will remain sound. In service, through associates a gain of some kind indicated. If you are in love, guard your moodiness. Ladies! you may expect a gift on Saturday. Health of your children may suffer.



AQUARIUS (January 20 — February 18) The impediments you had in your attempts will disappear from 1st. Business will flourish. In service, you may expect recognition from seniors. Executives! a busy time ahead. Ladies! home affairs will be demanding. Bachelors and girls! a thrilling week. Some good news from abroad will cheer you up.



PISCES (February 19 — March 20) assignments will make you happy in second half of the week. Financial condition will improve. Secret inimical activities end in your favour on Thursday. Ladies! your mind will be disturbed. Bachelors and girls! a lively week for improvement in an issue which has frustrated you recently be expected.

sunday

HINDUSTHAN STANDARD COLOUR MAGAZINE

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THE ART OF GAMBLING



Gambling, in legend and folklore, has more than its fair share of personalities. Each country or each ethnic group or for that matter, each particular prejudice has its own favourite and its own "great". One of the all time legends of gambling was John W. Gates, also known as "Bet-You-a-Million" Gates. According to those who knew him well, the corpulent, affable Gates would bet "practically any amount on practically any hazard" from raindrops racing down a windowpane to which piece of water-soaked sugar cube would first attract a fly.

Nearer home, the numbers of stock-market and race-course operators who made and lost fortunes in Bombay, Calcutta and Madras can be safely left alone for fear of embarrassing those alive, and families of those who have passed away, for the stigma in Indian society against gambling is very strong.

Meher Mistry has modelled for some of the best-known shows in India and abroad. Her impeccably cut clothes, her flawless complexion and her graceful walk have been commented upon by several connoisseurs of fashion.

What does she do to make her nose stop shining, her make-up from melting under the harsh lights? How does she arrive at a party without a trace of grime on her face? "If your skin is *very* oily I have a tip for it. This holds good for people with a combination skin too. But just concentrate on the oily areas around the forehead, nose and chin. After washing face with soap and water dab on a little eau de cologne with a wad of cottonwool on the oily areas."

Another problem that bugs her often. "Because of my hectic modelling sessions and the parties after the show, my eyes used to turn red and watery. The only answer to this problem is to keep the system cool by drinking as much water as possible every day and getting enough sleep. Bathing your eyes with an eye lotion only gives temporary relief. Besides, I wouldn't recommend the use of eye lotion every day for a long period of time."

No rest, inadequate sleep and the wrong food, coupled with heredity, are the causes for dark circles, says Meher. Drinking causes puffy eyes. So cut out the liquor from your lives, is her advice. A gentle massage of the eyelids helps a great deal. An eyebath in ice-cold water is also refreshing. To hide puffiness and dark shadows before going to a party, apply pancake make-up under eyes, now put on your usual make-up.

Meher, in fact, has a whole lot of camouflage tricks with make-up up her sleeves. If you have a large nose that is also very long, apply a shade of brownish eye shadow. But unless you are a very good expert, this is better suited for the arc lights. A much better (and safer) idea, she feels, is to apply foundation (one shade darker than what you are using for the rest of your face) under your nose (between the nostrils) and reach up to the tip of your nose. For a broad nose, apply a darker shade of make-up on either side of the nose and blend carefully into the cheeks. Incidentally, Meher says that foundation make-up should always be one shade darker than your normal skin tone. The usual habit among Indians is to apply a lighter base to appear 'fair', but this only makes the complexion look pasty.

When Meher finds she's put on weight around her hips, she immediately switches on to blacks and browns and avoid any contrasts. She also wears high heels to balance her hips and wears plain streamlined, tapered tops or thin, vertical stripes. The 'in' thing that's coming back into fashion is knee-length dresses, but, she warns, this is not for short, stubby people. If you are thin around the hips, wear bright yellows, whites and other summery colours and all the smocks, frills and flounces you like. The streamlined maxi, (with high heels) she feels, is the most elegant answer for all the short dumpy girls in town.

When it comes to getting a hairdo ready at short notice, Meher prefers switches to wigs, as she finds wigs "suffocating". If your switch is made of real hair, give it to the hairdressers for setting, she advises. It can easily be ruined if tampered with at home. If you possess a synthetic wig or switch, shampoo it at home, but DON'T put it under the drier. Synthetic ones are pre-set and will retain their shape even after washing. A synthetic wig, Meher feels, cuts out all the bother and fuss, but it cannot be set differently each time, which is the only advantage offered by a natural hair switch.

Meher put one of her friends on a course of bust developing exercises that did wonders to her figure. Here they are for you to try out.

(1) Push-ups. Lie down straight, on your tummy. Rest palms on floor on either side. Breathe in and push up, exhale and push down. Repeat 10 times.

tips from a top model



(2) Lie down straight on floor, same position as before, but interlock fingers in front. Do push-ups 10 times as above.

(3) Sit cross-legged on the ground. Clasp palms. Bring pressure on hands till you feel tension in the pectoral region and upper arms. Putting pressure on slowly, move from left to right and right to left. Do this 10 times. SLOWLY.

(4) To prevent bust from sagging. Sit cross-legged. Take left hand over shoulder and try to clasp right hand from behind. Count to 10. Now do on the other side. Do this 10 times each.

(5) Take a towel. Hold it stiffly stretched between your hands in front. Now take it over the head, right to the back, without bending elbows. Bring forward without bending elbows. Do this 10 times.

Meher warns. Do this regularly. Do not expect overnight miracles. Keep a check on your posture (do not slouch) and make sure your general health is fine.

ONCE there had been seven prisoners in Spandau. Now the ugly, high-walled, red-brick building in an outer suburb of Berlin, built to house 600 prisoners, contained only three. Soon there would be only one.

Two men could walk out at midnight on September 30, 1966, but not a moment before. That was when Albert Speer, former head of Hitler's armaments industry, and Baldur von Schirach, former Nazi Youth leader, would complete their 20-year sentences.

Four others, serving shorter sentences imposed by the Nuremberg War Crimes Tribunal, had already been released. They were Karl Doenitz, one time commander in chief of the German Navy, Konstantin von Neurath, the professional diplomat who had been "protector" of Bohemia and Moravia; Erich Raeder, former admiral, and Walter Funk, former president of the Reichsbank.

When Speer and Von Schirach had gone, one prisoner would be left alone. Rudolf Hess, one-time Hitler's deputy, the man who on May 10, 1941, had flown a fighter plane to Britain in the hope of achieving an "understanding" with people in high places to end the war; the man who was belived by some to be mad; the man who had been sentenced to imprisonment until the end of his life; and whom the Russians were determined should serve that sentence in full; the prisoner known in Spandau as No. 7.

With only hours remaining of their 20-year sentence, the tension in the cells of Speer and Von Schirach was electric. They knew there was a great crowd gathering outside the prison. People had been arriving since early morning and could be heard shouting and calling to the sentries in their posts above the wall. Von Schirach and Speer went with a warder to the store-room to collect their belongings, from dozens of books he had been sent. Von Schirach selected five to be left behind for Hess.

He was handed, and signed a receipt for 1,860 Reichsmarks he had brought with him when he was captured, a single U.S. dollar, a cigarette case, a monocle, and a small travelling clock. As the warder passed the clock to Von Schirach it began to ring shrilly. The prisoner smiled: "That is good German craftsmanship. After 20 years the alarm goes off!"

At 8 p.m. the crowd outside had swelled to 2,000. Many of them had placards urging Hess's release, and the front of the prison was lit up by television arc-lamps. Reporters and photographers were jostling for better positions, and, as expected, the Berliners were pouring out of the bars and arriving by taxi to see the spectacle of their former Nazi masters emerging from confinement.

At 10-30 p.m. I walked down the corridor, past Hess's darkened cell to get them ready. Von Schirach was dressed and was pacing up and down. His crumpled brown corduroys which he would wear no more, lay on the bunk, the number 1 showing on the upturned jacket.

Speer, sleepy eyed, and fingers trembling, was having difficulty with his tie. "I haven't tied one for more than 20 years," he said. "Could

you give me a hand?" I tied the tie around my own neck and then put it over Speer's head. I felt a small coin in the bottom of the tie. "That is my lucky coin!" said Speer. "I found it in the garden today."

He was freshly shaven and one of the warders had brought him some haircream. A few days before he had asked the U.S. surgeon to take off the warts on his face with diathermy.

"Are you nervous?" someone asked the pacing Von Schirach. "Me nervous? No. I never get nervous," he said. Clearly now we could hear the jeers and the catcalls of the crowd. "I wonder if Hess is awake listening?" said Speer glancing towards cell 23.

At 11.45 p.m. the green gates swung open to allow in two Mercedes saloons; one containing the Von Schirach sons, the other Speer's wife and lawyer. "It's all so unreal," muttered Speer. "I probably won't come to my senses until tomorrow."

We stood — the four directors, warders and chief warders with the prisoners — watching the minutes tick by.

At 11.55 p.m. I glanced at my watch and the others looked at me. I took Von Schirach by the left arm and Speer by the right. "Come on! Let's go." We walked past Hess's cell down the corridor to the steel door at the end.

We passed through the door and down the 22 steps to the yard where their families waited. The Von Schirach sons ran forward. "Papa!" He embraced them, handsome, neatly-dressed boys in smart suits. "Klaus, my boy! Robert! Richard!" Then he got into the car.

Frau Speer had walked forward to her husband shyly. She took his hand, but they did not embrace. It was their first physical contact in more than 20 years. "Come, Albert," she said. Speer got into the right side of the car and she, the left.

At two minutes to midnight the engine roared into life and Speer's car drove forward towards the gates. A warder, looking at his watch, gave the signal and they were opened.

Flash-bulbs went off and the crowd rushed forward.

"Free Rudolf Hess!" someone shouted. The two black cars turned and sped off towards the Hilton hotel with Von Schirach and a smaller hotel in Dahlem with Speer.

We went back into the prison and once more the gates slammed shut. They now enclosed one man. Rudolf Hess, aged 72, sentenced to remain there for life.

At six o'clock the next morning Hess was awakened and handed his spectacles. He made his bed, went across to the washroom with hardly a glance at the now empty cells of his friends, and returned to eat his breakfast.

Had he heard anything the night before? "Oh yes," he said. "I was awake. I was lying with my eyes open and I heard everything that was going on in the hallway; also the noise outside. But I am happy for them. They have their freedom."

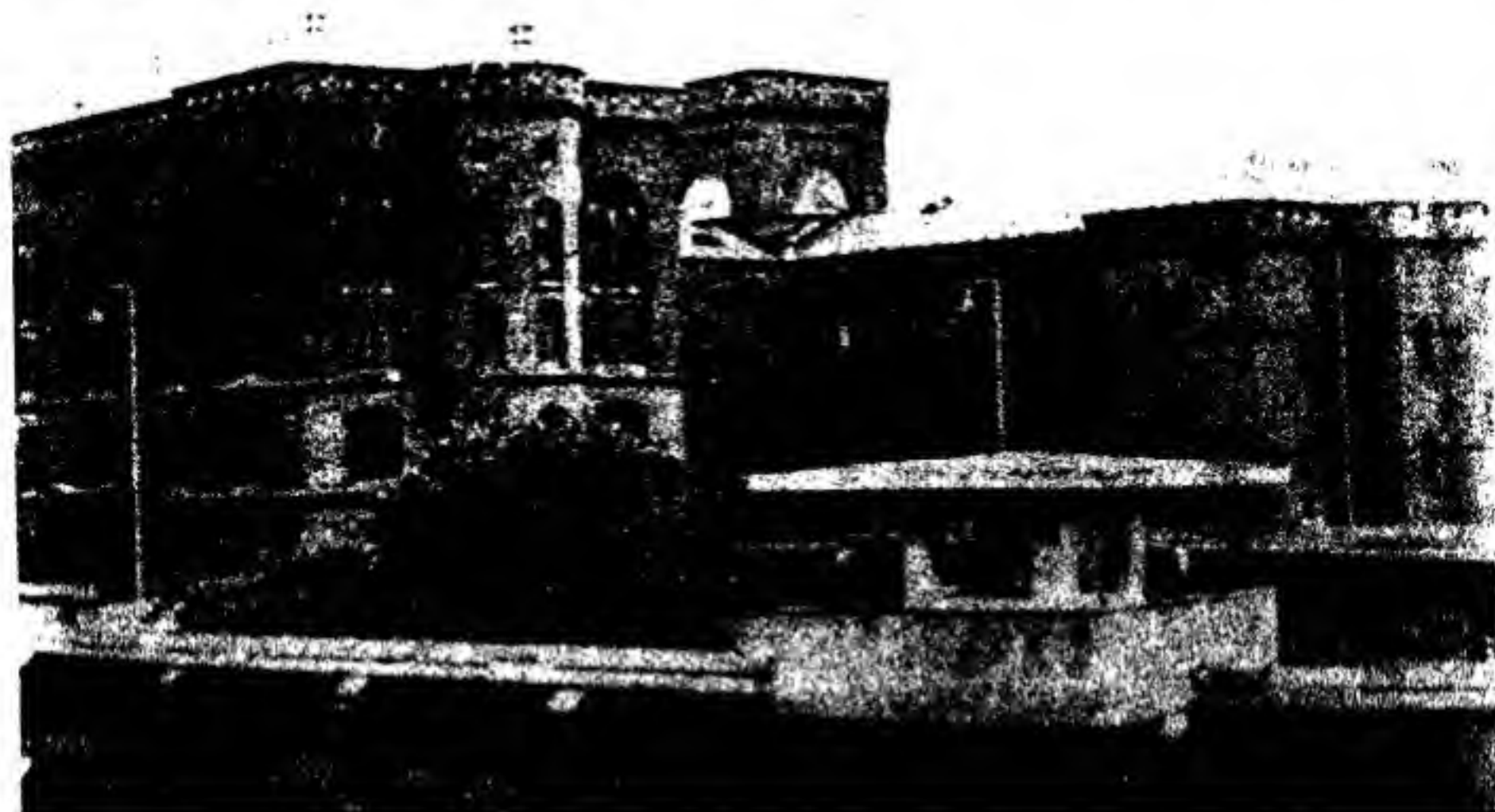
At the next directors' meeting I urged that extra attention be paid to Hess, particularly at night. The coming weeks and months would be a strain on him and there was always the possibility that he might try to kill himself — he has already tried to do so once by smashing a lens in his spectacles and cutting his arm with the glass.

Ten days after his comrades had left, his lawyer, Dr. Seidl came to see him. Some weeks previously Hess had been allowed a visit by Seidl to discuss whether there were legal grounds to establish that there had been a miscarriage of justice at the Nuremberg tribunal.

Now Seidl told Hess about a long letter he had sent to the four Heads of State asking for a review of his case.

"I do not want," said Hess sharply, "any plea for mercy based on any sort of mental condition. There is nothing wrong with me mentally."

"Indeed," said a doctor after Hess's regular check-up, he was mentally relaxed and often smiling.





"What about giving him a clock, a radio and some alarm-bell system in his cell?" I asked my fellow directors. The Russian said he would talk to his superiors. He did so and came back. "Already things are easy in Spandau, we see no reason to make them any more easy." Hess had a kitchen with a Chinese and a Spanish chef (one on and one off duty) preparing his meals and ate basically the same menu as the directors.

Within a fortnight he went into a deep depression, despite our efforts to go and talk with him daily. He began to lose his appetite and did not want to get up in the mornings. He hung a notice on his cell door one night: "Do not disturb."

When he walked in the garden by himself, head and shoulders bowed, he was a pathetic sight.

As quickly as he had been depressed, however, he began eating again. He consumed enormous meals and often asked for four helpings of dessert — though a warder suspected some of it was being flushed down his toilet. He would have soup, hors d'oeuvres, cold cuts, salad, a main course of chicken, or pork or duckling, and then his desserts. The Chinese cook could hardly believe it.

But predictably, at Christmas, his depression returned. I took him in a typical German delicacy, a Bismarck doughnut, which he said he enjoyed. But Hess could not be cheered. "I am an innocent man," he said sadly on Christmas Day. "I see no reason why I should not be turned loose. Even if I were guilty — which I am not — no other prisoner who has been sentenced to life or even death for their war crimes still remains in jail. I am the only one I know of who has not been freed. It is all wrong."

Behind the scenes the Allies were trying hard to free him. But the Russians would not consider it. It had been the Russian judge at Nuremberg who had called for the death of Hess and the Soviets' deep hatred for the Germans was undiminished.

We were faced with the fact that for many years yet we still might have to keep a single-old prisoner in a jail built for 600, at a cost, which had to be borne by the German Federal Republic, of about 850,000DM a year.

To keep the prison operative, each of the Four Powers had to provide an officer and 37 soldiers as guards during their respective turn, a director and a team of warders throughout the entire year. On top of that a team comprising in all 22 cooks, waitresses and cleaners had to be kept employed. All for the incarceration of one man: Rudolf Hess, now in his 73rd year.

With this brigade watching over him, Hess slowly and disgruntledly went about his daily chores. He washed his underclothes and sheets, but he would not polish the cell-block corridor or clean the warders' toilet. He did nothing in the garden, which was already being swallowed by weeds. He said he found it difficult to sleep without his injection — as always, distilled water, but described to Hess as a powerful narcotic to convince him he was receiving "strong sedation."

None of the Spandau prisoners had ever been allowed to keep pets, but Hess did have some company on his walks in the garden.

Twice a day, his pockets crammed with paper bags of crumbs from the kitchen, he went out and looked for his birds. The moment they saw his thin figure appear, pigeons, seagulls, crows and songbirds fluttered down from the trees where they had been waiting.

Hess would scatter his crumbs, then stamp slowly about watching the birds feed. He would not stand still in one place because he claimed it affected his circulation.

He also had a garden project. He was measuring the tall poplar, planted years before by Doenitz, and now the grandest tree of the 14 in the garden.

Reading instructions in a book, Hess first measured his shadow, then the shadow of the tree, and stared them both out. He checked them at regular times during the week and then made his calculation: the tree was 23 metres high.

One day he noticed a duck fly down from one of the trees into a corner of the prison garden. The duck was seen flying in and out several times and then Hess saw that she had laid seven eggs in a spot sheltered by a bush. It was not long before he saw, to his delight, that the eggs had produced seven little ducklings which he immediately made it his business to feed.

Hess lovingly tended the ducks until it was felt they needed a pond. They would have to leave. He watched as two warders herded the mother and her ducklings out of the garden. They shooed them out of the yard and through the huge green gates of the prison while another

warder held up the traffic so that they could cross the road.

They had almost made it to the other side when the last duckling toppled down beneath a steel trap over a storm-drain. The warders removed the cover but could not extract the duckling. A call went out to the Berlin Fire Brigade which sent an engine and the procession of warders and ducks set off once more.

The warders returned to report to Hess that these friends were safely settled on a pond a kilometre away from the prison. Each year the mother duck, or one of its offspring, returned to Spandau and laid and hatched its eggs. And oddly, there were always four or seven ducks to take part in the annual procession through the gates.

Midway through November 1969 Hess had stopped eating, and his weight was dropping. He refused to shave and just stayed in his bed, groaning, his noise so loud that it could be heard by the sentries on the guard-posts at the wall. It was an eerie moan, as loud as a human being could groan without actually screaming.

On Wednesday, November 19, the Soviet surgeon called the chief British doctor, Lieut.-Colonel D. D. O'Brien, to the cell-block where they both examined Hess and found him in a serious condition. His stomach was distended and sore to touch and they diagnosed a blockage of the intestines.

The only way to find the cause of the blockage was to examine Hess in hospital. The directors were hurriedly called to the prison and decided that the prisoner should be moved immediately to the new British Military Hospital, a mile and a half away; it would be Hess's first time outside the prison in 23 years.

"No," said Hess, between groans. "I refuse categorically to go to hospital. Treat me in prison." The directors tried hard to persuade him but succeeded only in having him refuse medical treatment altogether. "There is no doubt," said the Russian doctor. "He is in a very serious condition."

The doctors wanted to give him a saline infusion and to extract the large gas bubble in his stomach with a tube. "Nein!" he shouted. But he did agree to an enema and that seemed to ease his pain. On the Friday, after sedation with drugs the night before, his condition improved, and he was taking a light diet with copious liquids, which he was managing to keep down. But the doctors warned that if he was not properly X-rayed and the trouble found and treated, it could suddenly flare up again.

Patiently, the directors argued with Hess in his cell. It was for his own good that he went to hospital, they insisted. Hess looked thin, pale and haggard. He wore striped pyjamas and he sat up in bed with his knees drawn up to his chin, his hands clasped around them shaking.

I had, minutes before, arrived home from leave. My warder, Donham, was on the phone: "Colonel Bird, you must come quickly. The prisoner is very, very ill and he is calling for you. He refuses to leave without seeing



you."

I hurried to the prison and quickly motioned all the others out of the cell "Leave me alone with him," I said.

Hess was weeping. "I don't want to go, colonel, I am afraid." I assured him: "If you agree to go, Hess, I can guarantee you will have the best treatment. You must go. It is urgent for you to go."

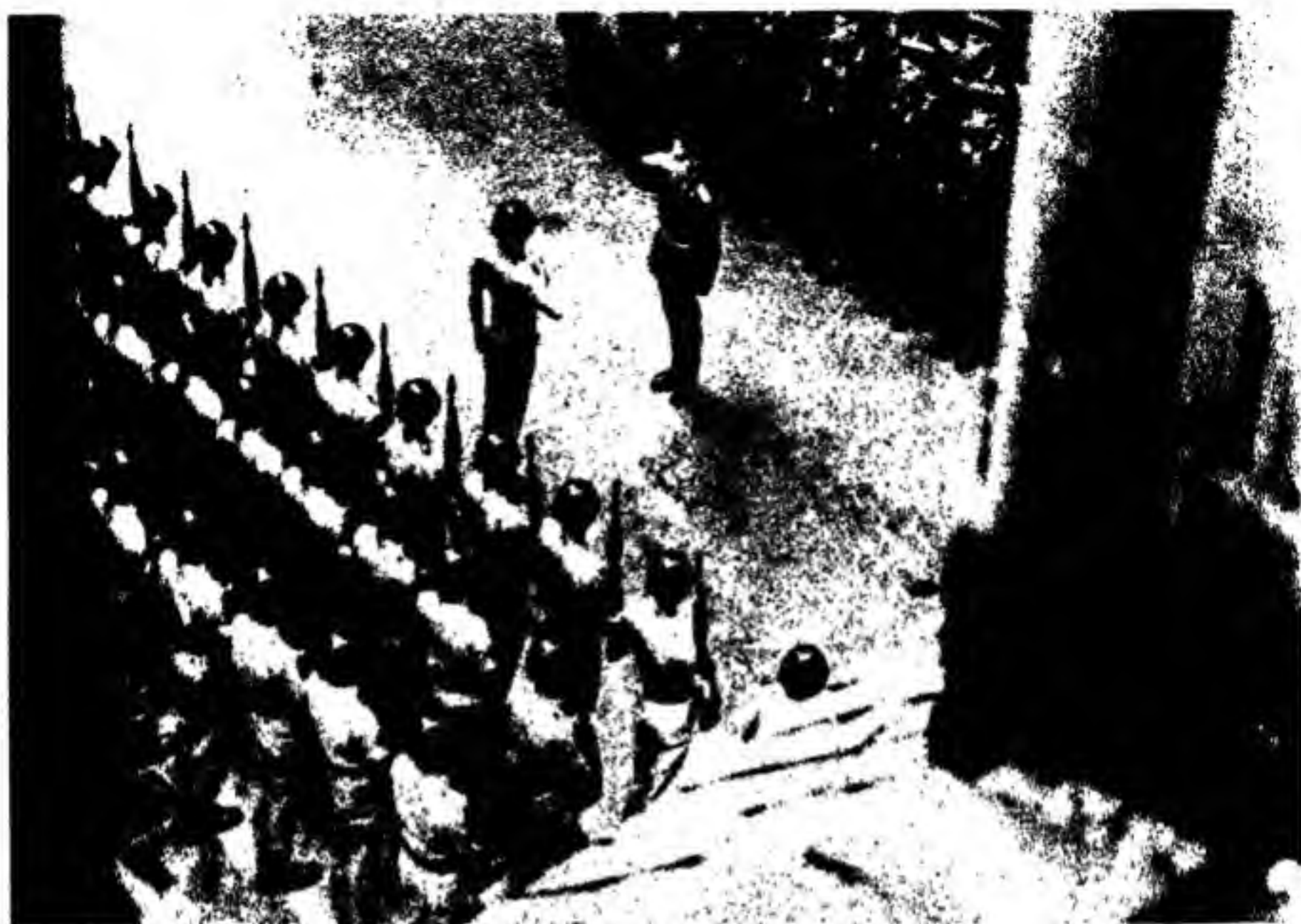
He looked up at me, clasping my hand: "Will you go with me? Will you visit me every day at the hospital if I agree?" I said I would. He nodded, and I quickly wrote out an agreement and, shakily, he signed it.

It read: "I hereby certify that I agree to be transferred into the British Military Hospital in order to have a medical examination — Rudolf Hess."

I promised to walk alongside the stretcher to the ambulance and to go on with him to the hospital. Before I left the cell he reached out his right hand and caught hold of my sleeve, pulling me down towards him. In a low voice, he said: "I'm afraid. I have only a few days to live on this earth. I'm going to die... I'm at my end now."

Then he began sobbing. "Why don't they release me?" he cried. "Why must I suffer so? I alone tried to bring about peace in the world and for this I must stay here the longest. It is not right. It is not just! All I want is to go home and die in peace and be buried in the garden."

He had his hands together in the prayer position and tears were streaming down his cheeks. I took one of his hands. "Hess, you are sick now, for sure. But you must not be afraid. We are going to get you well again. We will take you from the cell and put you on a stretcher and into a British ambulance which is coming for you. In the hospital they have all the special



Russians take over month-long guarding from the Americans

equipment to look after you."

"Listen," he said, his sobbing suddenly stopped. He glanced around to see that nobody could hear. "Colonel I want you to do something. *I want you to kidnap me.* You can arrange it. There would be of course a scream of protest from the Russians.

"But once I am free and out of Berlin in the West they could do nothing. It is not a decision they could make at the White House. But you could make it. Of course there would be trouble — but not for long. It would soon be forgotten."

Outside, the Hesses were in conference with the medical superintendent, the matron and the directors. "Tell me," Frau Hess immediately asked Dr. O'Brien. "Why did he request this visit? *Has he got cancer?*"

"I do not think he has cancer," said the doctor. "I would say it is almost certain that he has not. Everything will depend on his next X-ray." He drew a sketch of the ulcer, showing where it was and how it had burst. "I can assure you he is getting the best medical attention the Four Powers can provide."

At the end of December he developed a slight cough which rapidly became pneumonia. He was treated with antibiotics and soon got over it. "It's the first time in my life I have ever had it," he said. "It could have been rather serious if it had not been for the exercises I take every day — jumping up and down on my bed, doing my push-ups and walking in the corridor. Unless I had been fit, it would have been a hard struggle for a man of my age to shrug it off."

He had his spectacles pushed up on his forehead as usual and lay back on his pillows recalling the past. He chatted about Von Schirach and Speer and about his son's effort in London to initiate political pressure for his release.

"The Russians are stubborn, however. It is doubtful that they will ever agree to my release. I have reconciled myself to this. My destiny," he said, "is to go back to prison and stay there."

"There is nothing I can do about it. There is nothing my son can do about it. There is nothing you can do about it. There is nothing even your President can do about it. I will die in prison. I simply must accept it."

I asked: "If you were released, Hess, would you write your memoirs? Do you think it is your responsibility to history to write them?" He nodded. "Yes, I suppose it is. I was the one who tried to get freedom for the world."

"Did Hitler know you were going to fly to England?"

He shook his head. "No. He didn't."

"And yet you did this, knowing it might not succeed. And knowing you would be shot if you returned?"

"Yes," he smiled a little ruefully. "And be called crazy?"

"Why did you do it then?"

He seemed surprised at the question. "To secure peace of course." And he went on: "Because I did it, I am the one who has to stay longest in prison."

That was all Hess said on that occasion about his sensational flight to Britain. But, had I known it, I already had in my posses-

sion a remarkable written statement by him setting out a full account of the flight.

Years before, when Hess had been sent to Spandau after the Nuremberg tribunal, there had come with him a cardboard carton containing papers.

Officials believing these were just irrelevant scribbles, handed the box to me to burn if I so decided.

For three years I left the box unopened. Then one night in 1970 I did open it. I took out pages of closely spaced, penciled notes and thick piles of typewritten pages, all initialed at the top "R. H."

Hess, I found, had written a full personal memoir of his historic flight and his motives for making it; a diary recording his daily life in Nuremberg while awaiting trial; and his thoughts as he faced the prospect of a death sentence.

"Many times" Hess had written in his Nuremberg cell the Fuehrer expressed how painful it was for him that the war was delaying all his plans for building and developing Germany, to an extent which could not be foreseen....

"It was this knowledge which made me decide to fly to England.

"Many people are unable to understand this flight even today. The German people are entitled to learn what the motives were which led someone occupying one of the highest places in the Reich to take so unprecedented a step — so unprecedented in all respects;

undertaken without the Fuehrer's permission.

"During the campaign in France, I expressed the opinion to the Fuehrer, that in the event of peace being concluded with England, we should at least recover what was taken from us by the dictated peace of 1919; for instance, compensation for the loss of the German Mercantile Marine.

"The Fuehrer contradicted me. He did not want, on his part, to have a peace treaty comparable to that of Versailles which would bring new wars in its wake. He aimed at a real conciliation between peoples." He said I knew that he had always aimed at an understanding with England. As far back as 1924, when he was imprisoned in the fortress of Landsberg, he had declared that this was the main pillar of his foreign policy, as I would remember.

"He said he had still not given up hope of being able to come to an understanding with England some time after the end of the war, as soon as the bitterness had died down on both sides. He said that if one desired reconciliation, one must not start by making peace conditions, which could be felt to be wounding. He said he had only two demands to make of the British:—

"1. The fixing of mutual spheres of interest, designed to prevent new causes of friction between Germany and England; and

"2. The handing back of the German colonies.

"The quicker this war came to an end, he said, the better it would be for humanity, the better, above all, for the peoples most closely involved.

"If the war was to last for a long time, Great Britain would lose her position of power in the world, her Empire would be doomed. But this, he said, would not be in our interest. And he personally would regret it. For this reason too he had suggested coming to an understanding.

"I kept saying to myself at that time: 'If this were known to England, it would perhaps be possible, after all, that the people there would prefer coming to an understanding rather than fighting a war to the bitter end — a war whose outcome was at least uncertain and which was bound, in any case to last for years and inflict grievous harm on all participants.'

"But I assumed the British would regard it as being an intolerable loss of prestige even to consider proposals put forward by the Fuehrer with the war in the state it then was.

"It would have been different for them if there had been a reason for engaging in negotiations, a reason recognisable by the world at large.

"I decided to provide a reason by flying to England.

"For a number of reasons I was only able to act upon this decision a year later.

"It was my hope to be able to convince the British Government how senseless it was to continue this war until both sides were exhausted and brought to the verge of breakdown.

"At the same time I wanted to give the British Government an opportunity to make a declaration on the following lines: 'As a result 9



of discussions with Rudolf Hess, the Government now feel that the Fuehrer's offers are sincerely meant. In these circumstances it would be irresponsible to continue the bloodshed without ourselves trying to reach an understanding. We, therefore, declare our readiness to negotiate."

Hess decided that the moment the weather conditions over Britain were favourable, he would take the newly developed ME 110 which he had been allowed to fly by the designer Willi Messerschmitt and head for Scotland. But weather held him up.

His statement now turned to a policy discussion he had with Hitler in November, 1940.

"The Fuehrer," he wrote, "told me that he wanted to inform me about his plans for the next year. I asked him to please let me state, uninfluenced first, what I would do if I were in his place.

I expressed my conviction that Soviet Russia had signed the non-aggression treaty with us only to soothe us, and to enable her to attack us, with better chance of success, at a moment convenient to her.

"My opinion was underlined by reports from news agencies claiming Russia was in the process of preparing a military build-up of the greatest size against Germany, showing all the signs of intended aggression. I considered it impossible that Russia would pass up the opportunity to fall on our back when we were engaged in a war with the Western powers.

"Only by the destruction of National Socialist Germany would the way be paved for the old goal of spreading the world revolution westward. The right moment would appear to be when Germany's army — after landing in England — was tied down in great numbers on the other side of the Channel.

"I, therefore, would give up the idea of landing in England and, instead, steal a march on the Russians' surely planned attack.

"Attack is still the best form of defence.

"It turned out that the Fuehrer had already decided this course himself.

"I furthermore was of the opinion that it would be possible to come to an agreement with England — in spite of the refusal of such proposals already made by the Fuehrer. After the outbreak of the war between Germany and Russia, the chances would be better than ever.

"England couldn't have an interest in a Russian victory over Germany with England helping Russia.

"She couldn't possibly want to sacrifice hundreds of thousands of British people and her national prosperity only to ensure that a part of Europe, and eventually all of Europe, came under the Soviet sphere of power. The British also knew that the highly developed industry of the Continent, using cheapest manpower and an abundance of raw materials supplied by the Russians, would lead to world markets being flooded with export goods at prices which England could not compete with.

"The war would not be ended by the occupation of the British Isles. England would

continue the war with its Empire and probably with the help of America. Our forces would be spread further apart by having to defend themselves against a counter-attack in England as well. This would favour Russia's intentions.

"The Russians would hardly leave us another year.

"I was loath to tell the Fuehrer that I myself planned to fly to England for an understanding. I could not know at that time that it would be impossible to win responsible persons over to the idea of an understanding. Less could I know why this had to be impossible.

"The Fuehrer's decision to steal a march and attack the Russians was justified by the success of the first one and a half years of our fight against them. The final failure was not foreseeable.

"Since I am aware of the means which can steer people by a strange force, I am even more convinced that Russia would have attacked us, as substantially it was part of the plan by the leading criminals of the world working in the background. It shows more than ever that the Fuehrer's plan to beat the Russians was right."

On May 10, Hess "borrowed" a leather flying suit, went to Augsburg airfield, and according to Willi Messerschmidt, signed under his wife's maiden name for a flight from Augsburg to Stavanger, in Norway.

He gave this account of the flight in a letter he wrote to his wife on June 21, 1947, from his cell in Nuremberg:—

"I flew direct, except for the diversions made in order to hoodwink our friends the British. And I flew entirely alone.

"It was impressive to be flying alone over the North Sea in magically beautiful evening light, strongly affected by the Northern latitude in which I found myself.

"The numerous small clouds far below me looked like pack-ice on the sea; crystal clear and everything tinged with red. The sky, as it were, swept clean — oh, all too clean! 'Continuous cloud cover at 500 metres,' the weather report had said. And I had intended, if necessary, to withdraw into this cover. But there was no sign whatever of any such thing. For some moments I thought of turning back. Then I said to myself, however: 'Night landing with this machine is a tricky business.'

"And even if nothing happened to me, the Messerschmidt machine was bound to be damaged, possibly beyond repair, and that would be the end.

"Whatever else might have happened, the secret would have been out and would have been reported 'upstairs,' then I really should be finished forever. I said to myself: 'Stick it out. Come what may.'

"But then I had some luck, inasmuch as I was hazy over England and the haze reflected the evening light making it impossible to see anything from above.

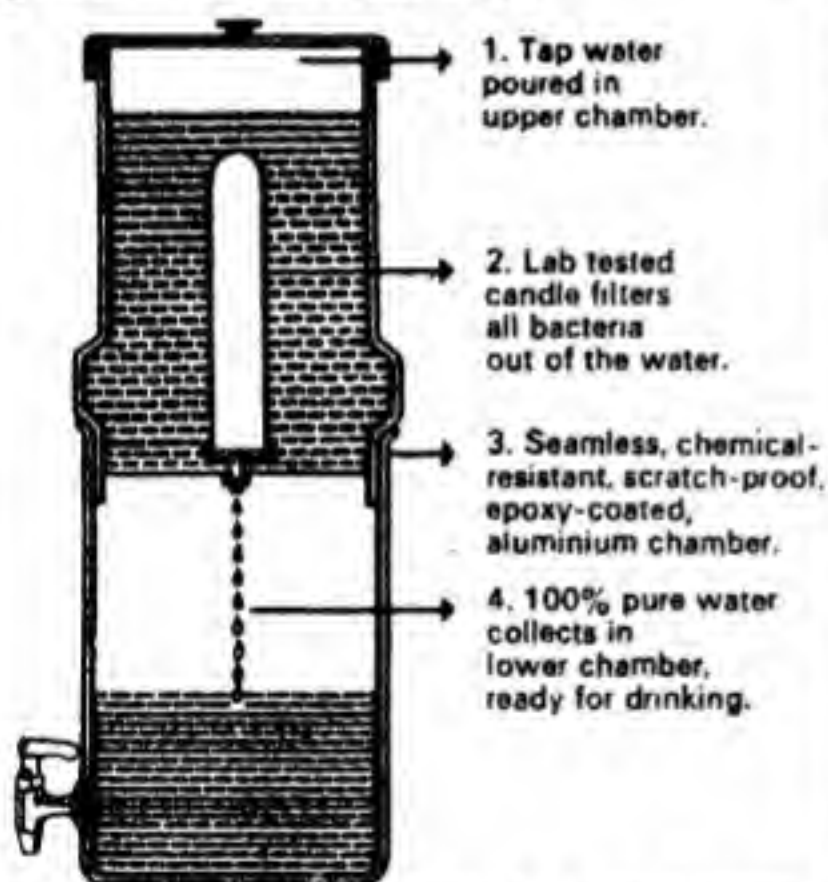
to be continued

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CHAITRA-BLS-19

WE ALL, at times feel impelled to take
charge when playing with a weak partner.
This ironic incident occurred in the game
at the Eccentric-Crockford's club;

Dealer, North. Game all.

♠ Q 5 4 3
♥ A Q 8 5 2
♦ A 3
♣ 9 8

N E
W S

♠ J 7 6
♥ 9 8 4 3
♦ J 8
♣ Q 10 7 5

♠ 10 8
♥ J
♦ 10 8 7 5 4 2
♣ K J 6 3

♠ A K 9 2
♥ K 10 7
♦ K Q 9
♣ A 4 2

North, by no means a great striker of the
ball, elected to open One Spade. (Why is
it that bad players so often choose the bid
that increases the likelihood of their playing
the hand?) The bidding continued:

SOUTH	WEST	NORTH	EAST
—	—	1♠	No
4NT	No	5♥	No
5NT	No	6♠	Dble
6NT	No	No	No

South knew that the hand might develop
an extra trick in spades, but it would surely
be worth at least one trick, he thought, to
keep his partner away from the helm.

West led the Queen of clubs and South
held off—correct technique in case the
hearts were not breaking. He captured the
second club and played off four rounds of
spades, East discarding two diamonds and
West a club. To complete his count before
playing on hearts, declarer cashed three
diamonds, West discarding another club.
This was now the situation:

♠ — A Q 8 5
♥ —
♦ —
♣ —

N E
W S

♠ 9 8 4 3
♥ —
♦ —
♣ —

♠ — J
♥ 10
♦ —
♣ K 6

♠ — K 10 7
♥ —
♦ —
♣ 4

A quick review established that West
must hold four hearts. To pick up J 9 x x
it would be necessary to lead the 10 on the
first round, with the King for re-entry. South
therefore ran the 10 and lost the last four
tricks!

He was left with the reflection (attested by
North himself) that his partner would have
rattled off thirteen tricks in spades or no
trumps. More poignant still, for his own
self-esteem, was the realization that he had
misplayed the hand.

After discovering the spade position,
there was little to be gained by cashing the
fourth round of the suit, and South should
instead have taken three rounds of dia-
monds. Then he learns in time that West
has four hearts. As he has a spade entry to
his hand, he can lay down the King of hearts
and still pick up J 9 x x.



THIS IS ONE of three new United Nations
stamps featuring the UN Volunteers Pro-
gramme. The programme was launched in
January 1971 to give young men and women
with suitable qualifications the opportunity
of working in developing countries. The
designs indicate some of the contributions
made by the volunteers in culture, science
and technology.

STAMP ALBUM

by C. W. HILL



final part

Once Is Not Enough

Jacqueline Susann

"Why are you telling me all this?"

"Because I care about you. I figured you might take it hard." He looked around the room. "But I didn't expect to see you laid out like a corpse. Christ, with those flowers — all we need is soft organ music."

"Tom will come back," she said stubbornly.

"It's over, January. Over. Finished! Done! Sure, Tom might come back if you went down on your knees and forced him back out of guilt. If you want him back that way... then go ahead. But if you do, then you're not the girl I thought you were. Now snap out of it. You've got everything any girl could ever want."

"I've got ten million dollars," she said. "I live in this gorgeous place and I have a closet full of clothes." The tears spilled down her face. "But I can't go to bed with ten million dollars. I can't put my arms around this apartment."

"No. But you can start in proving that you really loved your father."

"Prove I loved him?"

"That's right." He leaned close to her. "Look, this Dee Milford Granger was a nice lady. But from what I hear, Mike Wayne always shackled up with the most beautiful girls around. He made Tom Colt look like an amateur. But suddenly he married this rich lady and now you've inherited ten million bucks. Okay... you tell me. Do you think she left it to you because she loved those big brown eyes of yours?"

She shook her head. "No... I still don't know why she left it to me."

"Holy Jesus! You're so busy lying around feeling sorry for yourself that you haven't even bothered to think things out. Look, sweet lady. Your father *earned* that ten million for you. Maybe he worked at it for only a year, but I'll guarantee you it was the hardest money he ever earned." He stared at her as the tears ran down her face. "Now stop crying," he snapped. "It won't bring him back. Get out of that bed and go out and have some fun. If you don't, it means Mike Wayne threw away the last year of his life for nothing. And he's probably feeling worse than you, knowing you're lying around crying for a man who doesn't want you."

She reached out and hugged him. "Hugh, it's too late tonight... I took two sleeping pills before you came in. But how about tomorrow... will you take me to dinner?"

"No."

She looked at him in surprise. "I only asked you out tonight to speak my mind," he said. "I've said it all now."

She began to go out with David every night. His mother had insisted that neither Dee nor her father would want her

to go into any extended period of mourning.

One day dissolved into another. Some of the beautiful young women she met called and invited her to lunch and she forced herself to accept. She sat at "21," Orsini's, La Grenouille.... listened to gossip about new romances.... the latest "In" boutiques.... the latest "In" resort. She received invitations for weekends at Southampton, a cruise of the Greek islands (three couples were going to charter a boat; David said he was positive he could get the four weeks off if she wanted to go). And then, of course, there was always Marbella — Dee's house was fully staffed, available to her at any time.

Yes, there was a bright world out there. A whole brilliant summer waiting.

It was the middle of June, and she knew she had to make some plans. Everyone told her she couldn't just sit in the hot city. No one who was civilized stayed in town. She listened and agreed and knew that David was waiting.... patient and kind.... holding his plans in abeyance.... waiting for her to come to some decision... any decision — yet he never complained. He called her every day and saw her every night.

There were others who called every day. A Prince, a good-looking movie star, a young Italian whose family was very social, a broker who worked in a rival firm of David's.

They called.... they sent flowers. She wrote thank-you notes for the flowers but felt the same lethargy towards them all. She read that Tom had handed in his treatment for the screenplay and had gone to Big Sur for ten days. Had he taken his wife or was there someone else?

Even Linda was going away.

Everyone was going somewhere. She had read that Karla had bought a house on a Greek island called Patmos. Yes, everyone had survived, the world was going on without Mike, without Dee and all her money. The same sun was shining. And all the people in the silver frames on Dee's piano were still smiling, still functioning and feeling....

She *wanted* to feel something. She wanted to wake up one morning and feel eager to start the day. Sometimes when she opened her eyes.... those first few seconds before full consciousness took over, she felt good. Then everything rushed back to her, and she felt the weight of depression take over. Mike was gone.... Tom was gone.... even the dream was gone. The man with the beautiful eyes had disappeared along with her father and Tom....

Hugh called several times. He gave her pep talks. Told her it was a beautiful day, that she must go out and try to be happy. It was one thing to try.... but

another to make it work.

Her closet was filled with clothes for Marbella and St. Tropez. Each day she had shopped with her new friends and made identical purchases with them. She wore a figa around her neck.... Gucci shoes.... Cartier gold loop earrings.... a Louis Vuitton shoulder bag. She knew she was beginning to look and dress like Vera and Patty and Debbie because one day Vera showed her their picture in *Women's Wear*, and she had to look for her name to distinguish herself from the others.

She stretched across the bed. She had told Sadie she would rest for half an hour. But she hadn't been able to sleep. She wondered where David would want to go for dinner. She hadn't worn any of the new clothes; maybe she'd wear something special tonight.

She saw the light flash on her phone. She always forgot to turn the sound on. She picked it up just as David was telling Sadie not to bother her if she was resting. "Tell her I have to cancel tonight. There's been a minor crisis at the office. Tell her I'll call her tomorrow."

She walked into the bathroom. It was five o'clock. Might as well take a bath and have a tray. She let the water run and dropped some bubble powder into the tub. Did David really have a crisis.... or was he just not up to another monotonous evening with her?

She stood very still. Another monotonous evening with her.... She had said it! Until now it had always been another monotonous evening with David.... but suddenly it was as if she had penetrated into his thought process....

Of course she was monotonous and dull. All she did was try to get through an evening without yawning.

She walked back to the bedroom and stared down at the park. The whole world was out there. A world Mike had given her on a platter and she couldn't rouse herself to take it. What had happened to all that boundless energy she had with the magazine.... with Linda.... with Tom?

She stood very still. Of course! Why hadn't she thought of it before! Instead of taking sleeping pills, she needed a shot!

She wouldn't chance calling Dr. Alpert and being told to come the next day. They *had* to take her now.

At first she thought she was in the wrong office. It looked like a motorcycle club convention. Boys and girls sat slouched in jeans and sleeveless T-shirts. The smell of pot hung heavy in the room. The receptionist stared at January in amazement. Then she flashed a bright smile and held out her hand. "Congratulations. I mean.... I'm sorry about your father, but congratulations on your fortune. I keep

reading about you."

"About me?"

"Of course. You're in the columns everyday. Are you really going to Marbella or is it St. Tropez? I read you were practically engaged to David Milford."

January couldn't answer. She hadn't read a newspaper since California. She knew there had been a lot in the paper about the funeral. But why were the columnists writing about her? Did having ten million dollars cause the world to suddenly be interested in where she went to lunch or where she planned to vacation?

She looked at the crowded waiting room. "I have no appointment," she said. "Oh, I'm sure we can work you in," the receptionist said. "It's always hectic at this hour. You see we have the cast of a big Broadway show here now. They come in every night at this hour." She nodded towards the actors sitting around the waiting room. "But we'll make an opening for you. Dr. Preston is back from the Coast. So we have both our doctors here now."

"What happened to all his big clients out there?"

"Oh, he actually has no office out there. He just went because Freddie Dillson couldn't sing unless Dr. Preston was backstage."

"But last week... on the news on television... I saw Freddie being carried out to an ambulance."

The receptionist nodded sadly. "He had a complete breakdown... right in the middle of the show. And after Dr. Preston worked so hard — he stayed out there close to seven weeks trying to get him into shape, but Freddie's voice is shot."

"But he was so great," January said. "I played his records all the time in Switzerland."

"You should have seen him when he came here two years ago. His wife had walked out on him — he's a big gambler you know — and he was broke. Dr. Preston took him in hand, and he opened at the Waldorf and made a spectacular comeback. Then he played Vegas and fell apart. Dr. Preston went out there to try and get him in shape for the Los Angeles opening... and he did. But he couldn't stay with him forever. Dr. Preston isn't a nursemaid, you know."

"But if he needed the shots?"

The receptionist shrugged. "My dear, Dr. Preston has taught two of our biggest senators to give themselves I.V. shots, but Freddie just couldn't make that scene with the needle. I mean... after all... suppose one has diabetes... We must not be afraid of the needle."

"I'd rather have Dr. Simon if I can," January said.

"Well, he has the cast... but let's see

what we can do. I'll tell you what... follow me and I'll sneak you into an inside waiting room. That's where we always put our V.I.P.s."

She followed the receptionist down a hall just as a young man walked out of a cubicle rolling down his sleeve. He stopped when he saw her. For a moment they both stared at each other. Then he threw his arms around her.

"Hey, heiress... What are you doing here?"

"Keith!" She hugged him eagerly. He was thinner and his hair was longer. She suddenly was so glad to see him. "Keith, what are you doing here?"

"I come here every night. I'm in *Caterpillar*. You've seen it, of course."

"No... I've been away."

"I've read about you. Wow, have you got it made! What do you need happy shots for?"

She shrugged. "No blood, I guess."

"Well, anytime you want to see the show —" He stopped. "Say—" Then he shook his head. "Nah... forget it."

"Forget what?"

"There's a big party tonight. At Christina Spencer's town house. She'd flip out if you'd come... But I guess you're all booked up."

"No... I'm free."

"All evening?"

"As soon as I get my shot."

"Want to see the show?"

"I'd love it."

"Great! I'll wait. I'll put you out front, only this time I can't sit with you."

"And this time I won't run out," she said.

"There's some nudity in it," he said warningly.

"I'm a big girl now, Keith."

"Okay. Get your happy shot. I'll wait out there."

25

They decided to walk to the party after the show. Christina Spencer's town house was in the East Sixties, and the night was warm and clear, January clung to Keith's arm. She wanted to skip, to run... she stared at the dark sky. "Oh, Keith, isn't it great to really feel good?"

He nodded. "Dr. Alpert probably gave you the full dose. He was so high himself tonight, he probably thought you were a member of the cast."

She giggled. "Is that why he didn't even talk to me? You know I felt bad that he didn't even give me a 'Welcome Home' or a 'Glad to see you'."

Keith smiled and looked down at her. "Feel great, huh?"

"I feel like I can hear the trees grow, smell the summer coming... I can see the leaves growing. Keith, look at that

tree — can't you see that leaf getting bigger?"

He smiled. "You bet. And it's important to see and feel all these things. There will only be this Thursday in June just once. Tomorrow will be Friday and this Thursday will never come back."

"Why did you leave Linda?" she asked suddenly.

"Linda wanted too much of me."

She nodded. No one could have all of anyone. That was why Tom had put her out of his life. She stopped and stared at the sky. This one minute, she felt on the brink of something... as if she could look into the future... understand everything....

They had stopped in front of a brownstone on a tree-lined street. There were several limousines in front. Keith led January inside. She saw well-known rock singer standing in the hall. They pushed into the living room. It was packed solid with familiar faces. Pop artists, underground movie stars, recording artists, several young screen actresses. There were blue jeans, velvet pants suits, see-through blouses, striped jackets, and a sprinkling of Indian outfits.

And there was Christina Spencer. She floated towards them, her much photographed face a bit toothier in person. Her figure even more fantastic than the photographs showed. She had to be in her late fifties. Her face was taut from several lifts. She wore a midriff outfit of flowered silk. Her full breast peeked above the low-cut neckline. She had the body of a twenty-year-old.

She welcomed January warmly. "I knew your father, my dear. We had a few gorgeous nights together once in Acapulco. That was right before I met dear Geoffrey."

Keith steered January away. "Personally, I think she killed Geoffrey," he whispered. "She's married three times and each husband died and left her more money. And with her luck she backs *Caterpillar* with her own money and it's a smash."

A girl walked over to Keith. "Baby.... the sangria is out of sight, it's in the den upstairs."

Keith led January upstairs into a dark sitting room. Everyone was sitting on cushions. He pulled January to the floor and reached into his pocket and took out a skinny cigarette. He lit it and passed it to her. She inhaled deeply and let the smoke out in a thin stream. "Jesus, baby.... you're smoking it like it was a Chesterfield."

"I inhaled it," she said.

But with grass you're not supposed to let the smoke out. You got to take air in with it." He held it between his middle fingers and illustrated the technique. She tried.... but couldn't keep the smoke

down. Suddenly he said, "Hold still. I'll give you a shotgun." Then he leaned over to kiss her, only he blew the smoke into her mouth and held her nose. "Now swallow it." She gagged, but kept most of it down. He did it twice again and she began to feel giddy and light-headed. Then he lit another and this time she inhaled properly. A beautiful young girl came over carrying a pitcher of sangria. "Here's some paper cups. Want some great stuff?"

Keith nodded and took the cups she handed them. "This is Arlene, January."

"Drink the wine.... you'll blow your mind.... Anita is strung out in the other room."

January sipped the wine. "It's great," she said.

"Sip it slowly," Keith said. "It's laced heavy."

"What?" She put down the cup.

"Relax. There's just enough acid in it for a good trip. Trust me. Look, we all have the show to do tomorrow. I'm drinking it.... Just sip it slowly."

She looked around. The sweet smell of pot was everywhere. Music was piped into all the rooms. Everyone was sipping the sangria. She shrugged.... why not? Everyone here had done it before.... and they seemed eager to do it again. The sensation had to be great. Besides, as Keith had said, there would only be this Thursday in June, once in her life!

She finished the wine. Then she handed him the empty cup. She leaned against his shoulder. She felt no great reaction... just totally relaxed. She had been taut from the shot, taut and high.... overactive.... Now everything seemed calm and tranquil. That was a funny word.... tranquil but the whole world seemed tranquil.... she felt warm and saw the sun.... then a rainbow of colour flashed by and hung over water. She saw waves and the ocean.... and it seemed soft and blue and she suddenly knew with a strange clarity that Mike had felt no fear when the plane went down.... he had almost welcomed slipping into that soft blue sea.... he would rest.... just as she was resting her head against Keith's shoulder.... and Mike hadn't died.... nothing ever died.... life existed always.... and people were good.... Keith's lips were warm.... Keith was kissing her.

Sadie came rushing in. January stared down at the phone, which was now buzzing with the phone-off-the-hook-too-long signal. "Miss January, you were screaming!"

"No. I'm.... I.... I shouted at the operator because I got a wrong number twice. Don't worry, Sadie.... please. I'm going to call Mr. Milford. You go to sleep."

She dialled the number. Sadie hovered by and waited until she heard January

say, "Hi, David!" Then she discreetly left the room.

David sounded genuinely concerned. She tried to make her voice light. But the room was growing dark again and the splashing array of colours had returned. "I went to a party," she said as she blinked hard to make the colours disappear.

"It must have been a late one," he said. "You slept all day."

She closed her eyes to block out the flashing lights. "It was late. Some.... some friends of my father's....actors.... directors...." The colours were gone and she was all right now. Her voice was strong again. "It was a late party....it didn't start until midnight. And then when I got home for some strange reason I wasn't sleepy. So I read....until morning. And then I took two sleeping pills... and....well....you know the rest."

"How are you going to be able to sleep now?"

"Easy. I'll read a dull book and take some pills. By tomorrow my time schedule will be straightened out."

"January, I don't like this sleeping pill business. I'm against all pills. I never even take an aspirin."

"Well, after tonight I won't take any again."

"It's my fault. I left you alone. And you shouldn't be alone now....ever. January, let's not wait out the summer. Let's do it now."

"Do what now?"

"Get married."

She was silent. He had never asked her to go to bed with him since that first time. But his whole attitude since the accident had been different. He was gentle.... considerate....and always concerned.

"January, are you there?"

"Yes...."

"Well....will you marry me?"

"David....I—" She hesitated. But what was she hesitating about? What *was* she waiting for? Another Tom to come along to destroy her? A relationship with Keith....and his friends? The full impact of it was just beginning to hit her. And even the dream was dangerous. She had almost jumped out of a window. She was suddenly frightened. What was happening to her? Where was the girl she had once been....still was. But that girl had allowed a stranger to make love to her in the midst of a room filled with strangers. Yet it had all seemed perfectly proper at the time. She began to tremble....she felt unclean....violated.

"January, are you still on?"

"Yes, David. I'm....I'm just thinking...."

"Please, January. I love you....I want to take care of you."

"David—" She clung to the phone. "I do need you. Yes....Yes. I do!"

"Oh, January! I promise you'll never regret it. Look, we'll celebrate tomorrow night at dinner. I'll invite a few friends. Vera and Ted....Harriet and Paul.... Muriel and Burt....Bonnie and—" He stopped. "Where shall we do it? The Lafayette? Sign of the Dove?"

"No. Let's go to Raffles. That was the scene of our first date, wasn't it?"

"January, you're sentimental! I never would have thought it."

"There's a lot of things we'll both have to find out about each other," she said. "David, do you realize....we really hardly know one another."

"That's not my fault," he said. "I.... well....I haven't invited you back to my place or asked to stay with you because I thought you were too upset and—"

"Oh, David, that's not what I mean. Strangers can go to bed together."

"I guess I'm not very demonstrative," he said. "I mean....when I care for someone....maybe I don't know how to show it. But January....you don't either. Know what all my friends call you? 'Her Coolness.' Even the newspapers picked it up....they called you that in a column yesterday."

"Do I seem cool?"

"Detached at times," he said. "But good God, why shouldn't you? After all that's happened to you in less than a year."

"Yes, you're right. A lot has happened...." She suddenly remembered that first night at Raffles. It all seemed unreal. Could she really spend the rest of her life with David....live with him.... sleep in the same bed with him?.... She began to panic.

"David, I can't! It isn't fair to you."

"What's not fair to me?"

"To marry you. I....I'm not really in love with you."

He was silent for a moment. Then he said, "January, have you really ever loved anyone?"

"Yes."

"Besides your father?"

"Yes...."

He hesitated. "Is it over?"

"Yes." Her voice was very low.

"Then don't tell me about it."

"But David....if I know I can love someone in a certain way and I don't feel that way about you, then is it fair to you? I mean....oh, I don't know how to put it—"

"I understand. Because I've loved someone too. And not in the same way I love you. But no two loves are the same. If you keep searching for the same kind of love each time, then you never really love again, because each new affair merely becomes a continuation of that first love."

"But, January, the kind of love we're both talking about only happens to a person once. And since we've both had

it...what we have now is something new for both of us. And we can build it into a new life and forget all the old memories."

"Do you think we can do it?"

"Of course. Only a neurotic person clings to something that's gone. And you strike me as a very levelheaded girl. Now go to sleep and try to dream of me."

She crept out of the apartment so as not to awaken Sadie. She knew Dee kept her cars at a garage on West Fifty-sixth Street. She walked over.

There were several garages on Fifty-sixth Street. She hit the correct one on the first try and took it as an omen of good luck. The night manager recognized her and gave her the Jaguar. She left the garage and headed downtown. She recalled Tom's driver had taken the Midtown Tunnel to the Long Island Expressway. The car handled beautifully.

There was no traffic. She'd make Westhampton by one. Perhaps she should have phoned Hugh... But then he might have asked her to wait until tomorrow, and she had to talk it out now. She cut off the Expressway and pulled into a garage. The attendant filled the gas tank and gave her directions for Westhampton. The gas took all of her money, and she gave the attendant her last quarter as a tip. But the tank was filled, the road was good, and soon she'd see Hugh. Somehow she felt talking it out with him would make everything come out right.

It was one-fifteen when she pulled up to the house. She rang the bell... it had a hollow sound... an empty sound. Oh, Lord... was this one of his nights with his widow? She got into her car. She would sit and wait. She stared out at the dunes. They seemed so far away and so high and unfriendly tonight. But that was silly... they were just globs of sand. Hugh often slept out there. Of course! Maybe he was out there now! She got out of the car and started for the beach.

It was hard going. Wild grass grew in crazy patches. Several times she tripped over pieces of driftwood. Sand filled her sandals, but she ploughed on. She was physically exhausted by the time she reached the dunes. She stood on top of the highest hill and looked down the stretch of beach. No sign of life anywhere. Even the ocean seemed abnormally calm. The waves seemed to whisper a hushed apology as they lapped against the sand. Perhaps Hugh was on another dune, farther down the beach...

She stood and shouted his name. There was no answer... just the empty sound of her voice. Not even a gull called out. Where were all the gulls at night? They were always swooping around and screeching at one another during the day. She flopped on the ground and let some of

the cool sand sift through her fingers. Where *did* sea gulls go at night? She looked back towards the house. It was dark and lonely-looking. The calm night, the bright stars, and the sighs of the waves seemed much friendlier than the empty house.

She rolled her sweater into a ball and cushioned it under her head. Then she lay back and stared at the sky. It seemed to come closer and blanket her. Suddenly she felt as if it was the world and earth was merely the floor. What *was* up there? Other planets? Other worlds? She looked back towards the house. Maybe Hugh was spending the night at the lady's place.

She could go back to her car, and sleep there until he came back. But she wasn't sleepy and it was so peaceful on the dune. All those stars. The Wise Men had looked at these same stars the night Jesus was born. Galileo had looked at them... and when Columbus was looking for his new route to India he had also relied on them. How many people had made love under them? How many children had made wishes on them and prayed to the God they imagined sitting above them as she had when she was a child. God's lights. Her mother had told her that! It suddenly came to her — God's lights. Her mother! Until this second her mother had always been just a misty memory. A quiet lady always "resting." Always beautiful when she was up and about... great brown eyes staring adoringly at her father... never at her. In fact she couldn't recall ever looking into those eyes herself... *Yes! Once!* ... It came to her now. The memory of snuggling in her mother's arms and seeing those great brown eyes looking tenderly at her. She had had a bad dream and cried out. The nurse came immediately. But this time her mother had come too. And it was one of the rare times that her mother rather than the nurse comforted her. And when she had shown fear of being alone in the darkness because the bad dream might return... her mother had held her close and told her nothing bad could happen in the night. That sometimes the light made things look bad, but the night was soft and comforting. They had sat before the window and looked at the stars together and her mother had said, "They are God's little beacon lights... to remind you that He is always watching you... always there to help you... to love you."

She thought about it now as she watched the stars. That was really a beautiful story to tell to a frightened little girl. What had her mother been like? Suddenly she wished she had been older and could have comforted her. Her mother loved Mike... but he had other girls.

God, how she must have suffered. She remembered how she had felt that day Tom stayed at the beach with his wife. Tears came to her eyes. Her poor, poor mother. In love with Mike... left alone with a little girl while he was in California. Probably in Bungalow Five with a girl of his own. Suddenly, lying there, it was as if she saw herself split into two beings. She was Mike's girl in Bungalow Five... and she was her young helpless mother... alone too much... sobbing too much... she called out, "Mother... you shouldn't have done it."

She opened her bag and groped for her cigarettes. Her hand came across an envelope. She took it out. A plain white crumpled bulky envelope. The envelope Keith had stuck into her bag just as she was leaving. She ripped it open. It contained a small plastic pill bottle with two sugar cubes. There was also a note. She flicked on her cigarette lighter. "*Dear heiress: I love you. I can't take you to Marbella or the south of France. But if you'll be my girl I can take you on trips out of this world. For starters — here's two on me, love, Keith.*"

She opened the bottle and held the sugar cubes in her hand. She started to toss them away, but something held her back. Why not take one? If she did, all of her depression would evaporate. She'd be able to reach up and touch the stars. She put the cubes back into the bottle and dropped it back into her bag. No, taking acid wasn't going to solve things. The problem would still be there when the "trip" was over. But what was the solution? Try to conform? Try to learn to love David? Learn backgammon? Have lunch every day? Buy clothes? *No!* She didn't want a life that had no highs. Even the lows were worthwhile if you knew there would be highs. And not an acid high. A real high. Like seeing Mike stride towards her that day in the airport at Rome, hearing Tom say he could never be without her...

But they were both gone. Tom and Mike...

And there was a curious silence — like the silence she had once heard in California right before a minor earth tremor. When the crickets had stopped and even the leaves made no sound. She looked towards the ocean. It was like glass, and the moon hung over it casting a bright path over the dark water. But that was impossible! Just a moment ago the moon had been behind her, hanging over Hugh's house. She turned and looked back. Of course. There it was... A pale friendly light over the dark strip of beach-front houses. Then she looked back at the ocean... and there it was! Clear and bright... another moon!

She was hallucinating! It was that

sugar cube Keith had given her at the party. She jumped up and turned her back on the "new moon." She began to run, but it was like one of those dreadful nightmares where you ran but remained in one spot.

Maybe she *had* taken the sugar cubes. But she was positive she had put them back. Or had she? It didn't matter. She was hallucinating, seeing two moons... Anything could happen. It might drag her out to the ocean. If she could think she could jump out of a window and float upward, then there was no telling what would happen. Oh, God, she'd never take anything again. She'd marry David and have children. A child of her own to love. Maybe she'd never feel for David what she felt for Mike. No... what she felt for Tom. But at least she'd be marrying someone Mike approved of. And she would have a little boy who would look just like Mike. And a girl too. And she'd love them and be a good mother. She would! Only, please, God. Just let her make it back to that house.

Why did the house seem so far away? She was off the dune now. In a valley, climbing another...

It was still there. She turned and saw it hover over the ocean. Suddenly it streaked across the sky, returned and spun around, pirouetting — as if it were doing an eerie ballet just for her. It shot into the heavens until it looked no larger than a star, until she was positive it was a star. Then it returned to its normal size, throwing its glow into a perfect lane across the water.

She stared at it for a moment. This was no hallucination. This was real! Because when you hallucinate you don't know it. But maybe *this* was a dream too. Maybe she wasn't on the beach. Maybe she was home in bed. Maybe she wasn't at the Pierre. Maybe that had all been part of a dream too. Maybe she was still with Tom, and Mike wasn't dead. Maybe the happy shots caused all this to be one long horrible nightmare. And when she woke up she'd be at Bungalow Five and Tom would be there and she would leave him and rush to meet Mike and make things up. Or maybe they hadn't had the fight, maybe the fight was part of the nightmare — then she wouldn't have to leave Tom. But maybe she had never met Tom. Maybe she was still in Switzerland, and she was getting well, and she was coming home to Mike and he hadn't met Dee, and one of this had happened... But then maybe there never was a Franco, and there had never been a motorcycle accident. Maybe she had never been born — because she couldn't tell just when the nightmare began.

But it hadn't all been a nightmare. Some of it had been marvellous. Going to

Miss Haddon's had even been all right because there had been wonderful weekends to look forward to, the Saturdays when she'd rush into his arms. And even the Clinique hadn't been all bad because there were his visits, and most of all the expectation and the dream of getting well, especially the month before she came home, and when she knew she would be with him....

At least there had been that month of dreams, and sometimes dreams were better than reality. You couldn't call a month of wonderful dreams a nightmare. And the month had culminated in a moment of fantastic reality that afternoon when she found him at the airport waiting. She didn't know about Dee then. So for a few hours he belonged to her, as he had in Rome until Melba came on the scene. There had been happy moments once. Just as her mother had probably been happy — once — and then had to face it, accept the fact that everything was gone, a special kind of happiness comes only once....

"No!" she cried out. "Once is not enough! Oh, Mother, how did you ever live through it as long as you did!"

She stood there bathed in that strange light, alone on the beach. Somehow she felt that if she stood very still it wouldn't see her. But that was ridiculous. Whatever it was, it couldn't possibly see her — it was thousands of miles away.

Maybe she should try to remember everything. How large it was, how many miles away it seemed, what direction it was travelling. Maybe she should report it. Oh, sure — that's all she'd need!

But it was there, hanging in front of her. She began to shout. "WAKE UP, SOMEONE! DOESN'T ANYONE IN WEST-HAMPTON KNOW YOU'VE SUDDENLY GOT TWO MOONS!"

There was nothing but silence. There was no use in running, because she felt locked in that one spot. She dropped to the sand. It felt cool and soft. She felt the glow of the new moon upon her. It almost felt like sunlight — warm, comforting. And then she saw him walking towards her. He was coming from the shoreline. And when he walked directly into the path of the moonlight his face was in shadow. But she wasn't the least surprised that he had those startling blue eyes she had seen so many times before.

And as she watched him approach, she felt no fear. She suddenly remembered a verse from a poem by John Burroughs called "Waiting." Long ago she had memorized it in Switzerland and....

Serene, I fold my hands and wait,
Nor care for wind, nor tide, nor sea;
I rave no more 'gainst time or fate,
For lo! my own shall come to me.
And now for the first time, she felt all

the waiting was over. He came closer and suddenly she couldn't breathe. It was Mike!

But it wasn't Mike. His smile was like Mike's, he looked like Mike... yet he wasn't Mike. He stood before her and held out his arms. She scrambled to her feet and went to him. He held her close. "I'm glad to see you, January."

"Mike," she whispered.

He stroked her hair. "I'm not Mike."

"But you look like Mike."

"Only because you want me to."

She clung to him. "Look. This is my hallucination. So it's going to go my way. Whoever you are — I've wanted you all my life. Maybe I always knew you would come. Maybe I loved Mike because he looked like you. Maybe I love you because you look like him. Maybe you both are one. It doesn't matter...."

She dropped to the sand, and he took her in his arms. When their lips met it was everything she knew it would be. And when he took her, she knew it had been the moment she had waited for all her life. His caress was gentle yet firm. She reached out for him and held him close.... closer... until they were united like the sand that joins the wave that draws it back into the sea.

"Please don't ever leave me," she whispered.

And he held her close and promised he would never let her go again.

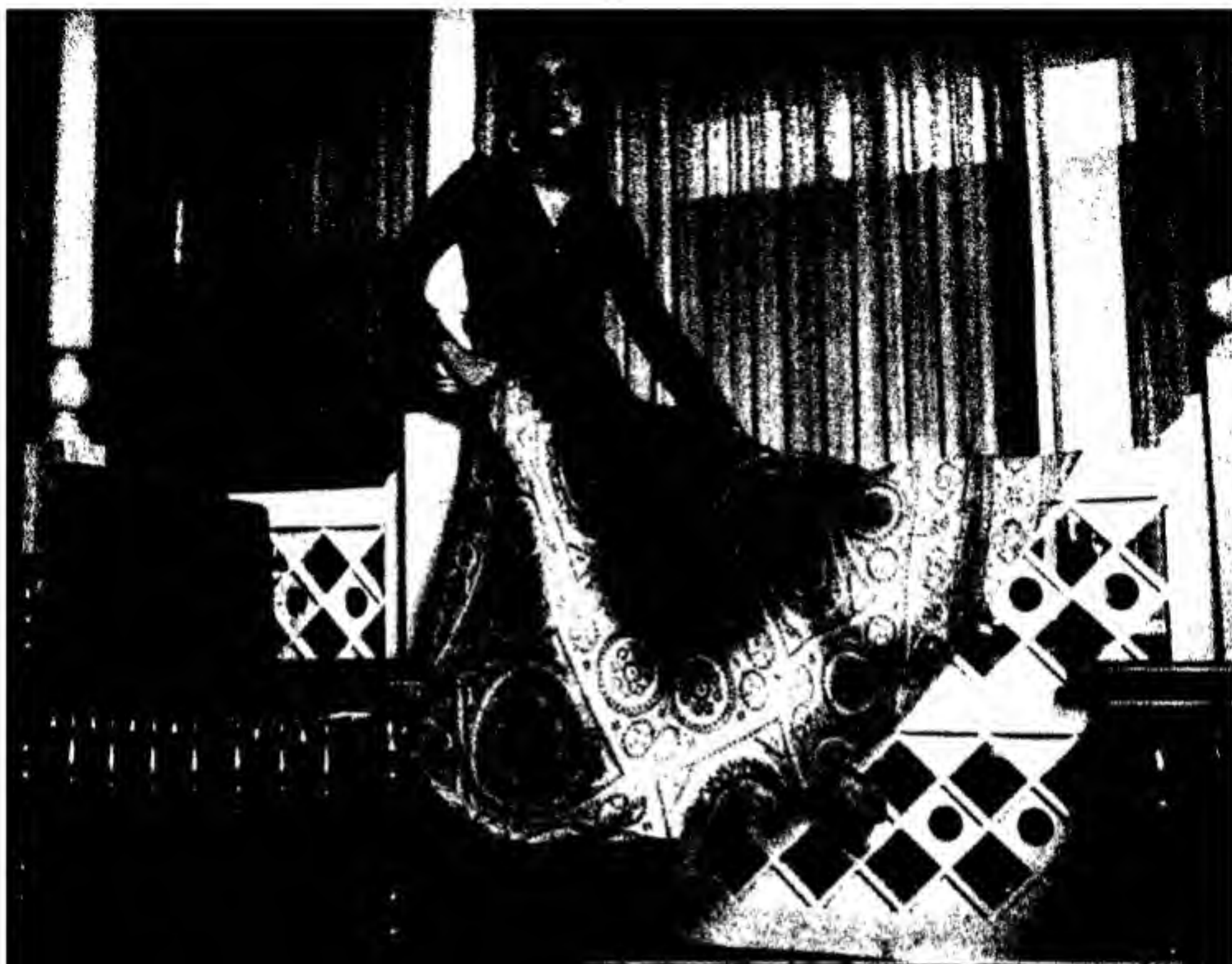
New York (AP)

June 29, 1972.

Today marks one year since the disappearance of January Wayne, heiress to the Granger millions. Her fiance, David Milford, was unavailable for comment, as he is vacationing somewhere on the Greek Island of Patmos. But friends state that he still clings to the hope that she is alive. Dr. Gerson Clifford, Miss Wayne's personal physician, said Miss Wayne had been in a deep depression over the death of her father and stepmother. It is Dr. Clifford's theory that Miss Wayne may have walked into the ocean and drowned, since her car was found parked near a beach entrance the morning after her disappearance. Later that same morning, two young boys, Edward Stevens, 9, and Tommy Karol, 8, found a handbag on the beach which was identified as belonging to Miss Wayne. There was nothing in the bag except an empty wallet with credit cards and a plastic bottle containing two sugar cubes....

the end





some for the day, some casual, some glamorous, some formal, wrap-overs, tulips, biased, crepe or simply sarong style. the skirts are back once more to beat it all, saris are being cut up and borders flow to form a popular outfit with interchangeable tops, matching or contrasting. what really brings out the interest in this attire is the bare midriff, billowing skirts that have the freshness of spring and bloom. they denote the peasant-like attitude of today's free youth and tendencies, the tops are short, simple and have the same appearance as the traditional choli. 1. exotic in this formal skirt, the top goes back to the moghul days, hues of pastel shades. 2. in bandini styled designs has a turquoise top in satin, long light sleeves and buttons down the front. 3. demure naini matches navy blue with mauve, the skirt is full-flared while the top is synthetic-textured for soft, flowing effect, note the tucks on the shoulder. 4. tie-up tops with straight skirts that are either striped for style or mirror-embroidered for gaiety.

khaas baat



The other day, I happened to visit the sets of "Anari" starring Shashi Kapoor and Moushumi Chatterji, the film which was scheduled to be completed last year, but got delayed because of Moushumi's baby. Saw director Asit Sen after a long time — he was quite sober and has acquired a new, close crew-cut. But one thing he seemed mighty upset about — Simi's marriage! After

every few minutes, he would nod his head and moan — "Why did she have to marry?" — Sympathy was being offered around. But what beats me is, why was Asit-da so sad about the whole event?

Now that Mumtaz has taken off for her honeymoon, not much can be written about her. That means a sizeable chunk of rumour-mongering, blown away. How sad! Yet folks manage to keep track of where she is, and what she is doing with whom — they will not leave her alone, and before a year is out, let me tell you, I am sure they are going to issue reports of her unhappy marriage and her threatening to join films all over again! — Not Mumu, if I know her! She loves her comfort and is certainly not going to struggle to break into competition once more. Some who have seen her performance in the forthcoming "Roti" say she is simply fabulous in it — the last good role of her career! And to think she has gone to a place where she might not even hear folks telling her about how good her work, has been!

Dabboo, Randhir Kapoor, threw a tiny family-party — he has become a father. Wife Babita was in hospital, a few minutes away from his residence. And Ye Gads! Babita is the fifth actress among the crop of mummies, to have a baby-girl! Seems like a conspiracy worked among these heroines, to have only baby-girls — none of them is really happy about their own first productions. Except Jaya — who, having been fed up of seeing the male-dominance in the Bachchan household, thought that a girl might be the best way of earning a little independence from Mamma-in-law Teji, who prefers her own "boys," Amitabh and Ajitabh. And Jaya has finally got it — for she and Amit have shifted to a new place.

The latest rumour, according to the produce-director, Sultan Ahmed, who is him-

self involved, is that he and Anju Mahendroo are having an affair. He tells all around, especially when he is high, that folks are coupling his name with Anju's! And his wife, the comedian (in films, only), has a mighty hearty laugh when her friends tease her about it!

Believe the present trend of double-shifts, with its applied liberties, has been started by none other than dear old Shashi Baba and Dharmendra, two of the mildest and most well-behaved heroes of the whole lot! Shashi confessed this to me once himself. He was recalling the time when he and Dharam used to sit in a make-up room whenever they were in one studio and cry over each other's shoulders, with problems — mainly financial, both were married, you see, and the sting of meagre returns (500 bucks a month) was deeper to both of them, than it was to the other guys! Today, both of them are so busy being topnotchers in the profession, that I doubt if they can meet each other even once a year!

Why has producer O. P. Raihan suddenly taken off for the States, right in the middle of his new production, "Bapi", over which he spent so much time and publicity that it looked like it was his first film! Says a acid-tongue of this quiet departure (for O. P. is anything but quiet) that he has gone to meet Mumtaz, for whom he has a terrific crush and who is there for her honeymoon. Probably the chap wants to come back and blah-blah to the whole film-world about his exciting trip and the fab things he did with the Madhvani-couple! And he has the eternal qualification that Mumu had acted first in his "Gehra Daan" and he is not going to let folks forget that! Parveen Babi has finally made plans for shifting to her own flat, a few floors above Danny's! She has got a phone there now — no, it doesn't mean she has split with Dan-Dan, but they both need a change of scene!

She chatters non-stop. Giggles like a school kid. And generally behaves like a juvenile let loose in a world of grown-ups. This in spite of being a married woman (whatever her age may be), and a mother at that. ("I still can't believe that I'm a mother.")

Far from being intelligent, Moushumi Chatterjee is, to put it bluntly, a grown-up (physically), kid (mentally). She says she doesn't know what attracted her to films. "Bus. Main ek film ki aur idhar phus gayi." Not that she cares two figs for her career — she just is too immature to be serious about anything, except perhaps her marriage. "Becoming an actress has not been an obsession with me. My only dreams have been to be happily married.

"As a kid I used to see movies and it excited me to see glamorous stars on equally glamorous sets. You know I actually thought the sets were real!" And when the star-struck 'balika' wandered into filmland, she got a rude shock. "Only after shooting did I realise that the sets were all false. That scenes are taken shot by shot. And that the whole thing is so drab and un-exciting.

"In fact these days I don't even find my work very interesting. With me the problem is, when I'm at home, I miss shooting. And when I'm shooting I'm worried about my family. It's one of the reasons why I don't do Bengali films because it'll mean going away from home for long spells and I can't survive that."

When Moushumi talks you realise that perhaps there's some element of untruth in the rumours that float around about her being unhappy about her marriage, about her rollicking affair with Vinod Mehra, etc. "I've never felt

I am against family planning

it but people insist that I got married too early. I don't regret it for a moment." (To show how enthusiastic she is about her marriage, she even suggested that I get married soon!)

"Not satisfied with calling my marriage a mistake, several folks have tried to paint my in-laws in villainous colours. My in-laws do not hold me under an exclusive contract. I doubt if my father-in-law even knows how much cash I make. They're not money-crazy!

"Another rumour that has gained weight is the Moushumi-Vinod affair. I'm glad people talk about this affair and I don't mind it all. As long as people link only Vinod Mehra with me I have no problems. You see my husband and he have been such good pals that we can afford to laugh away these rumours. Had it been some other actor, my husband would have started asking questions, and some sort of suspicion may have arisen."

What really happened when you were pregnant? Did you have to sign so many films and lead your producers on a merry dance by playing truant from shooting? "Becoming pregnant is something that is very natural. I'm back on duty now with no complaints from

any producer. What happened was some of my producers just couldn't understand my reporting late for shooting, though I explained to them that I had terrible morning sickness. These things were beyond my control. I tried as far as possible not to put them to much trouble. Sometimes it couldn't be helped."

Virendra Sinha (who's making the Moushumi-Chintu starrer 'Zehreela Insaan') doesn't think you were particularly cooperative, I pointed out. Moushumi tried her hand at diplomacy and failed miserably. "No. None of my producers as far as I know are chessed off with me," she said weakly. The same Moushumi (when the interview was almost at its fag end), dismissed Virendra Sinha with, "I can't even find an animal like him!" Does that mean you won't be completing 'Zehreela Insaan'? "Karna padega. The sooner the better for me!"

What about your 'Badla' director (Vijay Kumar), who personally told me that he couldn't stand your behaviour? Another guarded, far-from-the-truth answer came from Moushumi: "He has never shown any such anger with me, in front of me. As far as I'm concerned, my relationship with him has been smooth sailing." Which is a lie, with a capital 'L', because I remember Shatru and Vijay Kumar telling me in no mean terms that Moushumi thought and behaved like she was the first woman in India to be pregnant! This while we waited around 12 noon for Moushumi to put in an appearance for the 7 a.m. shift!

But never mind. I asked her something very tame next, like her career which seemed promising at the outset ('Anuraag') slumping badly with a string of flops like 'Badla', 'Kuchche Dhaage', 'Naina' and 'Us Paar'. "Badla' deserved to flop. 'Naina' is such an old film of mine that I knew where it was heading. Similarly, 'Gulam, Begum, Badshah'. The only film which I knew was a sure flop but was still keen to do was 'Us Paar' because it was such a beautiful film. Frankly these flops don't worry me at all. Once I finish my shooting, I forget about my films. Their fate at the box-office is never watched nervously by me."

Why not a film with your hubby? "He's producing 'Maazak' with Vinod Mehra and me. Act with him? Never. Because he's not cut out to be an actor. He looks handsome in real life. But he's not one bit photogenic. No, I didn't like him at all in his only film 'Bees Saal Pehle'. His role in 'Kuchche Dhaage' was done just for kicks. He's not interested in pursuing an acting career."

Moushumi is anything but business-minded. "My husband can look after that."

Her oldest hero is Manoj Kumar. "I keep telling him that he's too quiet and serious. Thank god there are other people on the sets for me to talk to!"

Just listen to her views on family planning (personally I think there should be a ban on such thinking): "Family planning means we rich people must have only two kids. The poor people won't listen to and can't afford to pay much heed to family planning. Which means the poor people will outnumber us and take away our children's money! That's why I'm against family planning!" Can you beat such logic???

N. BHARATHI





Beginning with July 29.



ARIES (March 21 — April 20)

Unusually ambitious plans will keep you busy. You will maintain normal health and have success in your strivings. Businessmen! fresh contracts and new investments may flourish. Travelling salesmen and representatives may come out successful in their round. Social workers may suffer disgrace. Dealings with opposite sex should be avoided entirely. This week is certainly ill-suited for speculation.



TAURUS (April 21 — May 20)

Anxieties, illness and mental worries may ensue. Persons in service may face false charges for no fault of their own. Businessmen! losses are indicated but no acute financial problems may arise. But gains may occur in speculative dealings in the second half of the week. Professionals! you may expect favourable results with increased income and emoluments on Friday.



GEMINI (May 21 — June 20)

Planetary influences are powerful in your solar chart. In spite of upheavals in business, you will weather the storm and turn the situation to your advantage: Industrial raw materials may cause you concern, but problems likely to be solved by your intelligence. Professionals! your income will increase from Wednesday. Businessmen! it is wise not to enter into major deals, sale or purchase.



CANCER (June 21 — July 21)

Be prepared for sudden and unexpected events on Monday. Success in financial ventures are assured. Pressure for ready cash may arise in some cases. If you are in service higher status or position of authority or other favourable changes are likely to occur in the first half of the week. Engaged in fine arts either as a professional or an amateur, you are favoured much by the stars.



LEO (July 22 — Aug. 21)

Most of your days this week will have to be spent in planning for the future. You may have to undertake business loans. The second half of the week will confuse you much. Risky and hasty steps should be avoided. Some conflicts may arise with your associates. If you are in service transfer to a desired place is in the offing. Professionals with talents will have ample opportunities this week.



VIRGO (Aug. 22 — Sept. 22)

A new relationship is likely to strengthen your prospects. Old friends may come forward to entertain you. Physical tension will ease and you will regain your romantic attitude. Business this week will be very remunerative. Business executives! take full advantage of lucky period to better your career. If single, some recent romantic ties may temporarily cause concern.



LIBRA (Sept. 23 — Oct. 22)

You may be tempted to take snap decisions on certain vital issues. Industrialists! have patience — crisis of industrial raw material will be over. Financially the week may not prove good. Owing to mounting expenditures, drain on finances is not ruled out. Top management men! you are likely to suffer from the advice of wicked men. Artists and musicians under this sign will have public support.



SCORPIO (Oct. 23 — Nov. 22)

Tendency to extravagance indicated. In service, peaceful atmosphere will prevail. Exertion in long trips and unnecessary worries due to inimical activities may not be avoided by businessmen. Artists and musicians! financial condition will be better from Friday. Authors and journalists! improvement in your career assured. You will have more facilities to further your interests.



SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 23 — Dec. 20)

Persons engaged in stage and screen may enter into new contracts that will prove profitable in the future. Business will be brisk. In long trips realisation of ambition can be had. If you are in service, change of place and heavy work-load is indicated. Financial position will not cause worry. Meagre speculative gains can be had. If single, be on guard when an emotional upheaval occurs!



CAPRICORN (Dec. 21 — Jan. 19)

The first half of the week may bring guests and pleasant relationship. Executives! there may be frequent travels and during travels you should take extra care against theft or damage of your belongings. Love affairs and dealings with the opposite sex are not favoured. Professionals and businessmen will make considerable progress despite obstacles. Service will go through a monotonous period.



AQUARIUS (Jan. 20 — Feb. 18)

This week could reveal certain financial irregularities that may be quite embarrassing for you. Be aware of hazards around the office. Your children may be a problem on Thursday. Businessmen! shift to a problem that you find limiting your progress. Industrialists! matters relating to labour department could be a headache. For artists this is altogether an unfavourable week.



PISCES (Feb. 19 — March 20)

More pleasure at a minimum cost indicated. You will be free from inimical activities. Artists! your financial position will be sound. Social success and popularity denoted. If you are in service, support of superiors can be had. If you are in public relations job your subordinates may create confusion and authorities may look down upon you with a contemptuous smile.

This magazine is distributed
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Hindusthan Standard

DRUGS : WHY WE HAVE REASONS TO WORRY



According to the United Nations Drug Commission's report, there are some 80,000 people in India taking opium and 200,000 taking cannabis with at least another 10,000 addicted to other drugs. No less interesting is the fact that India comes second only to U.S.A. as a drug-consuming nation.
Next Sunday.

sunday

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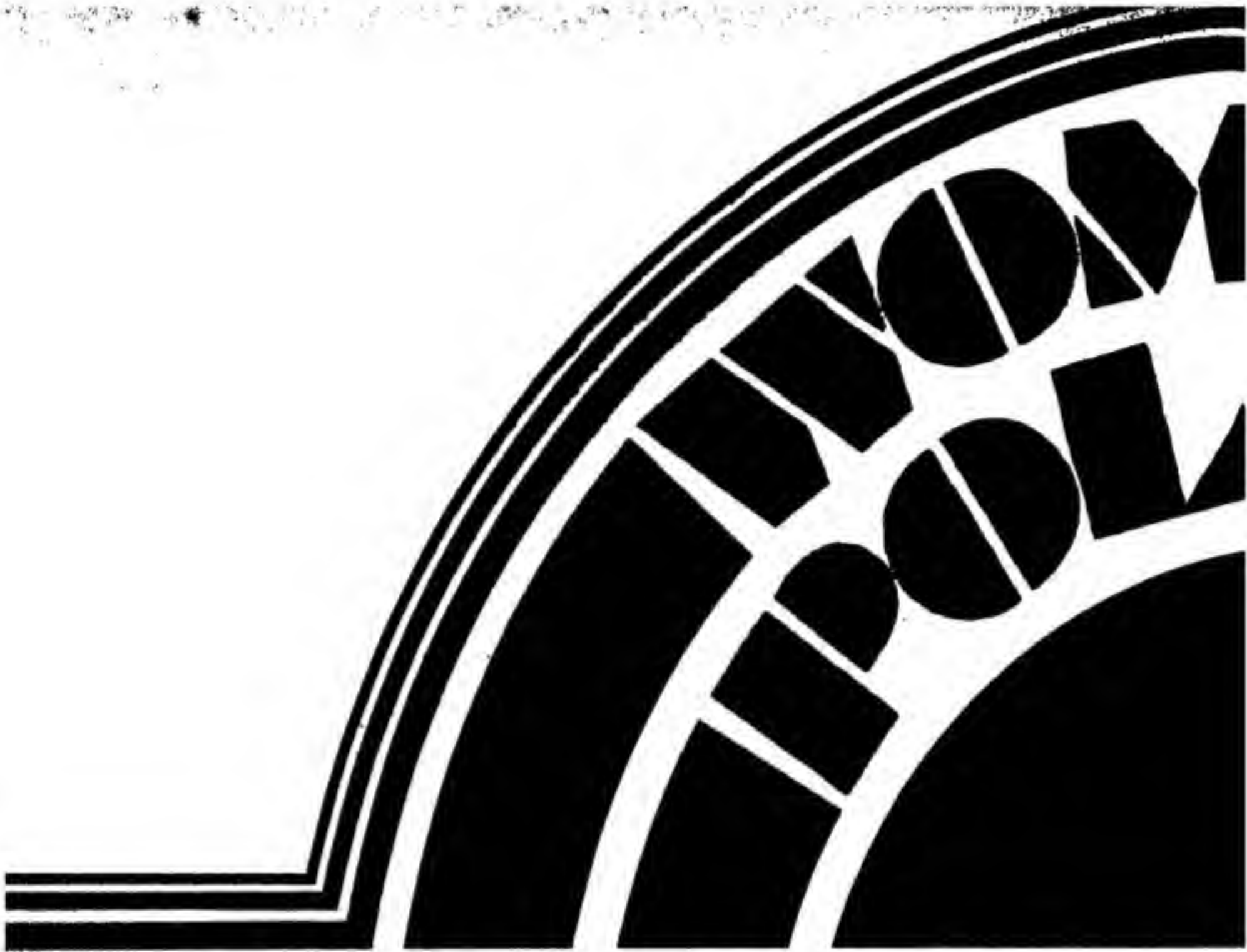
KHAAS BAAT

SUNDAY WEEK 2

BRIDGE/STAMP ALBUM

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Foreign television teams air-dashing to India for quickie documentaries have an infallible formula for instant reportage: Bombay for pavement dwellers, Calcutta for riots and processions, Madras for beggars and, after picking up a few photogenic cremations en route, Delhi for the Prime Minister.

The list of monotonously cliché questions for the Prime Minister invariably begins with: "And how does it feel to be a woman Prime Minister?". This usually brings forth a quick flash of the Nehru temper and a tart: "What does my being a woman have to do with it? I am just a human being doing a job of work." This cliché question has consequently been knocked off the list of the experienced TV interviewer but persists with the greenhorns.

My mind goes back to a panel discussion on TV in Canada when two Canadian women and myself were asked the 64,000 dollar question: "Can there be a woman Prime Minister in Canada?". "No", said the two Canadian women with instant reflexes. Completely taken aback I slipped in a courteous: "Of course, why not?". "Because", explained the two Canadians, both seasoned journalists, "No Canadian woman would vote for her". When I interviewed the ebullient and truly delightful Mr. Trudeau, Prime Minister of Canada, on TV during his visit to

India, I asked him if he agreed with the two Canadian women: "Perhaps they are right", he conceded, "I was discussing this very question with Mrs. Gandhi this morning. And I think we agreed that the reason you can have a woman Prime Minister in India is because of the natural way in which women took part in your war of liberation, due to the enlightened views of Mahatma Gandhi and Jawaharlal Nehru. You, therefore, did not need women's lib, like the women of my country and perhaps that is why it is so difficult for them. But never fear", concluded Mr. Trudeau gallantly, "Soon or later we shall have a woman Prime Minister in Canada". "But not at your expense, I hope", I smiled, "Because the women of India would certainly not vote for that".

Be that as it may, the fact remains that Indian women did not need women's lib. Some defeatist upper class socialites with nothing better to do are still trying to ape the women of the West even in this locally redundant exercise. Because Indian women have seized their political rights with both hands. Besides, as I kept on telling Western interviewers on TV every time they ask me how many Indian women committed *suttee* during the past year, "Well, about as many as Russian Indians killed by cowboys in the United States".



However, what Mrs. Gandhi keeps on repeating about just being a human being has not prevented the Indian woman in politics, and, indeed, in the professions, from being clever politicians at home and intensely feminine in public. It is not merely that the sari is the most feminine garment in the world, which brings out the best in men, particularly in foreign countries. TV interviewers, somehow, have missed asking Mrs. Gandhi whether she would be quite so politically successful in a skirt if she wore one on her trips abroad. It is this devastating combination of Woman and Politician, in that order, which makes the Indian political woman the most enchanting in the world. And when she runs to intellect as well as beauty, well, the combination is well-nigh irresistible.

India has had women politicians, declared and undeclared, from courtesans to saints, down the ages. And then, in the amiable if muddled early years of Indian Independence it is the women who took part in the freedom struggle, all them politicians or not, who set the finest tone and intensely high public standards for what we get nowadays, or mostly very poor imitations of them. There was Sarojini Naidu, with her beautiful liquid eyes, her exotic South Indian silks and her sentimental poetry. The Nightingale of Bengal, when my

father congratulated her on becoming Governor of U.P. replied plaintively: "What are you congratulating me for, Raju? They have caged me". And yet, she retained her puckish humour which could dub Mahatma Gandhi "Mickey Mouse", and how he loved it.

Rajkumari Amrit Kaur renounced her palace for the ashram and her upper class English education brought forth some delicious English moments in her public life.

Such as during a trans-continental radio discussion with Lady Violet Bonham-Carter in the London studios and Rajkumari in Delhi. Lady Violet and Rajkumari had been to the same school in England and as I sat with some top English producers in the BBC studios in London, listening to the dialogue they confessed that at times they could not make out one voice from the other. Well, there came the inevitable moment, since Rajkumari was Minister of Health, when Lady Violet asked: "Now tell me, dear Rajkumari, what do you think of birth control?". There was an awesome pause on the ether as I silently prayed that AIR's technical arrangements had not broken down yet once again. And then that patrician Rajkumari voice came back coolly: "Lady Violet, self-control is better, don't you think?". It was then Lady Violet's



turn to be non-plussed. And yet, the same Rajkumari cheerfully cleaned the latrines at Sevagram when asked to by Mahatma Gandhi. For these ladies were the political aristocrats, in every sense of the term, of the Indian revolution. And they brought so much grace and feminine charm to it.

The first generation, in the first decade, of Indian Independence threw up unexpected women politicians in vastly separated fields. For TV interviewers abroad, who continue to nag educated Indian women about the poor village women, those proverbial persecuted chattels, down-trodden and jumping like mad into funeral pyres, there is the instant retort about the two villages, one in Kerala and one in Haryana. Their village panchayats had sunk to such sorry depths that the traditional meeting-place of the elders, under the classic peepul tree, had almost put up a To Let sign. That is when the women of these villages decided to wield their brooms and make a clean sweep of their good-for-nothing men-folk. So they stood for election and the men were so relieved that they voted all-women panchayats into power. Those women, literally, cleaned up their villages in one year. The men, clever politicians all, thereupon voted them back, like Richard Nixon, for a second term. And no Watergates to cramp their style either.

But let us return to Parliament and the legislatures. Indian women are in the happy position of men out-numbering women in the census, which assures them of husbands and tremendous bargaining power in the marriage market if they but utilized it. The statistics of women in Parliament, and therefore, presumably of legislatures too, remain more in the vicinity of 10% of the seats. Wicked, I call it. But what women have lacked in quantity, they have certainly made up for in quality. It is no accident that Sucheta Kripalani led the singing of *Bande Mataram* when India kept its tryst with destiny on that famous midnight hour in August, 1947. Women have led the way since in most things, but done it with charm and artistry.

We have had a galaxy of beauty and brains both in Parliament and the Government. Let us take beauty first. Anybody who saw Gayatri Devi, Sharada Mukherji and Tarakeshwari Sinha in their heyday in Parliament will acknowledge that the men simply did not have a chance. Then the charm plus brains of Renu Chakravarty and Parvati Krishnan were something formidable. The Communist women MP's and MLA's shattered at one go the Communist image itself with their Oxford backgrounds and unmistakable upper class accents. Indeed, it is this which made them so formidable in the Opposition that they spoke the

same language as the Government. Jawaharlal Nehru, who was a fine Parliamentarian as well as a champion of women, had a very warm attitude towards the women of the Opposition some of whom he had known as little girls and dandled on his knee. Just as some of his daughter's best friends are Opposition MP's who were up with her in Oxford.

I started by mentioning that the Indian woman is a clever politician at home. This is because she has carefully kept her position as wife and mother intact and cunningly created the impression at least to her husband and family, that they always come before the country. They are intensely particular about their domestic image being maintained in public. They may secretly long to be cover girls but they let out that they are really *Boudis* at heart.

I was once commissioned to interview our the then three deputy ministers in the Central Government, Violet Alva, Tarakeshwari Sinha and Lakshmi Menon. I duly sent off letters to all three, giving the name of the paper, and a rough scope of the interview (which included a brief background about their personal lives). Their reactions were characteristic: Violet Alva rang me up herself and said: "Come this evening and have a cup of tea". Mrs. Sinha's secretary rang up two days later and gave me an appointment. Lakshmi Menon simply did not reply. After allowing her seven days, which seemed adequate, I rang up her number. Her secretary said in a very cold voice that Mrs. Menon was not prepared to give me an interview. (I might mention that I had not so far met Mrs. Menon or written about her). I pleaded, being a young and ambitious journalist, that it would spoil my story if I had two deputy ministers and not the third. But she was adamant. I asked if I could speak personally to Mrs. Menon, secretaries to Ministers, then as now, being the strictest censors in the land. The answer was NO.

Next evening, Mr. Krishna Menon gave a reception and there, across the lawn, stood Mrs. Menon. And standing beside me was my editor. "Well, there she is, why don't you tackle her yourself?", he suggested. I hesitated, then the journalist in me took the upper hand and I strolled across to Mrs. Menon. "I am Amita Malik", I began, but got no further. Because Mrs. Menon said NO, turned her back and walked away. Anyway, to complete this part of the story, I wrote my article, leading off with Mrs. Alva, then Mrs. Sinha and finally, I did a pleasant piece on Lakshmi Menon, based on a PIB hand-out, with the preliminary statement that she was not willing to be interviewed. It was later conveyed to me that Mrs. Menon was furious, and she was most furious of all because she had been ranked third! I have often wonder-



ed since if she was guarding her domestic image. She need not have worried. Because within weeks, I was a judge in an inter-university debating contest and one of my fellow judges was Prof. Menon, the husband of the dear lady. He was a gentle, silver-haired professor, a darling if ever I met one.

Anyway, if Mrs. Menon was unnecessarily coy and remained a stern blue-stocking to the last, Mrs. Alva and Mrs. Sinha were only too happy to invite me to their homes. I now confess, rather cynically, that I saw a domestic pattern emerge the minute I entered them. Mrs. Alva, when I arrived, had a lumpy-looking object wound round her right hand. "What on earth is that?" I asked with the journalistic bonhomie which she always expected and returned. "One of my son's socks. He is going back to boarding school tomorrow and I have to mend it in a hurry." That she took it off immediately after and forgot all about it seemed to have escaped her attention, even if it did not mine.

Mrs. Sinha, looking very chic and cool as compared with Mrs. Alva's cheery, homely informality, also started with "Forgive me", because she had to comb her little daughter's hair throughout the interview, although she spoke in expert economic terms about her work. The point was taken, and I suspect that the affection and kindness both she and Mrs.



Alva always extended to me is because, like all intelligent women in politics, they were glad I had kept their domestic images intact.

And so we come to the greatest stylist of them all, Vijaya Lakshmi Pandit. Mrs. Pandit (or Madame Pandit, to give her her international title) seemed to have everything: Looks, of course, brains, naturally, and a formidable reputation as a superb cook. And, best of all, she was a member of the royal family. This is one of the reasons she was so tremendously successful as High Commissioner in London. With a queen of their own, the British recognize a thoroughbred when they see one. There is a story that once, when Mrs. Pandit was emerging from Buckingham Palace after a banquet with the Queen, she almost tripped over a toy left in the corridor by one of the royal children: "Tara's children are always doing that", she smiled. The queen understood.

Apocryphal or not, I have a true story of my own about Mrs. Pandit collected, of course, during the inevitable interview. The same paper asked me, this time, to do the four leading ladies of India and no one least of all a young journalist trembling on the brink of her career, had the guts to rank them: Rajbansi Devi (President Rajendra Prasad's wife), Vijayalakshmi Pandit, Indira Gandhi and Rajkumari Amrit Kaur.

Mrs. Pandit did a first-class interview

— she always does — a judicious mixture of political arrogance and recipes for *shami kebab*, and all with superb grace and charm. Pleased with my copy, I got into my car and had just switched on the ignition when Mrs. Pandit beckoned me back with a royal gesture. "You might like to mention this", she began, "Have you ever seen anyone wear khadi as elegantly as me?"

I smiled non-committally, went back to the car and started it all over again. But I did not take the hint. Enough is enough: it is one thing mentioning son's socks and daughter's hair. Besides, I have seen another member of the royal family who wears khadi with equal elegance. Guess who.

And that reminds me. I once travelled as a member of the Press with Mrs. Gandhi on one of her trips abroad, to Japan and Indonesia. Her band-box elegance on these crowded trips is breath-taking and doubly astounding considering how little time and fuss she wastes on it. I remember coming back from a Press conference in Tokyo to be told that the car was leaving immediately for a State banquet and I could not be permitted any time to change. The woman in me rebelled: I insisted on five minutes, dashed up in the lift, swirled a pretty sari round me and made it down to my amused male colleagues in four minutes. "There", I said triumphantly, if a trifle breathlessly, "Now can any of your wives change



like this in four minutes' flat?" "No" replied Sushital Banerjee, now our Minister in Washington, "But I know someone who can change in three minutes' flat". "Who", I asked belligerently. "The Prime Minister" replied Sushital. And he was right. While her entourage gets out of the plane and the guard-of-honour gets ready, Mrs. Gandhi changes into a neatly pressed sari and emerges from the plane looking like a dream. I have also seen a memo from her to her social secretary with precise instructions for a day's visit, to Calcutta taking in a family wedding in Allahabad on the flight back: "Three saris. One to travel in, one for Calcutta, one for the wedding." It is precisely this sort of minute attention to detail which makes even her Cabinet reshuffles such neat jobs.

And now, we have moved into a new brash age, since the last two elections, of crude, go-getting intriguers and nouveau-riche Mrs. Aya Rams and Gaya Rams, completely lacking in style and finesse, and above all, in background. All too conscious that they did not contribute a mite to the struggle for freedom, they have new claims, new ambitions for public life. With some, there is a fervent desire to star in women's magazines, alas for women's lib. Where Acharya and Sucheta Kripalani had separate political identities, and very strong ones too, Mr. Satpathy talks senti-



Mrs. Sarojini Naidu
Rajkumari Amrit Kaur
Maharani Gayatri Devi
Smt. Tarakeshwari Sinha

mentally of "My leader, my friend, my wife". Ugh! Can you imagine the dour Acharya doling out such slop about his wife? Where yesterday husbands and wives became whatever they did in their own right, now if a husband is a Minister, the wife heads straight for an MP-ship and failing that, an MLA-ship on the husband's strength. Conversely, insignificant husbands, who had so far held themselves in the background with vague labels of "I'm in business", suddenly burgeon forth into equally insignificant MP's, although they have never before been in politics. Where Vijayalakshmi was to the royal manner born, some upstart Chief Ministers and their wives start waving automatically like royalty to crowds who are not looking at them but at hockey matches.

The very backgrounds of women politicians have changed. Like film actresses, they start off as Baby someone or other because their sole claim to politics is that they were youth leaders. Even when their babyship and youth are far behind, they remain youth leaders mainly by virtue of lopping off their hair so that they can toss it on television. As against Sarojini Naidu's wit and charm, we have grim females making long speeches, village election style, to sophisticated audiences on such inappropriate occasions as opening of restaurants. The idlis get cold as they talk of garibi hatao. So dull and dreary are they, so supremely colourless, that even the most alert of journalists now have to look up directories to find who are the women MP's, MLA's and councillors, these custodians of platitudes and hypocrisy.

Parliament simply has not been the same since the more fiery and spirited women, and the beautiful ones, either got defeated or transferred their allegiance elsewhere.

When the new politicians are not Youth Leaders, they are Social Workers (capital S and capital W). Social work, like the sari, covers a multitude of sins. Social workers, like women members of the film censor boards, are staunch upholders of other people's morals, miles behind the times and their dress is carefully planned, like that of all actresses, to enhance a pious role.

At public meetings, they hold forth in crude, raucous voices, and mouth their slogans in much the same sort of esoteric Hindi, as AIR's women news readers and with about as much effect. But if

you meet them abroad, you can hardly recognize the simpering, prancy creature, in a boxy coat and tough shoes, who is all for Indian art and culture.

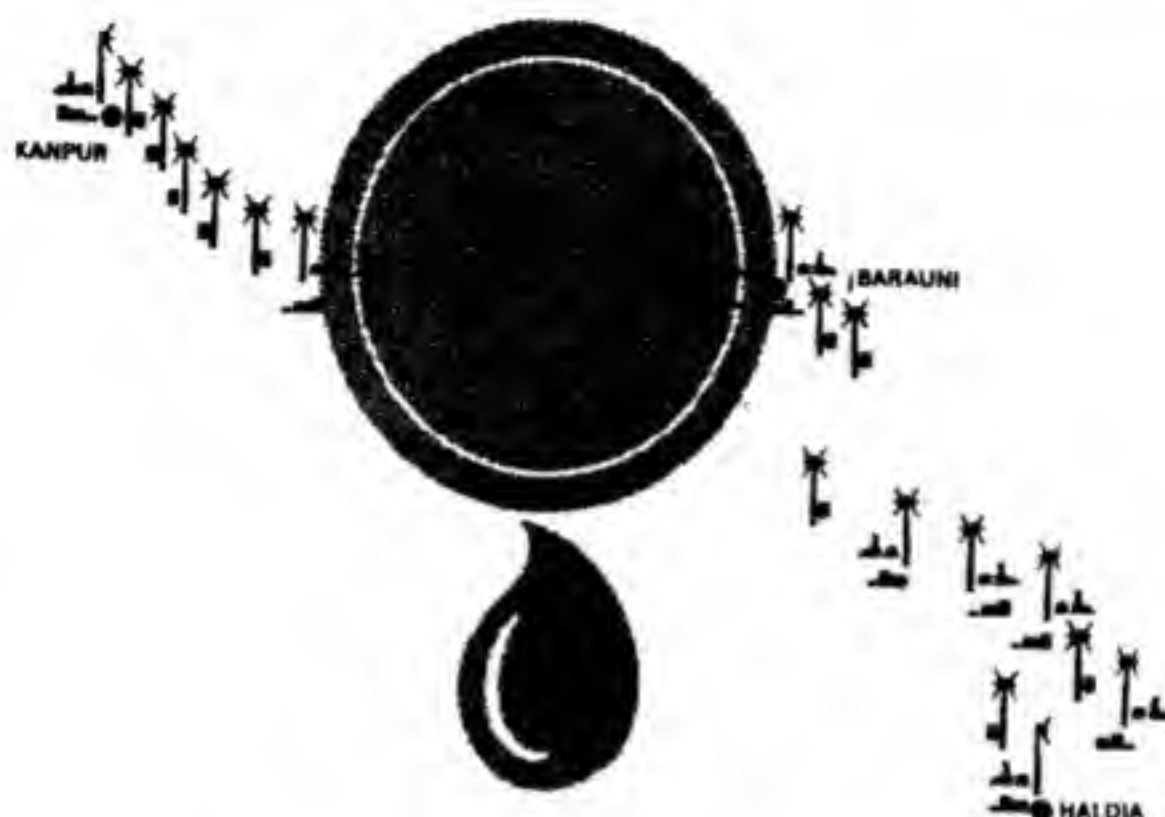
In a little intimate theatre called Akshara on Irwin Road in New Delhi, satirical actress Jalabala does a lovely revue turn which ought to be video-taped and shown to every woman politician in India. It is a devastating skit of an Indian woman MP on an inaugural flight abroad. Her floppy angle on the jet seat and the spotless white sari wound demurely round her head is only a blind for the shrewd eye with which she spots the goodies on the flight and the intense vigour with which she collects them as souvenirs. All skits have an element of exaggeration in them. But not this one. It is so embarrassingly true to life that one almost fears that some women politician might recognize herself and claim damages.

All this, perhaps, is a symbol of the teething troubles of developing countries, where goodies are scarce, even if the spoils of office are not. Added to this contradiction in economic and political terms is the contradiction in moral values which our women politicians quite often have to master. The grande dames of the Independence movement, and consequently the first crop of politicians, were great ladies combining the best of tradition and modernity. The present crop has neither. Where the pioneers thought big, acted big and *were* big, the present lot think small, act small and *are* small.

Lacking both political distinction and feminine charm, unsure of themselves in public, and perhaps in private, the new army of political go-getters command little admiration and less trust with voters. Their slogans are as flat as their images, their own personal values as confused as their political ones.

Some time ago one such woman politician, obviously aching to become a Central Minister the easy way, let drop a hint to a gossip columnist. Her planted question: "Is it true that Mrs. Gandhi has offered you a Cabinet ministership?" was answered prettily with a "No" comment. But Mrs. Gandhi, bless her, is as careful about inducting ambitious self-advertisers into her Cabinet as she is ruthless in turfing them out. For all said and done, she remains the most astute politician of them all. And who dare call her a woman politician, when she has justly been called 'The Only Man in the Cabinet'?

AMITA MALIK



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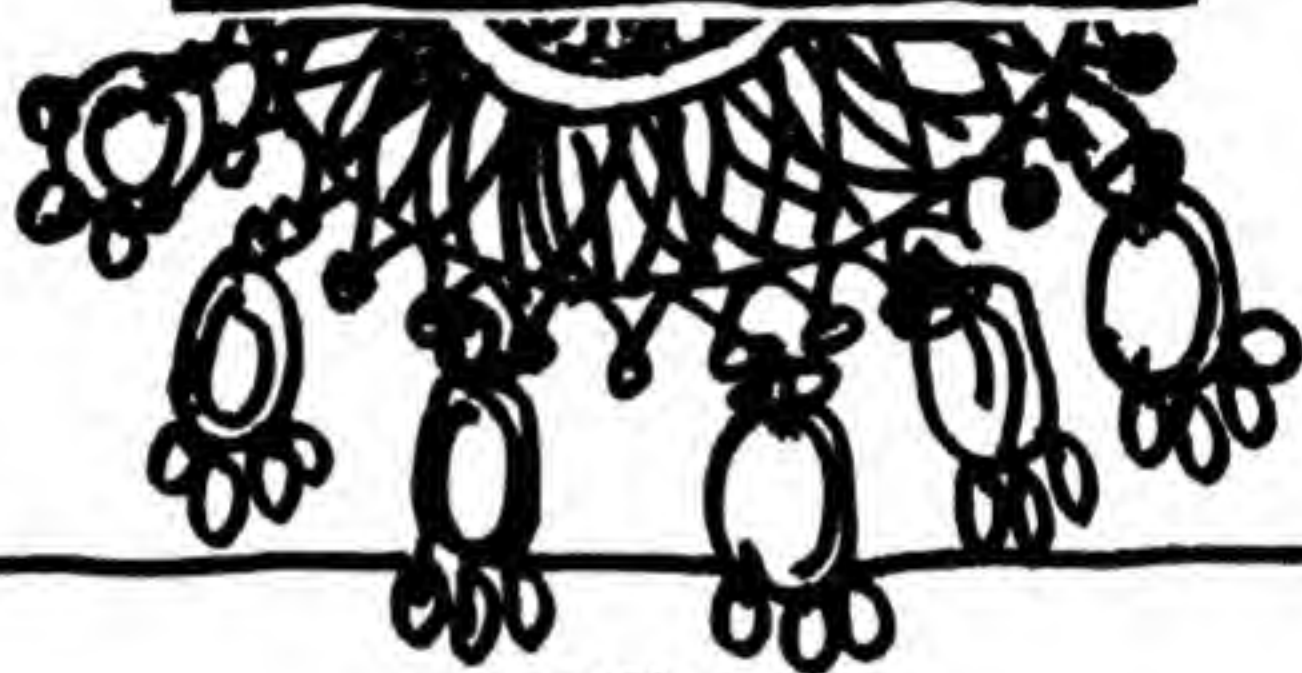
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Model: Meera Uirmani

Photographs: Taiyeb Badshah

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Handicraft Emporium, Bombay



PART X

by GEORGES SIMENON



MAIGRET and Monsieur Charles

Gerard Savin-Levesque was in the habit of running away with nightclub hostesses. But this time when he kept away longer than usual, his anxious wife Nathalie went to Superintendent Maigret for help. Then Gerard's body was found in the river. Maigret, found in the dead man's desk two old photographs. One showed Gerard and his wife. The other was of an younger Nathalie in a provocative pose. Maigret's investigations further revealed that Gerard had first met her in a nightclub. Now read on....

Was Nathalie already drinking in those days? And did she spend most of the time in her rooms, the way she did now?

The years had passed and she drank more than ever. The solicitor had given up hope of a real married life. Husband and wife had grown estranged, almost becoming enemies.

'She's free now....free and rich.... Is that what's bothering you, Superintendent?'

'What the newspapers haven't said yet is that Sabin-Levesque was hit a dozen times over the head with a blunt instrument, which broke his skull into small fragments....'

'Would a woman be capable of doing that?'

'In certain circumstances, women can show as much strength as men, if not more....Let us suppose she did it.... Where would she have committed the murder?....In their flat?....He lost a great deal of blood....It would have left stains and she's too clever not to realize that....'

14 'Besides, how would she have got the body to the Seine? How would she have got it out of a car and into the river?'

'Of course....Perhaps he was murdered by some ruffian he met in a deserted street?'

'Nothing was removed from his wallet and there was over two thousand francs in it.'

'A revenge killing?'

'Why would anyone want to revenge themselves on him?'

'A lover....the lover of one of those women he picked up in the nightclubs...'

'That sort of lover isn't jealous of a paying customer... Unless perhaps one of them are trying to blackmail him....'

Maigret took another look at the photograph of the young couple drinking their champagne. He finished his port.

'Will you have another?'

'No, thank you, though it's delicious...'

He had learned a few more details about Nathalie's past, but had it got him any further in his investigations?

Madame Maigret was surprised when her husband came home for lunch, but it obviously did not mean very much, for he was sullen and withdrawn as before.

He usually loved the *pot-au-feu* with *pauvre-homme* sauce which she had made for him, but today he hardly noticed what he was eating.

'Can I have a really large cup of coffee....?'

She knew this meant one like his morning cup, which held a good third of a litre. He glanced at the papers: there were interviews with the concierge and with one of the employees from the practice. The reporters had also tried to interview Vito, but he had not been very forthcoming.

When Maigret got back to his office, he found a transcript of all the telephone calls made to and from the Sabin-Levesque flat.

Nathalie had not telephoned once since the police had started to tap her phone, but she had received an incoming call that morning. It had been very brief.

'Is that you?'

'Yes.'

'I must see you....'

Without waiting or saying anything, she had hung up. On the same line, but probably on another extension, the cook had ordered some veal from the butcher, which the chauffeur would collect later on.

The practice, however, had been flooded with incoming calls from clients. Many of them sounded worried. Lecureur had tried to reassure them and to answer their questions as best he could.

Maigret went up to see the examining magistrate, although he had nothing much to tell him. But Coindet was in no hurry. He sat at his desk, slowly sucking on an old pipe and looking through some files.

'Sit down Maigret.'

'I've got practically nothing to tell you. You must have received the report of the autopsy....'

'Yes, I did, this morning.... The murderer won't be able to claim that he didn't mean to kill his victim.... Have you any idea where the crime was committed?'

'No, I haven't, not so far.... The experts at the Criminal Identity Laboratory are examining his clothes and shoes down to the last little seam.... But the body's been in the water for such a long time that it may well yield no results....'

Maigret filled his pipe, lit it and offered Coindet some tobacco from his pouch.

'I've had some successes in one area. Madame Sabin-Levesque claims she was working as a secretary for a lawyer in the Rue de Rivoli when she met her future husband. This lawyer turns out to have been dead for ten years, so he can't refute her story.'

'I found some photographs in one of the solicitor's drawers. One of them was of Nathalie when she was much younger; there was a name written on the back of it: Trika.'

'That's a false name, of course. I knew what sort of women the solicitor liked, so I did some investigating around the nightclubs. I learned that his wife used to be a hostess, not a secretary. I even know in what nightclub she met Sabin-Levesque....'

Coindet gazed thoughtfully at the smoke coming out of his pipe.

'Do you think she ever went back to

her old haunts?' he asked in his mild voice.

'I shouldn't think so.... After her marriage, she must have thoroughly despised that world; she had always felt it was unworthy of her....'

'This morning, someone telephoned her. It was a man's voice but we didn't have time to find out where he was ringing from. He just said:

'I must see you....'

'She hung up without answering. I still have the feeling that she knows far more than she's telling us; that's why I'm hounding her rather. I'll go back and see her, not for any reason in particular.'

The two men smoked their pipes in silence for a moment; then they shook hands and Maigret returned to his office.

He went into the adjoining room and asked Janvier:

'Who's on duty out there at the Boulevard Saint-Germain?'

'Inspector Baron....'

Lapointe was looking at him expectantly. Maigret turned to him and said:

'I'm going there alone.... It's an experiment.... She might be less wary and perhaps....'

He finished his sentence with a gesture, implying that he did not really believe there was much hope of it.

He took a taxi and when he got there he could see Inspector Baron across the street walking up and down; he went over to speak to him.

'Has she gone out?'

'No. I've nothing to report. The chauffeur went out in the Fiat this morning; I assume he only went to do the shopping because he came back soon afterwards....'

The concierge was such a nice fellow and so proud to shake hands with a police superintendent that Maigret went to pay him a brief visit.

'I gather she hasn't gone out?'

'No. All the people who've come in were for the doctor up on the third floor.'

'How many years have you been working here?'

'Sixteen years. My feet get sore easily, so it didn't suit me to be in the City Police force.'

'Did you know Sabin-Levesque when he was still a bachelor?'

'He was married six months after I came here.'

'Did he disappear for several days at a time even then?'

'Yes, except during the last two or three weeks before he got married.'

'And was his father still alive in those days?'

'Yes. He was a fine-looking man, the picture of a solicitor, with a youthful face and snow-white hair.'





'How did he get on with his son?'

'I don't think he was especially proud of him, but he had resigned himself....'

Maigret went up to the first floor and rang the bell.

The maid, Claire, opened the door and said with a sneer:

'Madame Sabin-Levesque has gone out.'

'Are you quite certain of that?'

'Yes.'

'What time did she leave the house?'

'About two o'clock....'

It was ten past three.

'Did she take one of the cars?'

'I don't think so.'

Maigret knew that Baron could not have missed Nathalie; and besides, the concierge would have seen her going out too.

He walked into the flat, closing the door behind him.

'What are you going to do?'

'Nothing. Pay no attention to me. If you're frightened I'll steal something, you can follow me around....'

He started searching the left-hand side of the apartment, which was Nathalie's section. He even peered into the wardrobes, which made Claire smile.

'Why do you think she would hide in a closet?'

'It's as good a hiding-place as any.'

'She has no reason to hide.'

'She has no reason not to go out by the main door, either....'

He walked around the drawing-room, studying the austere-looking portraits of Sabin-Levesque's ancestors; he thought of the life their descendant had led and wondered if they had carried on in the same fashion when they were not sitting for their portraits.

'Where's the other way out of the house?'

'I suppose I can tell you, since everyone else knows about it....'

'By the courtyard?'

'No. There's a little glass door next to the lift. You open it and walk down a few steps into the garden. You cross the garden and you come to a door in the wall. If you go out by there, you find yourself in the Rue Saint-Simon.'

'Isn't the door locked?'

'Yes, it is. But Monsieur and Madame Sabin-Levesque happen to be the owners, so they've got a key.'

'Where do they keep the key?'

'I don't know....'

It was an interesting point. Did Gerard or his wife keep the key? And if it was Gerard, when had she taken it from him?

He went into the solicitor's small study and sat down in a comfortable leather armchair.

'Are you planning to stay here for 16 long?'

'Until your mistress comes back.'

'She won't be pleased.'

'Why not?'

'Because you're not supposed to be here while she's out.'

'You're very loyal to her, aren't you?'

'Why shouldn't I be?'

'Is she nice to you?'

'She can be extremely disagreeable sometimes, rude and unfair, but I don't hold it against her.'

'Do you feel she's not responsible for her actions?'

'Not at those moments....'

'Do you think of her as a sick woman?'

'It's not her fault if she only has drink to fall back on.'

'If she asked you to lie for her, to perjure yourself, would you do it?'

'Certainly.'

'It can't be very nice for you when she vomits in her bed at night....'

'Nurses have to cope with far worse things than that.'

Maigret thought he heard a sound in the hall, coming from the door. He did not stir and the maid did not seem to have heard.

'What would you do if I began to scream and then accused you of having tried to rape me?'

Maigret could not help laughing.

'Why don't you try?.... It might be amusing....'

She shrugged and walked off through the main drawing-room in the direction of Nathalie's rooms. She did not return, but Nathalie soon came into the study from the drawing-room, very unsteady on her feet.

She was white as a sheet and there were dark circles around her eyes. The lipstick on her mouth looked like a gash. She almost fell as she came in and Maigret rose to help her.

'Please don't worry about me. I can still stand up by myself....'

She sank down into the armchair opposite the chief superintendent and stared at him with a dazed look in her eyes.

'Who told you....'

She shook her head as though to erase the words she had just spoken.

'Could you please ring that bell over by the door?'

Maigret rang the bell, which would summon one of the servants.

'It's hot....'

Without getting up, she took off her brown tweed jacket.

'Aren't you warm?'

'Not right now. You must have walked too fast.'

'What makes you think I've been walking?'

'Because you knew I would find your driver if you took a taxi and that I'd learn where you've just been that way....'

She stared at him, a look of shock in her

eyes. She seemed incapable of pulling herself together.

'You're clever.... But you're cruel....'

He had hardly ever seen anyone as acutely distressed and crushed as Nathalie was at that moment. Claire must have known why she had been called, for she came in carrying a tray with a bottle of brandy, a glass and a packet of cigarettes on it.... She filled the glass herself and handed it to Nathalie, who almost dropped it....

'You won't have one, will you? You're not an alcoholic yet....'

She had trouble pronouncing the word alcoholic and had to repeat it.

'Hasn't your doctor ever suggested you should go to a hospital for treatment?'

'Oh yes! If he had his way I'd have been locked up in an asylum long ago.... Which would have suited my husband perfectly.... You see how odd life is....'

She stopped abruptly, as though she had lost her train of thought.

'Odd.... odd....' she kept on repeating to herself, with a far-away look in her eyes.... 'Ah yes.... Life.... Now my husband's dead and I'm still alive....'

She looked around the study, then glanced towards the drawing-room, and a rather satisfied expression came into her face. She took another gulp of brandy and said in a joyless tone:

'Everything's mine.'

He expected to see her collapse on the floor any minute and yet, in spite of her drunkenness, she retained some sense of reality.

'I never used to come in here....'

She was now gazing at the walls of the study.

'He only came in here to read.'

'Do you remember the *Chez Mademoiselle* nightclub?'

She gave a start and her eyes grew hard again.

'What did you say?'

'Madame Blanche, the owner of *Chez Mademoiselle*....'

'Who told you about it?'

'Never mind. I've got a very nice photograph of you and Gerard drinking a bottle of champagne together. This was before your marriage....'

She did not stir; her manner had grown defensive again.

'You never were a secretary. You worked in a third-rate club in Nice where you were forced to go upstairs with the customers....'

'You're a bastard, Superintendent.'

She swallowed the rest of her brandy in one gulp.

'I'm the wife of Monsieur Sabin-Levesque now....'

She corrected herself.

'I mean the widow of Monsieur Sabin-Levesque....'

She was panting slightly.

'I don't believe you killed your husband.... You're a very energetic woman but you wouldn't be physically capable of such a murder.... Unless an accomplice....'

'I never even went out that evening..'

'On the 18th of February?'

'Yes.'

'You remember the date?'

'You told me that was the date....'

'Who rang you up this morning?'

'I don't know.'

'Someone was determined to see you and said it was absolutely necessary....'

'It must have been a wrong number.'

'You hung up guessing that the phone was tapped, but by a strange coincidence you went out this afternoon.... You did not leave by the main door but by the little door in the garden. By the way, was it your husband or you who kept that key?'

'It was me.'

'Why?'

'Because he never went into the garden and I did from time to time. I used to go and sit there in the summer. I hid the key in a crevice in the wall.'

'Did you ever use it?'

'Yes, to go and buy cigarettes across the way.... Or maybe to go and have a drink.... They'll tell you.... I'm the local drunk, aren't I?'

'Where did you go this afternoon?'

'I went for a walk.'

'And where did you stop?'

'I don't know. In a bar, perhaps.'

She was swaying and he began to feel sorry for her.

He got up.

'I'll ring for your maid and she'll put you to bed....'

'I don't want to go to bed....'

The idea seemed to frighten her; she was living in a nightmare.

'I'll ring for her anyway.'

'No.... Stay here.... I'd rather even you were here.... Do you know anything about medicine?'

'No....'

'Give me your hand....'

She put his hand on her chest; her heart was throbbing violently.

'Do you think I'm going to die?'

'No, I don't. What's your doctor's name?'

'I don't want to see him either.... He'll have me locked up.... He's a beastly man.... One of Gerard's friends....'

Maigret looked up the doctor in the directory. He lived just around the corner, in the Rue de Lille.

'Hello.... Doctor Bloy?.... It's Superintendent Maigret speaking.... I'm at Madame Sabin-Levesque's house.... She isn't feeling at all well and I think she needs your help....'

'Are you sure she isn't putting on an





act ?

'Does she do that sometimes ?'

'Yes. Unless she's dead drunk....'

'I'd say that was the case today....'

'I'll come over right away....'

'He's going to give me an injection,' she was moaning. 'He always gives me an injection every time he comes.... He's a fool and he thinks he's smarter than anyone else.... Don't go.... Don't leave me alone with him.... He's a wicked man.... The world is full of wicked people and I'm all alone.... Do you realize that ? All alone....'

She began to weep; the tears rolled down her cheeks and her nose was running.

'Haven't you got a handkerchief ?'

She shook her head and Maigret gave her his, as he would have done to a child.

'Whatever happens, don't let him send me to a hospital.... I can't bear the idea of going there....'

There was no way of stopping her from drinking still more. She would suddenly grab her glass and empty it in a flash.

They heard the door-bell ring. A moment later, Claire ushered in a very tall, athletic-looking man. Maigret found out later that the doctor had once been a rugby player.

'Glad to meet you,' he said, shaking hands with Maigret.

He glanced at Nathalie with indifference; she did not stir but stared at him, terrorized.

'Well ? Like on the previous occasions ? Come into your room....'

She tried to protest but he caught her by the hand, holding his medical bag in his other hand.

'Monsieur Maigret.... Don't let them send me....'

Claire followed them out of the room. Maigret wondered what to do next and finally sat down in an armchair in the main drawing-room; he knew the doctor would have to cross the room on his way out.

The doctor reappeared much sooner than Maigret had expected. His expression remained as indifferent as before.

'It must be the hundredth time,' he said. 'She ought to be sent to a clinic and kept there for quite a while.'

'Was she like that already when Sabin-Levesque married her ?'

'Yes, but not quite as bad. She was already a heavy drinker and she couldn't do without it even in those days. Then there was some story about her being scared out of her wits by a dog.... Though I must admit the dog really did snarl at her every time she went near it or her husband.... She made Gerard fire the chauffeur and get another at least two or three times in succession, just as she got rid of one maid after another..'

'Would you say she was mad ?'

'Not in the clinical sense of the word. Let's just call her neurotic. Because of all her drinking....'

For some reason, the doctor changed the subject abruptly.

'Have you discovered who killed poor Gerard ?.... I've lived around the corner ever since I was a child and we used to play in the Luxembourg Gardens together.... We went to the same school, then we were students at the same time.... He was the nicest chap you can imagine..'

They went downstairs together and continued talking outside on the pavement for a while before they parted.

SIX

Maigret walked along the *quais*, vaguely looking at the waters of the Seine. He kept his pipe clasped between his teeth and his hand in his pockets, and he seemed to be in a bad mood.

He could not help feeling rather guilty. He had been hard, almost ruthless, with Nathalie, yet he felt no animosity towards her.

He had been particularly tough today. She was helpless, incapable of acting her part, and then, suddenly, she had collapsed. He felt quite sure that her collapse had not been part of an act, that she really was at the end of her tether. But he had been doing his work and was only being conscientious in carrying out his duty; if he had been cruel, it was only because he felt it was necessary.

Besides, the doctor who had known her for a long time had been just as hard on her.

She must be fast asleep by now, thanks to the injection the doctor had given her; but what would happen when she woke up ?

There was only one person in that huge apartment who cared about her and that was the maid, Claire Marelle. It had been like that for fifteen years.

Marie Jalon, the cook, who had been almost like a mother to Gerard Sabin-Levesque, always looked upon his wife as an intruder. The butler, Honore, watched all those bottles of cognac vanish with disgust. There was also a cleaning-lady called Madame Ringuet, who came to the flat every morning. Maigret had only met her briefly, but he suspected that she too belonged to the husband's camp.

There had been something rather child-like about the solicitor, and this made people forgive him everything. He was basically selfish, like a child, and at the same time honest about it.

Shortly after his marriage he returned to the kind of life he had been leading as a bachelor. He was brilliant at his legal work and success came easily

to him. And, whenever he wished, he would turn into Monsieur Charles again for the evening.

He was known in most of the night-clubs around the Champs-Elysees; that in itself was odd. He never went to clubs in Montmartre or Saint-Germain-des-Pres. He hunted his quarry, so to speak, only within a defined territory, in the most elegant and chic places.

When those doormen with their gold braid saw him arrive, they called out with a mixture of respect and familiarity: 'Good evening, Monsieur Charles....'

And he would remain Monsieur Charles for the whole of that evening, a young man who would never grow old, who smiled at everyone and gave generous tips.

The hostesses would eye him, wondering if it would be their turn tonight. Sometimes he only drank a bottle of champagne with one of them. Or else he took the girl away with him and the manager did not dare complain.

He had been a happy man with no problems. He did not mix with people from his own world; you never saw him at their parties. He liked the convenience of going out with professionals, and if he spent a few days with one of them, it amused him to help her with little household tasks.

He had certainly not intended to get married. He did not feel the least inclination towards matrimony.

Yet he had married Nathalie. Had she won him over by playing the gentle, docile and helpless little woman? It was likely. There was something touching about her in the passport photograph; in it, she looked like a vulnerable little girl.

She was asking for his protection, making him feel big and strong....

She was married in white, like a chaste young maiden. She had been dazzled by the house in the Boulevard Saint-Germain. And the big old-fashioned villa in Cannes must have seemed like paradise to her at first; she had put up with everything, even the presence of the strange dog which snarled at her.

What had gone wrong?

She was alone in the huge apartment for days on end. Her husband and her father-in-law were working in their offices downstairs. Mealtimes were rather formal affairs. She did not have Claire with her yet but another maid, for whom she was merely the boss's wife.

She had gradually grown harder. She started by insisting that her husband get rid of the dog, which he did very reluctantly. They had nothing to say to each other in the evenings. She did not read books and did nothing except watch television.

They still slept together in the same bed, but never really became intimate.

to be continued

BRIDGE

STAMP ALBUM

FUNNY THINGS can happen when the same player has treasures to guard in three suits. This remarkable hand occurred when Italy played Austria in the European Championship in 1971

Dealer, South. Game all.

♠ A J 9 2		
♥ 3		
♦ J 10 9 8 2		
♣ J 7 2		
♠ K Q 5 4		♠ 10 8 7 6
♥ 8 2		♥ 4
♦ K 5		♦ A Q 6 4 3
♣ K Q 10 8 5		♣ 9 8 3
♠ 3	♠ A K Q J 10 9 7 6 5	
♥ 7		
♦ A 4		

The Italian South opened One Diamond, the big bid in the Quadri Livorno system played by Bianchi and Messina. West doubled and North bid One Heart, which apparently signified a singleton or void in the suit. East bid One Spade and South finished in Five Hearts, making 11 tricks after a spade lead.

This was the bidding at the other table:

South	West	North	East
2♠	double	No	3♠
4♥	4♣	double	No
5♥	No	6♥	No
No	No		

'Showing clubs, I imagine....

...and so interpreted by his partner

'A free shot, in the sense that he could retreat to Five Clubs

'In rage, perhaps.

West led the King of clubs. Declarer won and after eight rounds of hearts arrived at this position

♠ A J		
♥ -		
♦ J 7		
♣ K Q		♠ 10 8
♥ -		♥ -
♦ K		♦ A Q
♣ Q		♣ -
♠ 3	♠ 3	
♥ 5	♥ 5	
♦ 7	♦ 7	
♣ 4	♣ 4	

What can West do on the last trump? A spade or a club is immediately fatal, and if he discards his diamond then dummy will throw a spade and the Jack of clubs will be established. It is a three-suited squeeze-without-the-count.

The Austrians gained 13 match points on the hand, but it did not save them from a heavy defeat.



CREATURES THREATENED with extinction in their natural habitat are featured on four new stamps from Jersey. Above is the South American spectacled bear (7½p); others are the African cheetah (2½p), Rothschild's mynah (3p), and the tustara, New Zealand's unique species of lizard-like reptile (9p).

The series pays tribute to the work of the Jersey Wildlife Preservation Trust, founded by Gerald Durrell eight years ago to establish breeding colonies of threatened animals. The intention is to re-establish the animals in their countries of origin when dangers to their existence have been removed.

A similar series was issued in March last year, both being designed by Jennifer Toombs, of Ousey, Harris, and printed in multi-colour photogravure by the Sales

“You want to see my muscles?”

When Dara Singh enters a room, his shadow envelopes half the space. When he greets you with a “.....ji. Aap kaise hai?” it's almost pathetic to see such humility! And of course, when you shake hands with his big paw you wonder where your little hand has disappeared! It strikes me that Dara is rather proud (who wouldn't be?) of his big build. Standing slightly more than 6 feet 2 inches, when he offered to pose with a heavy weight, our photographer's lens couldn't fit all of him in a close-up! While Dara Singh's body awes you, he suddenly floors you with the appearance of two cute dimples on his cheeks!

Without much of an educational background, Dara as a little boy ran away to Singapore, “to do business with an uncle”. The business soon gave way to learning wrestling, free style. “In my whole career, every victory has been memorable. The momentous ones have naturally been my winning the title of Rustom-e-Hind (Champion of the Hind) in the '50s, and then wresting the world title from Lou Thesz in '68”.

Why is it said that you meet your opponents only on home soil and never in a foreign country? “That's not true. I've been going abroad for wrestling rather frequently. In fact, I'm now getting ready to leave for England where some more tough wrestling awaits me.

“Many countries have been trying to hold World Championships in wrestling, but the United States has never sent an entry. We (that is Indians) took the initiative and invited ace wrestlers from all over the world. This has now become an annual affair here”.

When the Gama brothers challenged you, why did you turn it down? “The two brothers who challenged me were the younger ones. Since I was Rustom-e-Zaman, I counter-challenged Sholu (the eldest), and he didn't accept it”. There being different styles in wrestling, and you being only a free style wrestler, how are you Rustom-e-Zaman? “I claim to be Rustom-e-Zaman only for free style. Different styles have different champs”.

Dara Singh has often been called “the star wrestler, the wrestling star”. How does Dara Singh, the actor like being branded a man with just strong fists?

Continuously given a fillip to his “toughie” image. Daboo Kapoor had once told me: “Oh it's easy to choose one's cast. I needed a toughie for ‘Dharam Karam’, so I've signed Dara Singh”.

Why are you still in stunt films? “Who's going to lift me out of the rut? Anyway, I've got my own audience. In the bigger commercial ventures I've got only supporting roles to play”. What would you say is the main difference between C grade and other films? “It's mainly the set-up and the expenditure involved. C grade films have a limited budget and hence the lack of polish.

“My venture, ‘Mera Desh Mera Dharm’ is not a C grade film. It has been made on a lavish scale and is technically as good as an upper ‘B’ class or ‘A’ grade film”.

Would you say that romance and sex are cruder in C grade films? “Not at all. These films are action-packed. Not sex-packed”. But with Helen, Meena Rai and Mumtaz (till recently) cast as his heroines, that of course, remains a matter of opinion!

Besides this ambitious ‘Mera Desh Mera Dharm’, Dara Singh has several irons in the fire which keep him on his toes round the clock. But, however busy, he might be, if you're lucky enough to catch him at his Juhu residence, he'll spare you the few minutes you need and suddenly say: “You want to see my muscles?” and very obligingly remove his shirt and wait patiently for the photographer's flash. All the while, his secretary will be tearing his hair a few yards away, because Dara has an urgent appointment!

Over the years, Dara has gained a more diversified fan following than Rajesh Khanna — the little boys he's all man — a superman on earth. The females “swoon over my muscles” and, of course, the man on the road tensely waits to see Dara display his brawn in a street brawl! And are they all taken aback to see a smiling Dara flash by in a cream Mercedes!

How long will you hold on to your world title? “Not more than two years. After that I'll give it up and let them choose a new champ”. After retirement what? “I'll teach young boys how to wrestle”. Why not young girls too? A big smile in answer!

One of the things that people often wonder about Dara is his diet. “Nothing special. A big glass of ‘tandaal’ (made with badam) twice a day. Eggs and a chicken (or mutton) for every meal with vegetables and ‘roti’, keep the man going.

Other points of interest about Dara. His day starts early, with a round of daily exercises. With his karate and judo knowledge, Dara Singh is the only actor who needs no ‘double’ when filming fight sequences. “Put it this way. They haven't been able to find a double for me!” ~~smiled~~





khaas baat

UTTARPARA
JAIKRISHNA PUBLIC LIBRARY.

The Shatru-Zeenat affair is getting hotter than the Rajesh-Dimple engagement. Seems Zeenat is finally giving in to the charms(!) of Shatru, reportedly having secret rendezvous at the flat of one of his closest hero-friends. Of course, the friend with wife and baby seek shelter elsewhere, temporarily, I am told.

She was there to see him off when he left for the States. Anil Dhawan was there, too, and a producer friend. What's happening? Has she had enough of Devsaab or, as it is said, "taken enough" from him? Rumour has it that the affair got started when the two of them (Shatru-Zeenat) came to Calcutta for the BFJA Awards night. Anyway, with Komal in quite a coma along with another girl-friend who's a model — and accompanied by the rumour that his visit to the States is planned to catch Hema Malini — Shatru manages to stay in the news as a Ladies' Man. What about Zeenat? She denies it all — saying it is someone's game to make her a pawn. Well, we'll know soon.

The Khannas are back. As soon as he returned Rajesh started his publicity, distributing photographs of the film party he had at the Hotel Hilton in London. Jaya and Amitabh, who met them there, were the main "photographic" guests, others being chamchas Bhatija and family and Baldev Pathak. Just as soon as "Daag" has become a hit, Mr. Rajesh Khanna puts on his pre-flop garb. Yash Chopra, the producer who had gone to London with his wife especially for the premiere of "Daag", wanted it to coincide with Rajesh's visit there. Know what Rajesh did? He promised to attend the premiere but didn't turn up at all! Waste of trip for poor Yash — business-wise, of course.

With a major portion of the filmi duniya abroad, Bombay is like an empty railway-platform. The reason why I thought of trains is perhaps because some of the

travel by plane. The behaviour with airline personnel is uncouth. To the latter, filmstars are just pains-in-the-neck.

Hema Malini, it seems, asked a stewardess. The latter handed her a bottle of hand lotion and then most died laughing as she related to her galley-friend how Hema splashed the lotion like oil, on her hands, smeared it all over her face, arms, legs and feet! The limit!

Rajesh on his return flight. Dimple and he were seated in the First Class and friends Bhatija and Pathak in Economy. Rajesh wagging a finger at the stewardess, told her impudently he wanted his friend in Economy to join him for a drink in the First Class lounge. The girl quoted regulations not allowing the liberty. So Rajesh decided to throw his weight — "and tell your Captain Rajesh Khanna wishes to call his friends in the First Class lounge!" he ordered. She obeyed, but back came the message that the Captain did not know any Rajesh Khanna and rules were rules: The star fumed, balled his fists at her and said he was going to complain to (the Chief of Operations staff) little knowing that the stewardess was the sister-in-law of the officer in question.

Mrs. Amitabh Bachchan was no one-man woman just as he was no one-woman man. Jaya was seriously dating the son of a famous producer, also a producer now, who thought the time was getting right to pop her the question. He, like a good gentleman, told his parents, who knew and approved of the match, to ask her. Jaya coolly turned the thing around, said she was never serious about their son. It was he who pestered and begged her to date him. The poor boy is as quiet as a mouse. He didn't say a word when she ditched him and even today, nobody knows how hurt he was. He's just married to a sweet girl and all the luck to him.

AZED CROSSWORD

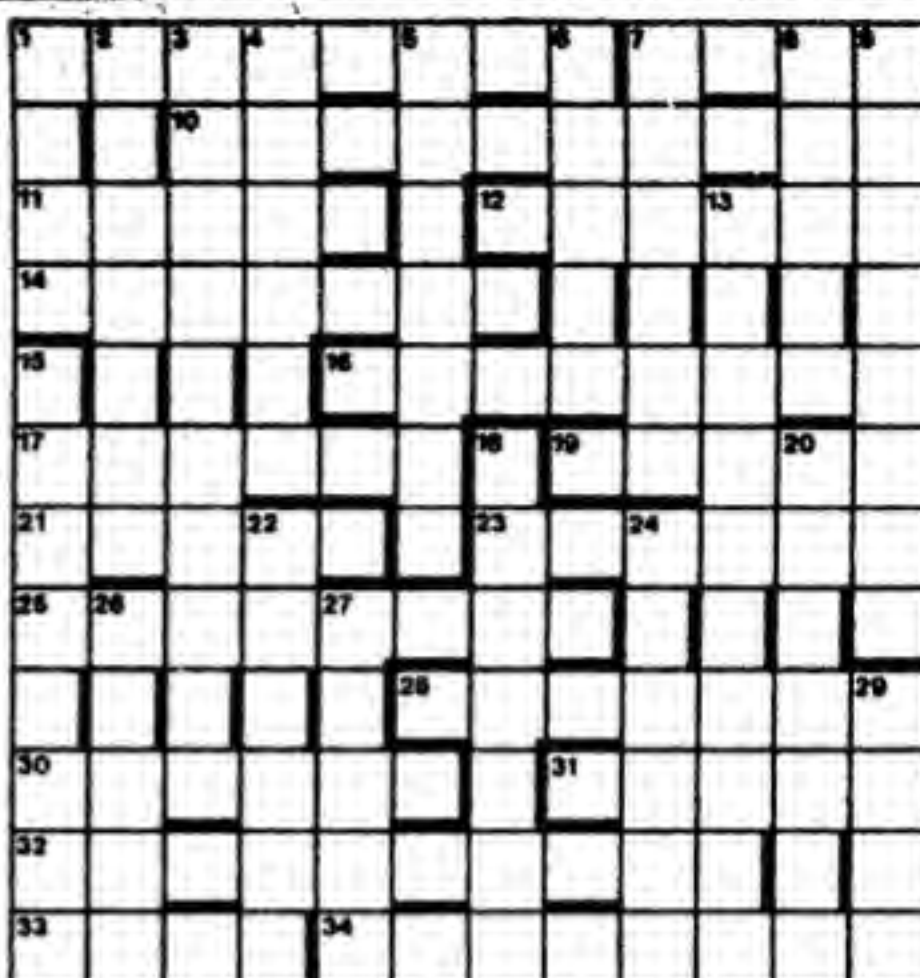
No. 26: PLAIN

ACROSS

- 1 Armenian clergy, against the occult, having retired (8)
- 7 Ship's leader in drink, a point ... (4)
- 10 ... That's going awry with a tar or jack, perhaps (10)
- 11 Blazers recall an English river (5)
- 12 Form an island around one (8)
- 14 It causes danger, exploding before start of exercise (7)
- 16 Pad least bust with bust-supporter (8)
- 17 What a rib is, basically, is one's undoing (6)
- 19 Chairman's all but clear language (5)
- 21 Send back Oriental dish, a small rodent (5)
- 23 Clasp old gold coins (6)
- 25 I'm elevated in church, and shout about returning flock (8)
- 28 What taxman does causes alarm, we hear (7)
- 30 They were eyed, observed round about the Parisian (6)
- 31 Very different holding one evaluated once (5)
- 32 Borne fuzzily in heads? What we learn is (10)
- 33 These men dread always. Look at them (4)
- 34 A shame, we hear, tray's smashed in influential meeting (8)

DOWN

- 1 Rope for those leading a gee (4)
- 2 One endlessly depressed with love? (7)
- 3 Baron's even cooked a bit of brisket (10)
- 4 T'bar: what over-indulgence at it causes? (6)
- 5 Gets tougher: cut lump up (7)
- 6 Fish around river, old challenge (5)
- 7 Cause start of Romans, possibly? I did (6)
- 8 Address us rising as a rule (5)
- 9 Inarticulateness makes you misspell badly (8)
- 13 Car-worshipper? Power he assumes is heavenly (10)
- 15 Where Slavs assemble, bones jar uncomfortably (8)
- 18 What nude's in with nothing on gets laughs (7)
- 20 Make second indent from Yorkshire or Derbyshire (7)
- 22 Reddens, losing head, and goes off (6)
- 24 A bride also admits what ladies can be, to men (6)
- 26 Poem about the Festival Hall? (5)
- 27 Dirty looks? Colours, as of old (5)
- 29 This sort of film is in the ascendant certainly (4)



S E M I D E T A C H E D
O B I T A L O B L I G E
U L N A R E R H O N E S
R I S I N G G O W A N S
O S T C E Y O R N A C E
C U R U L E C U I T E R
K L E P H T H I S T I E
P I L O H E A R H E S V
A N G L E R T R O M P E
R E M A I N L U M P E R
C A T E N A A P I E C E
A L U D E L S T I R K S

AZED No. 19

Solution and notes

ACROSS

8, Obi-tal(k); 8, Hidden Gow(a)ns, 12, i.e. cleft; his tie; 16, Ang-l-er & lit.; Anag. 17, Lumper, 2 meanings; 18, An e-t-ac(h) (rev.); 19, Due (anag.) in all; (st)irks

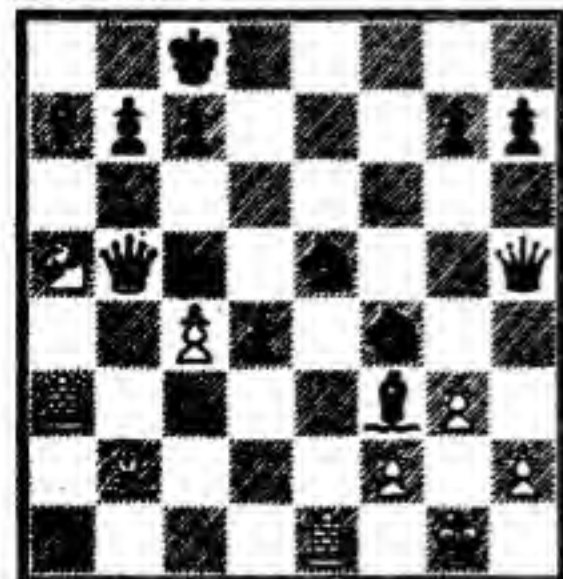
DOWN

1, Tor-go-ch; Sou(r)-rock; 2, Hidden & lit.: initials; 3, Cl. & anag.: black and white m.; 4, Darn-E-I. (R)egence; 5, Glee (anag.)-y & lit.; 9, Tempe in art (anag.) Cup (q.v.)-o' deal (rev.); 'a stately pleasure-dome' (Coleridge 'Kubla Khan'); 13, I put RR (anag.) L-in-eal; 14, A crap (rev.); 15, Heinrich H 1797-1856

CHESS

by HARRY GOLOMBEK

Position No. 7



Black to play - how should the game go?

Continuation of Position No. 5

A Korchnoi finish from the Alekhine Memorial Tournament at Moscow last year in a game between Korchnoi and Balashov: - 1. b2xk1; 1. p8pbk1; 2. p2p2p1; 3. q1kt Pp3p; P4P3; 2. KtBBP1; 1. P1Q2P P-R4R1.

and now the threat is 3. KR-Kt1, winning at least a piece.

So Balashov tried 2. ... B-R3; 3. BxR; Kt-Kt6; 4. Q-Kt2, Q-Q5 ch; 5. R-B2, Kt x R; 6. B x R, P-R5; 7. Kt1-K2, resigns, as after 7. ... Q x B; 8. B x P, Kt-B7; 9. Kt-B1, the Kt is lost.

Hanging Pawns

By these are meant the pawns that Black sometimes gets in the Queen's Gambit (more particularly when he has played Tarrasch's Defence), placed on QB4 and Q4 with no visible means of support. When Tarrasch introduced and practised his defence more than 50 years ago he stoutly maintained they were no disadvantage and even that they were of value. But he was almost alone in so thinking and it is difficult to think of any great master apart from him who has advocated their adoption.

The trouble is that these pawns provide the opponent with ideal objects of attack for the minor pieces. If one or other advances one square and then is stopped the resultant hole is occupied by an enemy piece, usually a Knight, and this means that a minor piece controls the centre.

Nevertheless, there do exist possibilities for these pawns to become dangerous and these consist of their unimpeded advance down the board. Clearly, if either can get as far as the sixth or seventh rank then its strength becomes enormous. As long ago as 1931 the famous Hungarian grandmaster Geza Maroczy proved this in a very fine game at the Bled International Tournament where his QP raced to the seventh rank with decisive effect.

There are still players who are willing to try out the hanging pawn set-up nowadays

the match between Yugoslavia and the USSR at Erevan.

White: Ivkov Black: Kuzmin.

OGD Tarrasch Defence

1. P-QB4, Kt-KB3; 2. Kt-QB3, P-K3, 3. Kt-B3, P-Q4, 4. P-Q4, P-B4; 5. BP x P, Kt x P, 6. P-K3, B-K2; 7. B-Q3, O-O, 8. O-O, Kt-Q2; a weak move that does not fit in with the idea of hanging pawns, if Black wishes to have any chance of advancing these he must have his Kt on QB3 9. Kt x Kt, P x Kt, 10. Q-B2, P-KR3, and this unnecessarily weakens his position on the white squares; it is instructive to observe how White makes use of this in the subsequent course of the game. Correct was 10. ... P-KK13.

11. P-QK13, P-QK13; 12. B-Kt2, B-Kt2, 13. KR-Q1, B-Q3; after 13. ... Kt-B3 White increases his command of the central position by Kt-K5.

14. QR-B1, Q-K2; 15. B-R7 ch, K-R1; 16. B3-B5, Kt-B3; it would have been better to have tried to rectify earlier errors by 16. ... QR-Q1 followed by Kt-K11 in order to get the Kt on to its best square QB3.

17. P x P, P x P; now Black has genuine hanging pawns; a little better was 17. ... B x P.

18. Kt-R4, KR-Q1; 19. B-R3, B-B1; 20. Kt-B5, B x Kt; 21. Q x B, P-QR4; 22. P-K13, K-K11; 23. B-K12, Q-K3; 24. Q-Q3, B-K2; allowing White to capture the QP in the vain hope that Bishops of opposite colour will give him drawing chances. No better is 24. ... B-K4; 25. B x B, Q x B; 26. R x P.

27. B x Kt, Q x B; 28. B x P, QK-K1; 29. P-K4, R-K15; 30. Q-K3, R-Q5; 31. R x R, P x R; 32. Q-Q3, B-Q3; 31. R-B4, B-K15 and Black lost on time but

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